

Servantes Sgaxvedra (m. de)

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LIFE AND EXPLOITS

OF THE

INGENIOUS GENTLEMAN

DON QUIXOTE,

DE LA MANCHA.

WITH THE

HUMOROUS CONCEITS

OF HIS

FACETIOUS SQUIRE

SANCHO PANCA.

ABRIDGED.

L O N D O N:

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LEAF AND BLOSSOMS

BOOK OF THE

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A U T H O R.

MICHAEL de Cervantes Saavedra the inimitable author of *Don Quixote*, was born at *Madrid* in the year 1549; from his infancy he was fond of books, but he applied himself wholly to books of entertainment, such as novels, and poetry of all kinds, especially *Spanish* and *Italian* authors; from *Spain* he went to *Italy*, either to serve *Cardinal Aquaviva*, to whom he was chamberlain at *Rome*, or else to follow the profession of a soldier, as he did some years under the victorious banners of *Marco Antonio Colonna*. He was present at the battle of *Lepanto*, fought in the year 1571, in which he either lost his hand, or at least the use of it, by a shot from the enemy; after this

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he was taken by the *Moors*, and carried to *Algiers*, where he continued a captive five years and a half, then he returned to *Spain*, and composed several comedies and tragedies, which were acted with great applause; but the work which has done him the greatest honour, and will immortalize his name, is *The History of Don Quixote*, printed at *Madrid*, in the year 1605; this is a satire upon books of knight errantry, and the principal end of it was to destroy the reputation of those books which had so infatuated the greater part of mankind, especially those of the *Spanish* nation. This work was universally read, and the author even in his lifetime obtained the glory of receiving a very extraordinary proof of the royal approbation; for as King Philip III was standing in a balcony of his palace at *Madrid*, he observed a student on the banks of the river *Manzanares* reading in a book, and from time to time breaking off, and beating his forehead with extraordinary tokens of pleasure and delight: upon which the king said to those about him; *That scholar is either mad, or reading Don Quixote* the latter of which proved to be the case; but notwithstanding the general applause given to *Cervantes's* book, he had the fate to be neglected himself, not having interest enough

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enough at court to procure the smallest pension to keep him from extreme poverty. He fell ill of a dropsy, which put an end to his life in 1616: he waited the approach of death with great serenity and chearfulness, and to the very last could not forbear speaking or writing some merry conceit. In the preface to his novels he has given us this description of his person. "He whom thou
" seest here with a sharp aquiline visage,
" brown chesnut coloured hair, his forehead
" smooth and free from wrinkles;
" his eyes brisk and chearful, his nose
" somewhat hookish, or rather hawkish,
" but withall well proportioned, his beard
" silver-coloured, which twenty years
" ago was gold; his mustachios large,
" his mouth little, his teeth neither small
" nor big, and worse ranged, for they
" have no correspondence one with another;
" his body between two extremes
" neither large nor little; his complexion
" lively, rather fair than swarthy; somewhat
" thick in the shoulders, and not
" very light of foot: this I say is the
" effigies of the author of *Don Quixote*
" *de la Mancha* &c."

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THE
LIFE AND EXPLOITS
OF THE INGENIOUS GENTLEMAN
DON QUIXOTE DE LA MANCHA.

CHAP. I.

Of the quality and manner of life of the renowned gentleman DON QUIXOTE DE LA MANCHA, and of the first sally he made from his village.

IN a village of *La Mancha* there lived not long ago one of those gentlemen who usually keep a lance upon a rack, an old target, a lean horse, and a greyhound for coursing; a dish of boiled meat, the fragments served up cold on most nights, an amlet on Saturdays, lentils on Fridays, and a small pigeon by way of addition on Sundays, consumed three fourths of his income. He wore a surtout of fine black cloth, a pair of velvet breeches for holidays, and on week days he prided himself in the very best of his own home spun cloth. His family consisted of an house-keeper somewhat above forty, a niece about twenty, and a lad who both saddled the horse and handled the pruning hook. His surname was *Quijada*, his age bordered upon fifty years; he was of a robust constitution, of a meagre visage, a very early riser,

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and a keen sportsman. This gentleman was so attached to the reading of books of chivalry, that he almost forgot the sports of the field, and even the management of his domestic affairs; and his extravagant fondness herein arrived to that pitch that he sold many acres of arable land to purchase books of knight errantry. The intricacy of their style seemed to him so many pearls, especially when he came to peruse those love speeches and challenges wherein in several places he found written; *the reason of the unreasonable treatment of my reason, enfeebles my reason in such wise, that with reason I complain of your beauty*: With this kind of language, the poor gentleman lost his wits, and distracted himself to comprehend and unravel their meaning; his imagination was full of all that he had read in his books; to wit, enchantments, battles, challenges, wounds, courtships, amours, tempests, and impossible absurdities; and so firmly was he persuaded that the whole system of chivalry he read of was true, that he thought no history in the world was more to be depended upon; he spoke mighty well of the giant *Morgante*, but above all he was charmed with *Reynaldo de Montalban*, especially when he saw him sallying out of his castle, and plundering all he met; and when abroad he seized the image of *Mahomet*, which was all of massive gold, he would have given his house-keeper and niece to boot for a fair opportunity of handsomely kicking the traitor *Galalon*.

In fine, having quite lost his wits he fell into one of the strongest conceits that ever entered into the head of any madman; which was, that he thought it expedient and necessary, as well for the advancement of his own reputation, as for the public good, that he should commence knight errant, and wander through the world with his horse and arms, in quest of adventures; and to put in practice whatever he had read to have been practised by knight's errant, redressing all kinds of grievances, and exposing himself to danger on all occasions, that by accomplishing such enterprizes, he might receive eternal fame and renown.

The

The poor gentleman already imagined himself crowned Emperor of *Trebisonda*, by the valour of his arm; and thus hurried on by the strange pleasure he took in these agreeable delusions, he hastened to put in execution what he so much desired.

The first thing he did was to scour up a suit of armour, which had been his great grandfather's, and being mouldy and rust eaten had lain by many years forgotten in a corner. These being cleaned and furnished up, he perceived one grand defect, which was that instead of a helmet, they had only a simple morion or steel cap, but he dexterously supplied this want, by contriving a vizor of pasteboard, fencing it with small bars of iron within, in such a manner that he rested satisfied of its strength, and looked upon it as a most excellent helmet. He next visited his steed, and though he was all skin and bone, he fancied that neither *Alexander's Bucephalus* nor *Cyd's Babieca* was equal to him. He studied a long time to accommodate him, with a name which should express what he had been before he belonged to a knight errant, and what he actually now was; for it seemed highly reasonable if his master changed his state, he should likewise change his name, and acquire one famous and high sounding, as became the new order and way of life he now professed. After sundry names devised and rejected, he concluded at last to call him *Roxinante*, a name, in his opinion, lofty and sonorous, and at the same time expressive of what he had been when he was but a common steed, and before he had acquired his present superiority over all the steeds in the world.

He now resolved to give himself a name, and at length he determined to call himself *Don Quixote*; but recollecting that the valorous *Amadis* added thereto, the name of his kingdom and native country in order to render it famous, and styled himself *Amadis de Gaul*, so he did in like manner call himself *Don Quixote de la Mancha*, whereby in his opinion he set forth in a very lively manner his lineage and country, and did it due honour in taking his surname from

thence. His armour being furbished up, and both his steed and himself new named, he persuaded himself that he wanted nothing but to make choice of some lady to be in love with, for a knight errant without a mistress, was a body without a soul. If, said he, I should chance to meet some giant, and should vanquish and force him to yield, will it not be proper to have some lady to send him to as a present, that he may kneel to her sweet ladyship, and with submissive tone accost her thus: "Madam, I am the giant *Carculiambro*, Lord of the island *Malindrania*, whom the never-enough-to-be-praised *Don Quixote de la Mancha* has overcome in single combat, and has commanded to present myself before your ladyship, that your grandeur may dispose of me as you think proper." O! how did he exult when he had made this harangue, and especially when he had found out a person on whom to confer the title of his Mistress. Near the place where he lived, there dwelt a comely country lass, with whom he had formerly been in love; her name was *Aldonza Lorenzo*, and her he pitched upon to be the lady of his thoughts; then casting about for a name which should have some affinity with her own, and yet incline towards that of a great lady or princess, he resolved to call her *Dulcinea del Toboso*, (the place of her birth) a name, to his thinking, harmonious, uncommon and significant, like the rest he had devised for himself and for all that belonged to him.

These dispositions being made he would no longer defer putting his design in execution, and therefore one morning before day in the middle of July he armed himself cap-a-pee, mounted *Roxinante*, braced on his target, grasped his lance, and issued forth into the fields at a private door of his back yard, with the greatest satisfaction and joy: but scarce was he got into the plain when a terrible thought assaulted him, and such as had well nigh made him abandon his new undertaking; for it came into his remembrance that he was not dubbed a Knight, and that, according to the

the laws of chivalry, he neither could nor ought to enter the lists against any Knight, and though he had been dubb'd still he must wear white armour as a new knight, without any device on his shield, till he had acquired one by his prowess. These reflections staggered him, but his frenzy prevailing he purposed to get himself knighted by the first person he should meet, in imitation of many others who had done the like, as he had read in the books which had occasioned his madness. Thus he jogged on, passing thro' the field of *Montiel*, saying, happy times! and happy age! in which my famous exploits shall come to light, worthy to be engraved in brass for a monument to all posterity!—then, on a sudden, as one really enamoured, he exclaimed! O! Princess *Dulcinea*, mistress of this captive heart, great injury hast thou done me in discarding and disgracing me by thy rigorous decree, forbidding me to appear in the presence of thy beauty. Vouchsafe lady, to remember this thine intralld heart, that endures so many afflictions for love of thee.

He travelled on so leisurely, and the sun advanced so fast, and with such intense heat, that it was sufficient to have melted his brains if he had had any. He travelled almost that whole day without meeting any thing worth relating, which disheartened him much, for he wanted immediately to have encountered somebody, to make tryal of the force of his valiant arm. Toward the fall of night his horse and he found themselves tired, and almost dead with hunger: looking round he perceived not far from the road, an inn. He made all the haste he could, and came to it just as the day shut in. There chanced to stand at the door two young women, *Ladies of Pleasure*, who were going to *Seville* with certain carriers, who happened to take up their lodging at the inn that night. And, as whatever our adventurer thought, said, or imagined, seemed to him to be done and transacted in the manner he had read of, immediately he fancied the inn to be a castle, with turrets and battlements of refulgent silver, together

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with its draw bridge, deep moat, and all the appurtenances with which such castles are usually described. As he was advancing to the imaginary castle, at some little distance from it he check'd *Roxinante* by the bridle, expecting some dwarf to appear on the battlements, and give notice by sound of trumpet of the arrival of a knight. But finding they delayed, and that *Roxinante* pressed to get to the stable, he approached the inn door, and there saw the two strolling wenches, who seemed to him to be two beautiful damsels, who were taking their pleasure at the castle gate.

At this instant a swine-herd, getting together his hogs, wound his horn; *Don Quixote's* imagination represented to him what he wished, namely, that some dwarf announced his arrival, and therefore with wondrous content he came up to the ladies, who perceiving a man armed with lance and buckler were frightened, and began to run into the house. But *Don Quixote* lifted up his pasteboard vizor, and discovering his withered and dusky visage, with grave voice thus accosted them: Fly not, ladies, nor fear any discourtesy, for the order of knighthood which I profess permits me not to offer injury to any one, much less to virgins of such high rank as your presence denotes. The wenches stared at him, and hearing themselves styled *Virgins*, a thing so out of their profession, they burst into so violent a laughter that *Don Quixote* began to grow angry, and said to them, modesty well becomes the fair, and nothing is so foolish as excessive laughter proceeding from a slight occasion; but I do not say this to disoblige you, or to excite in you any ill disposition towards me, for mine is no other than to do you service. This language encreased their laughter and his wrath, and things would have gone much further, had not the innkeeper came out at that instant, who beholding such an odd figure could scarce forbear accompanying the damsels in the demonstrations of their mirth. However he resolved to speak him fair, and accosted him thus, Signor Cavalier, if
you

your Worship is in want of a lodging, bating a bed, every thing will be found here in abundance. *Don Quixote* perceiving the humility of the governor of the fortress (for such to him appeared the innkeeper) answered, Signor *Castellano*, any thing will serve me, for arms are my ornaments, and fighting my repose. The host, who was as arrant a thief as *Cacus*, and as unlucky as a court page, replied, if it be so your Worship's beds are hard rocks, and your sleep being always awake, you may venture to alight, being sure of finding in this poor hut sufficient cause for not sleeping a whole twelvemonth, much more one single night. *Don Quixote* alighted with much difficulty, for he had not broke his fast all that day: he delivered his steed to his host, with a charge to take particular care of him, who having conducted him to the stable, returned to receive his guest's commands, whom the damsels were unarming; his counterfeited beaver was fastened in such a manner with green ribbons, that there being no possibility of untying them, and he obstinately refusing to permit them to be cut, remained all night with his helmet on, the strangest and most ridiculous figure imaginable. He said to the girls with great gaiety, *Never was a knight so nobly served by ladies as Don Quixote after his departure from his village; damsels waited on his person and princesses on his steed, O! Rozinante*, for that dear ladies is my horse's name, and *Don Quixote de la Mancha* is my own, the time will come when your ladyships may command, and I obey; and the valour of my arm shall manifest the desire I have to save you. They laid the cloth at the door of the inn, and the landlord brought him some *Baccalao*, and a loaf of bread as mouldy as his armour; in the mean time a sow-gelder came to the inn, who sounded his whistle four or five times, which entirely confirmed *Don Quixote* in the thought that he was in some famous castle, that the poor jack was trout, the wenches ladies, and the host governor of the castle; and so he concluded his resolution to be well taken and his sally attended with success.

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C H A P. II.

The pleasant method DON QUIXOTE took to be dubbed a knight, and of what befell him after he sallied out from the inn.

DON QUIXOTE was much disturbed that he was not yet dubbed a knight, thinking he could not lawfully undertake any adventure till he had first received the order of knighthood. He made an abrupt end of his supper, which done he called the landlord, and shutting himself up with him in the stable, he fell upon his knees, and said, I will never rise from this place, valorous knight, till you promise me that you will to-morrow morning dub me a knight, that I may be duly qualified to wander through the world in search of adventures for the relief of the distressed, as is the duty of knights errant, whose hearts like mine are strongly bent on such atchievements. The host, thoroughly convinced of the madness of his guest, said to him, that he was certainly very much in the right in what he requested, and that he himself in the days of his youth had exercised that honourable employ, wandering through divers parts of the world in search of adventures; and that at last he retired to this castle, where he lived upon his own means and other peoples, entertaining all knights errant of whatever quality or condition they were, merely for the great love he bore them; and if it pleased God the requisite ceremonies should be performed the next morning, in such manner that he should be dubbed a knight, and so effectually knighted that no one in the world could be more so. The host acquainted all that were in the inn with the phrenzy of his guest, and the knighting he expected; and early in the

the morning they all assembled to be spectators of this grotesque ceremony, when the host brought the book, in which he entered the accounts of the straw and barley he furnished to the carriers, and with the two damsels (a boy carrying an end of candle before them) he came where *Don Quixote* was, whom he commanded to kneel, and reading in his Manual, as if he had been saying some devout prayer, in the midst of reading he gave him a good blow on the nape of the neck, and after that, with his own sword, a handsome thwack on the shoulder, still muttering between his teeth. This done, one of the ladies girded on his sword, saying, God make you a fortunate knight, and give you success in battle; the other buckled on the spurs, which concluded these never till then seen ceremonies.

Don Quixote immediately saddled *Rozinante*, and embracing his host mounted, and at parting said such strange things to him, that it is impossible to express them: the host, to get him the sooner out of the inn, returned his compliments with no less flourishes, and without demanding any thing for his lodging, wished him a good journey.

It was about break of day when *Don Quixote* issued forth from the inn, so satisfied to see himself knighted that the joy thereof almost broke his horse's girths; but recollecting he was neither provided with money or clean shirts, he resolved to furnish himself accordingly, and, also to provide himself with a squire, (the knights errant of times past, always having such an attendant) purposing to take into his service a country fellow of the neighbourhood, who was poor and had children, yet was very fit for the squirely office of chivalry. He had not gone far when he came to the center of four roads, and to imitate the knights errant, who when they came to these cross ways, considered which of the roads they should take, he stood still awhile, and at last he let go the reins, submitting his own will to be guided by that of his horse, who took the direct road towards his stable.

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stable. Having gone about two miles *Don Quixote* discovered a company of people, who were merchants of *Toledo*, going to buy silks in *Murcia*: Scarce had *Don Quixote* espied them when he imagined it must be some adventure, and he fancied this to be cut out on purpose for him to atchieve. And when they were come so near as to be seen and heard, *Don Quixote*, with an arrogant air, cried out: Let the whole world stand, if the whole world does not confess, that there is not in the whole world a damsel more beautiful than the Empress of *La Mancha*, the peerless *Dulcinea de Toboso*. One of the merchants said to him, Signor Cavalier we do not know who this good Lady is you mention; may be, let us but see her, and if she is so great a beauty we will without any constraint confess that truth you demand from us: Should I shew her to you, replied *Don Quixote*, where would be the merit in confessing a truth so notorious? the business is that without seeing her you believe, affirm, swear, and maintain it; and if not I challenge you all to battle, proud and monstrous as you are, and here I wait for you, confiding in the justice of my cause. Signor Cavalier, replied the merchant, I beseech your Worship that we may not lay a burden upon our consciences by confessing a thing we never saw nor heard, and that your Worship would shew us some picture of this Lady; and though she should be represented squinting with one eye, and distilling brimstone from the other, to oblige you we will say whatever you please in her favour. There distils not, base scoundrels, answered *Don Quixote*, from her what you say, but rather ambergrease and civet; but you shall pay for this horrid blasphemy you have uttered against so transcendent a beauty.

And so saying, with his lance couched he ran at him who had spoken, with so much fury, that if *Roxinante* had not stumbled in the midst of his career, it had gone hard with the daring merchant.

Roxinante

Rozinante fell, and his master lay rolling about the field, endeavouring to arise but in vain, so encumbered was he with the weight of his antique armour. Whilst he was struggling to get up, he continued calling out,—stay, ye race of slaves, for 'tis through my horse's fault and not my own, that I lie here extended. A muleteer of the company hearing the poor gentleman vent such extravagances, could not bear it without returning him an answer on his ribs, and coming to him he broke the lance in pieces, and with one of the splinters so belaboured *Don Quixote*, that in spite of his armour he threshed him to chaff. The poor fallen knight, notwithstanding the tempest of blows that rained upon him, never shut his mouth, threatening heaven and earth and those assassins, for such they seemed to him. At length the fellow was tired, and the merchants pursued their way. The poor belaboured knight, tried again to raise himself; but if he could not do it when well, how should he when almost battered to pieces? yet still he thought himself a happy man, looking upon this as a misfortune peculiar to knights errant, and imputing the whole to his horse's fault.

Don Quixote finding he was not able to stir, had recourse to his usual remedy, which was to recollect some passage of his books, and his frenzy instantly brought to his remembrance that of *Valdovinus* and the Marquis of *Mantua*, when *Carloto* left him mounted on the mountain; he went on with the romance till he came to where it is said, *O noble Marquis of Mantua, my uncle and lord by blood*; and just as he came to that verse a country man of his own village passed by, who seeing a man lying stretched on the earth, asked him who he was and what ailed him? *Don Quixote* believed he must certainly be the Marquis of *Mantua*, his uncle, and so returned him no answer, but went on with his romance, recounting his misfortune and amours just as it is there related. The peasant was confounded at

hearing such extravagances, and taking of his visor, wiped his face, which was covered with dust, and the moment he had done wiping it he knew him, and said, Ah! Signor *Quixada!* how come your Worship in this condition? but he answered out of his romance to all his questions. The good man seeing this, examined if he had any wound, but he saw no blood nor sign of any hurt; then with much ado he set him upon his ass, gathered together all the arms and tied them upon *Rozinante*, and so he went on towards the village, full of reflection on his neighbour's extravagances, and no less thoughtful was the knight, and at that instant he bethought himself of the Moor *Abindarraez*, at the time *Rodrigo Narvaez* had taken him prisoner. So that when the peasant asked him again how he did? he answered him in the words in which the Moor answered *Rodrigo*, as he had read in the story. The peasant went on cursing himself to the devil, to hear such a pack of nonsense, from whence he collected that his neighbour was run mad, and therefore made what haste he could to reach the village, which they did about sunset, but the countryman staid till the night was a little advanced, that the people might not see the poor battered gentleman so scurvily mounted. At a convenient time he entered the village, and arrived at *Don Quixote's* house. The priest, and the barber of the place, who were *Don Quixote's* great friends, happened to be there; and the housekeeper was saying, what is your opinion Signor *Licenciate*, of my master's misfortune, for neither he nor his horse have been seen these six days? I am verily persuaded that these cursed books of knight errantry have turned his brain, and that he would often say, talking to himself, that he would turn knight errant, and go about the world in quest of adventures. The priest corroborated what the housekeeper had said, and it was immediately determined the whole collection should be committed to the flames, that they might no more minister occasion to those who read them

to commit such fatal extravagancies. All this the countryman overheard, and it confirmed him in the belief of his neighbour's infirmity, and so he began to cry aloud, -open the doors, gentlemen, to the marquis of *Mantua*, who comes dangerously wounded, and to signor *Abindar-raez* the *Moor*, whom the valorous *Rodrigo de Narvaez* brings as his prisoner. At hearing this they came out, and all ran to embrace their friend and master. They carried him to his chamber, and searching for his wounds, they found none at all, and he told them he was only bruised by a great fall he got with his horse, as he was fighting with ten of the most prodigious giants that were to be found on the earth. Ho! Ho! said the priest, are there giants too in the dance? By my faith I shall set fire to them all before to-morrow night. They asked him a thousand questions, and he would answer nothing, but only desired something to eat, and that they would let him sleep, which was what he most stood in need of; they did so, and the countryman gave them an account of the condition in which he had found their friend, and the extravagancies he had uttered.

That night the house-keeper burnt all the books that were in the house. One of the remedies which the priest and barber prescribed for their friend's malady, was to alter his apartment, and wall up the room where the books had been, that when he got up he might not find them; and that they should pretend that an enchanter had carried them away, room and all, which was done accordingly. Within two days *Don Quixote* got up, and the first thing he did was to visit his books, and not finding the room he stared about every way without speaking a word; but after some time he asked the house-keeper whereabouts the room stood where his books were? She, who was well tutored, said to him, what room does your Worship look for? There is neither room nor books in this house, for the devil himself has carried all away. It was not the devil, said the niece, but

but an enchanter, who came one night upon a cloud, and alighting from a serpent on which he rode, entered the room, and after some little time out he came flying through the roof, and left the house full of smoke, and when we went to see what he had been doing we saw neither books nor room, only when he went away he said with a loud voice, that for a secret enmity he bore to the owner of those books, he had done a mischief in this house which should soon be manifest: he told us also that he was called the sage *Freston*. He is, said *Don Quixote*, a wise enchanter, a great enemy of mine; and endeavours to do me all the diskindness he can; but it will be difficult for him to avoid what is decreed by heaven. Who doubts of that, said the niece? But, dear uncle, who puts you upon these vagaries? Would it not be better to stay quietly at home, and not ramble about the world, seeking for better bread than wheaten, and not considering that many go for wool and return shorn themselves? O dear niece, answered *Don Quixote*, how little do you know of the matter? Before they shall shear me, I will pluck and tear off the beards of all those who dare think of touching the tip of a single hair of mine. Neither of them would make any farther reply; for they saw his choler begin to take fire. He staid after this fifteen days at home very quiet, without discovering any symptom of an inclination to repeat his late frolics, in which time there passed very pleasant discourses between him and his two cronies, the priest and the barber: he affirming that the world stood in need of nothing so much as knights errant, and the revival of chivalry: the priest sometimes contradicted him, and at other times acquiesced; for had he not made use of this artifice there would have been no means left to bring him to reason.

C H A P. III.

Of the second sally of our good Knight DON QUIXOTE DE LA MANCHA, with the dreadful adventure of the windmills, the stupendous battle between the vigorous Biscainer and the valiant Manchegan, with other events worthy to be recorded.

IN the mean time *Don Quixote* tampered with a labourer, a neighbour of his, and an honest man, but very shallow brained; he said so much, used so many arguments, and promised him such great matters, that the poor fellow resolved to sally out with him, and serve him as his squire: among other things *Don Quixote* told him he should dispose himself to go with him willingly; for some time or other such an adventure might present that an island might be won in the turn of a hand, and he be left governor thereof; with these and the like promises, *Sancho Panca* (for that was his name) left his wife and children, and hired himself for a squire to his neighbour. *Don Quixote* then acquainted his squire *Sancho* of the day and hour he intended to set out, that he might provide himself with what he should find to be the most needful; above all he charged him not to forget a wallet, and *Sancho* said he would be sure to carry one, and that he intended also to take with him an ass he had, because he was not used to travel much on foot. These things being accomplished *Don Quixote* and *Sancho* one night sallied out of the village unperceived by any one, *Sancho* went riding upon his ass like any patriarch, with his wallet and leathern bottle, and with a vehement desire to find himself governor of the island which his master had promised him, *Don Quixote* happened to take the same route he had done in his first expedition, through
the

the plain of *Montiel*: now *Sancho* said to his master, I beseech your lordship that you forget not your promise concerning that same island, for I shall know how to govern it, be it never so big. You must know, friend *Sancho*, said *Don Quixote*, that it was a custom among the knights errant of old to make their squires governors of the islands or kingdoms they conquered; and before six days are ended I may probably win such a kingdom as may have others depending upon it, as fit as if they were cast in a mold for thee to be crowned king of one of them. So then, answered *Sancho*, if I were a king, *Teresa*, my crooked rib, would at least come to be a queen, and my children *infantas*. Who doubts it, replied *Don Quixote*? I doubt it, replied *Sancho*, for if God were to rain down kingdoms upon the earth, none of them would fit well upon the head of *Teresa*, for she is not worth two farthings for a queen: the title of countess would fit better upon her. Recommend her to God, *Sancho*, answered *Don Quixote*, and he will do what is best for her; but do not debase thy mind so low as to content thyself with being less than a lord lieutenant: Sir, I will not, answered *Sancho*, having so great a man for my master as your lordship, who will give me whatever is most fitting, and what you find me best able to bear.

As they were thus discoursing they perceived thirty or forty windmills that are in that plain. As soon as *Don Quixote* espied them he said to his squire, look yonder, *Sancho*, where you may discover somewhat more than thirty monstrous giants, with whom I intend to fight, and with whose spoils we will enrich ourselves. What giants, said *Sancho*? Those you see yonder, answered his master, with those long arms, some of which are almost the length of two leagues: Sir, answered *Sancho*, these are not giants, but windmills; they are giants, said the knight, and if you are afraid get aside, and pray whilst I engage with them; so saying he clapped spurs to *Roxinante* crying, Fly not, ye vile caitiffs, for it is a single knight who assaults you: and recommending himself devoutly to his

his lady *Dulcinea*, he rushed on and attacked the first mill, and running his lance into the sail, the wind whirled it about with so much violence that it broke the lance to shivers, dragging horse and rider after it, and tumbling them over and over on the plain in very evil plight, *Sancho* hastened to his assistance, and found him unable to stir, so violent was the blow he had received. God save me, quoth *Sancho*, did not I warn you that they were nothing but windmills, and nobody could mistake them but one that had the like in his head. Peace, friend *Sancho*, answered *Don Quixote*, now I verily believe that the sage *Freston* who stole away my chamber and books has metamorphosed those giants into windmills, on purpose to deprive me of the glory of vanquishing them, so great is the enmity he bears me; but his wicked arts will avail but little against the goodness of my sword. God grant it as he can, answered *Sancho*, and helping him up he mounted him again upon *Rozinante*, who was half shoulder-slipped.

Discouraging of the late adventure they followed the road that led to the pass of *Lapice*, for there *Don Quixote*, said they would not fail to meet with many and various adventures. God's will be done, quoth *Sancho*, I believe all just as you say Sir; and put his master in mind that it was time to dine: The knight answered that at present he had no need, but that he might eat whenever he thought fit; with this licence *Sancho* adjusted himself upon his beast, and taking out what he carried in his wallet, he jogged on eating very leisurely, and lifted the bottle to his mouth with so much relish, that the best fed victualer of *Malaga*, might have envied him; and repeating his draughts he thought no more of his master's promises, nor did he think it any toil, but rather a recreation to go in quest of adventures though never so perilous. They passed that night among some trees; *Don Quixote* slept not a wink, ruminating on his lady *Dulcinea*, in conformity to what he had read in his books. *Sancho*, whose stomach was full, made but one sleep of it, and at

at his uprising took a swig at his bottle, and found it much lighter than the evening before, which grieved his very heart, for he did not think they were in the way to remedy that defect very soon.

They discovered the pass of *Lapice* about three in the afternoon. Here brother *Sancho*, said *Don Quixote*, we may thrust our hands up to the elbow in adventures; but though you should see me in the greatest peril in the world, you must not lay your hand to your sword to defend me, unless they who assault me are vile mob, and mean scoundrels; but if they should be knights, it is not allowed by the laws of chivalry that you should intermeddle till you are dubbed a knight: I assure you, Sir, answered *Sancho*, that I am naturally very peaceable, and I will observe this precept as religiously as the Lord's day.

As they were thus discoursing there appeared in the road two monks mounted upon mules; behind them came a coach and some attendants on horseback; there was in the coach a *Biscayan* lady going to *Seville* to her husband. *Don Quixote*, spying the monks, said to his squire, this is like to prove the most famous adventure that ever was seen; those black bulks are doubtless enchanters, who are carrying away some princess, and I am obliged to redress this wrong to the utmost of my power. This may prove a worse job than the windmills, said *Sancho*—those are Benedictine monks, and the coach must belong to some travellers: pray be advised, and let not the devil deceive you. *Sancho*, answered *Don Quixote*, what I say is true, and you will see it presently; and when the monks were within hearing he cried out, Diabolical and monstrous race instantly release the high-horn princess whom you are carrying away, or prepare for instant death; to which they answered, *Signor Cavalier* we are neither diabolical nor monstrous, but a couple of religious who are travelling on our own business, and are intirely ignorant whether any princesses are carried away by force in that coach or not:—soft words do nothing with me, for

I know ye, treacherous scoundrels, said *Don Quixote*, and clapping spurs to *Roxinante* he ran with his lance couched at the foremost monk with such fury that had he not slid down from his mule he would have dismounted him, and wounded, if not killed him outright.

His companion fearing the like treatment fled with precipitation, and his brother, while *Don Quixote* went up to the coach, in a moment remounted his mule, when they went on their way crossing themselves oftner than if the devil had been at their heels. Your beauty, said *Don Quixote* to the lady in the coach, may dispose of your person as pleaseth you best, for your haughty ravishers lie prostrate, overthrown by my invincible arm. Know that I am called *Don Quixote de la Mancha*, knight errant, and captive to the peerless *Dulcinea del Toboso*, and in requital of the benefit you have received at my hands, all I desire is that you would return to *Toboso*, and in my name present yourself before that lady, and tell her what I have done to obtain your liberty.

This fine harangue was overheard by a certain squire, a Biscainer, who accompanied the coach; he flew at *Don Quixote*, addressing him in this manner. Cavalier, I swear by the God that made me, if thou dost not quit the coach thou forfeitest thy life. *Don Quixote* drew his sword, and set upon the Biscainer with a resolution to kill him; the latter snatched a cushion out of the coach which served him for a shield, and to it they went as if they had been mortal enemies; the battle continued obstinate a long time, when our knight enraged at finding himself roughly handled, discharged his sword with such fury upon his antagonist, that the blood gushed out at his nostrils, mouth and ears; and his mule frightened at two or three plunges laid her master flat upon the ground: *Don Quixote* leaped from his horse, and clapping the point of his sword to his eyes bid him yield, or he would cut off his head; the ladies approaching humbly besought him to spare the life of their squire, which

which *Don Quixote* granted with much solemnity, upon condition that he should present himself before the peerless *Dulcinea* to be disposed of at her pleasure. The disconsolate lady without further enquiry promised him her squire should perform whatever she enjoined him. In reliance upon this promise, said *Don Quixote*, I will do him no further hurt, though he has well deserved it at my hands.

Sancho seeing the conflict at an end came and held his master's stirrup, and before he mounted he fell upon his knees, and kissing his hand, said, be pleased my lord *Don Quixote* to bestow upon me the government of that island which you have now won in this vigorous combat: consider, brother *Sancho*, answered *Don Quixote*, that these are not adventures of islands, but on cross-ways, in which nothing is to be gotten but a broken head or the loss of an ear; have patience, for adventures will offer, whereby I may not only make thee a governor, but something better. *Sancho* returned him abundance of thanks, and kissing his hand again helped him to get upon *Roxinante*, and mounting his ass followed him as fast as his beast could trot. Tell me, on your life *Sancho*, said *Don Quixote*, have you ever seen a more valorous knight than I upon the face of the known earth? Have you read of any other whoever had more bravery in assailing, or more address in giving a fall? The truth is, answered *Sancho*, that I never read any history at all, for I can neither read nor write: but what I dare affirm is, that I never served a bolder master than your lordship in all the days of my life; but as I perceive a terrible wound in the ear, in the encounter with that cursed Biscainer, I beg of your Worship that you will let it be dressed; I have here some lint, and a little white ointment in my wallet. All this would have been needless, answered *Don Quixote*, if I had besought myself of making a vial of the balsam of *Fierabras*, for with one single drop we might have saved both time and medicine: What balsam is that, said *Sancho*? It is a balsam, answered the knight, of which

I have the receipt by heart; and he that has it, need not fear death; and therefore when I shall have made it and given it to you, when you see me in some battle cleft asunder, take up that part of my body which shall fall to the ground, and before the blood is congealed, place it upon the other half that shall remain in the saddle, then give me immediately two draughts of the balsam, and you will see me become sounder than any apple. If this be so said *Sancho*, I renounce the government of the island, and desire no other thing than that your Worship will give me the receipt of this extraordinary liquor; for I dare say it will fetch two reals an ounce, and I want no more to pass this life comfortably, but will it cost much the making? For less than three reals one may make nine pints, answered *Don Quixote*. Sinner that I am, replied *Sancho*, why then does your worship delay to make it, and to teach it me? Peace friend, answered *Don Quixote*, for I intend to teach thee greater secrets; and for the present let us set about the cure, for my ear pains me more than I could wish.

Sancho took some lint and ointment out of his wallet, but when *Don Quixote* perceived that his helmet was broken, he was ready to run stark mad; I swear, said he, by the Creator of all Things, to lead the life that the great marquis of *Mantua* led, till I shall take by force such another helmet, or one as good from some other knight: Be it so, quoth *Sancho*, and God grant us good success, that we may speedily win this island. I have already told you *Sancho* to be in no pain upon that account; but see if you have any thing to eat in your wallet, and we will go in quest of some castle where we may lodge this night, and make the balsam; *Sancho* took out his provisions, and they eat together in a very peaceable and friendly manner; they presently mounted and hastened to get to some inhabited place before night, but both the sun and their hopes failed them near the huts of certain goatherds; and so they determined to take up
their

their lodgings there. The goatherds received them kindly, and spreading some sheep skins on the ground, served up their rural mefs, and with much good will invited them to partake. It would not be amifs *Sancho*, said *Don Quixote*, if you would dress this ear again. One of the goatherds seeing the hurt, mixing a little salt with some rosemary leaves, chewed them and applied them to the wound, binding them fast, assuring him he would want no other salve, as it proved in effect: he then advised him to go to sleep in the hut, as the cold dew of the night might be prejudicial to his wound. *Sancho* joined the goatherd in persuading his master to go to rest; he did so, and passed the night in remembrance of his lady *Dulcinea*. *Sancho* took up his lodging between *Roxinante* and his ass; in the morning *Don Quixote* bid adieu to his hosts, having formed a resolution to clear all those mountains of the robbers and assassins, of which it was reported they were full.

C H A P.

C H A P. IV.

The unfortunate adventure which befel DON QUIXOTE, in meeting with certain bloody minded Yanguessian carriers, and the numberless hardships which the brave Knight and his good Squire underwent in an inn, which he unhappily took for a castle.

DON QUIXOTE and his Squire re-entered the wood, where they alighted, and leaving *Roxinante* and the ass to feed at leisure, they ransacked the wallet, and without any ceremony, master and man regaled themselves with what they found in it. *Sancho* had not fettered *Roxinante*, being well assured he was so little gametome that all the mares of *Cordova* would not provoke him to any unlucky pranks; but fortune so ordered it, that there were grazing in that valley a parcel of *Galician* mares belonging to certain *Yanguessian* carriers. Now it fell out that *Roxinante* had a mind to solace himself with the fillies, and without asking his master's leave went to communicate his need to them; but they having more inclination to feed than any thing else, received him with their heels and teeth in such a manner, that his girths broke, and he lost his saddle. The carriers seeing the violence offered to their mares, ran to him with their packstaves, and so belaboured him, that they laid him sprawling on the ground. The Knight and Squire, who had seen the drubbing of *Roxinante*, came up out of breath: By what I see friend *Sancho*, said *Don Quixote*, these are no Knights, but rascally people; I tell you this because you may help me to take ample revenge for the outrage done to *Roxinante* before our eyes. What revenge can we take, said *Sancho*, they being above twenty, and we no more than two? I am as good as an hundred, replied *Don Quixote*, and sword in hand he attacked the carriers, and *Sancho*,

cho, incited by his master's example, did the same. They seeing themselves assaulted by two men only, hemming them in, belaboured them with their clubs with great vehemence. At the second pale they brought *Sancho* to the ground, and the same befel *Don Quixote*, neither his dexterity nor courage standing him in any stead. The carriers perceiving the mischief they had done, loaded their beasts, and pursued their journey.

Sancho, who first came to himself, cried with a feeble and plaintive voice, Ah, Signor *Don Quixote*, I could wish it were possible your Worship would give me two draughts of that drink of *Fairy-Blas*, perhaps it may do as well for broken bones as for wounds. Unhappy I, that we have it not answered *Don Quixote*, but I swear to you that before two days pass I will have it in my power; but in how many days do you think, Sir, we shall recover the use of our feet, replied *Sancho*? For my part, said the battered Knight, I cannot tell. I ought not to have lifted my sword against men who were not dubb'd Knights like myself, and therefore this chastisement is fallen upon me as a punishment for having transgressed the laws of chivalry. Try Sir, said *Sancho*, whether you are able to rise, and we will keep up *Roxinante*, though he does not deserve it, for he was the principal cause of all this mauling; and I wonder that my ass should escape scot-free when we have paid so dear. Fortune always leaves some door open in disasters, whereby to come at a remedy said *Don Quixote*. I say this because this poor beast may supply the want of *Roxinante*, by carrying me hence to some castle where I may be cured of my wounds.

Sancho settled *Don Quixote* upon the ass, and tying *Roxinante* to his tail, led them both by the halter, towards the place where he thought the road might lie: In a short time fortune discovered to him the road, in which he espied an inn, which to his sorrow and the Knight's joy must needs be a castle. *Sancho* positively maintained it to be an inn, and his master a castle, and they arrived there before the dispute ended, and
without

without more ado *Sancho* entered into it with his string of cattle.

The inn keeper seeing *Don Quixote* laid across the ass, asked what ailed him? *Sancho* answered that it was nothing but a fall from a rock, whereby his ribs were somewhat bruised. The inn-keeper's wife, who was naturally charitable, with the assistance of her daughter, a comely young girl, set herself presently to cure *Don Quixote*. They made him a sorry bed in a garret, in which room also lodged a carrier; immediately the hostess and her daughter plastered him from head to foot, and perceiving him to be so full of bruises, she said they seemed to be rather marks of blows than of a fall. They were not blows, said *Sancho*, but the rock had many sharp points and knobs, and every one has left its mark. And pray forsooth, said he, order it so that some tow may be left, somebody else may have occasion for it, for my sides also ache a little. So then said the hostess, you have had a fall too? No said he, but the fright I took at seeing my master fall, has made my body so sore that methinks I have received a thousand drubs. How is this cavalier called, quoth the maid? *Don Quixote de la Mancha* answered *Sancho*; he is one of the best and most valiant knight's-errant that the world has seen a long-time. What is a knight-errant replied the wench? a knight-errant answered *Sancho*, is a thing that in two words is seen cudgelled and an emperor; to day is the most miserable being in the creation, and to-morrow will have two or three kingdoms to give to his squire. The good-natured girl doctored *Sancho*, who stood in no less need of it than his master. The carrier and she had made an assignation that night, and she had promised when the guests were abed she would repair to him, and make him happy. The whole inn was in profound silence, when our knight entertained one of the strangest whimsies that can well be conceived; he fancied that the inn-keeper's daughter was daughter to the Lord of the castle, and was fallen in love with him, and had pro-

mised him that night to steal privately to him, and pass a good part of it with him; he began to be uneasy and to reflect on the dangerous crisis to which his fidelity was going to be exposed, and he resolved in his heart not to commit disloyalty against his Lady *Dulcinea*, though Queen *Ginebra* herself should present herself before him.

Absorbed in these thoughts the time of the maid's assignation approached, who came with cautious steps into the room to find her carrier. *Don Quixote*, who perceived her, stretched out his arms to receive his beauteous damsel, who went with hands extended feeling for her lover. Thus she encountered *Don Quixote's* arms, who caught fast hold of her, and pulling her to him made her set down on the bed by him; and clasping her fast he said to her, O! that I were in a condition, beautiful lady, to be able to return so vast a favour, as this you have done me by the presence of your great beauty, but fortune, never weary of persecuting the good, is pleased to lay me on this bed, where I lie so bruised and disabled, that though I were ever so much inclined to gratify your desires, it would be impossible; and to this is added, another still greater impossibility, which is the plighted faith I have given to the peerless *Dulcinea del Toboso*, the sole mistress of my most hidden thoughts: had it not been for these obstacles I should not have been so dull a Knight as to let slip the happy opportunity your great goodness has put into my hands.

The wench was in a violent sweat to find herself held so fast, and regardless of what the Knight had said to her, she struggled to disengage herself; the carrier heard his sweetheart, and jealous that she had broken her word with him, he drew nearer to *Don Quixote's* bed, to see the event of those speeches which he did not understand; but finding the girl strove to get from him, and that *Don Quixote* laboured to hold her, he discharged so terrible a blow on the lanthorn jaws of the enamoured Knight, that he bathed his mouth in blood; he then mounted upon his ribs, and
paced

paced them over somewhat above a trot from end to end. The host hearing this bustle, presently imagined it must be some prank of the damsel's; with this suspicion, lighting a candle, he approached the scene of action. The wench perceiving her master, all trembling betook herself to *Sancho's* bed, and creeping in the lay close to him, who was fast asleep. The innkeeper bawled out, where are you strumpet? these are certainly some of your doings. *Sancho* awakening, and perceiving the bulk lying a-top of him, fancied he had got the night mare, and liberally bestowed his fifty cuffs upon the wench, who provoked by the smart made him such a return that she thoroughly awakened him; and the carrier perceiving how it fared with his mistress, ran to her assistance. The landlord did the same, but with a different intention, for his was to chastise the wench, concluding that she was the sole occasion of all this harmony. The carrier belaboured *Sancho*, *Sancho* the girl, the girl him, the inn-keeper her. The inn-keeper's candle went out, and being left in the dark they thrashed one another so unmercifully that let the hand light where it would it left nothing sound.

An officer of the holy brotherhood who lodged that night in the inn, hearing the scuffle entered the room, crying out, forbear in the name of justice. The first he lighted on was the battered Knight, and laying hold of his beard, he cried out incessantly, I charge you to aid and assist me, but finding that he did not stir he concluded that he must be dead, and that the people in the room were his murderers; with this suspicion, raising his voice—shut the doors, said he, see that nobody escapes, for they have killed a man here. The landlord, the carrier, and the girl retreated the moment the voice reached them, only the unfortunate Knight and squire could not stir from the place they were in, and the officer went out to apprehend the delinquents.

Don Quixote being come to himself, said to his squire *Sancho*, either I know little or this castle is enchanted,

chanted, for you must know that a little while ago there came to me the daughter of the Lord of this castle, who is one of the most beautiful damsels of the habitable earth, and this castle as I said before being enchanted at the time that she and I were engaged in the sweetest and most amorous conversation, comes a hand fastened to the arm of some monstrous giant, and gave me such a douse on the chops that they were all bathed in blood, and afterwards pounded me in such a sort that I am in a worse case than yesterday; whence I conjecture that the treasure of this damsel's beauty is guarded by some enchanted *Moor*, and is not reserved for me; nor for me neither, answered *Sancho*, for more than four hundred *Moors* have cudgelled me in such a manner, that the basting of the packstaves was tarts and cheesecakes to it. Woe is me and the mother that bore me, for I am no knight-errant, nor ever mean to be one, and yet the greater part of these misadventures falls to my share. Be in no pain friend, said *Don Quixote*, for I will now make the precious balsam with which we will cure ourselves in the twinkling of an eye: call the Governor, and get some oil, wine, sack and *rosemary*, to make the balsam, for my wound bleeds very fast.

Having procured the ingredients, *Don Quixote* made a compound of them, mixing them together, and boiling them till he thought they were enough; he then put them in a flask which the landlord made him a present of. He resolved immediately to make trial of the virtue of that precious balsam, as he imagined it to be, and so drank about a pint of what the flask could not contain, and scarcely had he done drinking when he began to vomit so violently, that nothing was left in his stomach: he then fell into a copious sweat, wherefore he ordered them to cover him up warm, and leave him; he slept above three hours, when he awoke and found himself so much relieved, that he thought himself perfectly cured. *Sancho* desired his master to give him what remained in the pipkin; his request being granted, he took it
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in both hands and tossed it down into his stomach, swilling little less than his master had done. Poor *Sancho's* stomach was not so nice and squeamish as his master's, and before he could throw it up it gave him such pangs and loathings, that he verily thought his last hour was come; and finding himself so tormented, he cursed the balsam and the thief that had given it to him. *Don Quixote* said to him, I believe *Sancho* this mischief has befallen you, because you are not dubbed a Knight; for I am of opinion this liquor can do no good to those who are not. If your Worship knew that quoth *Sancho*, why did you suffer me to drink it? By this time the drench operated effectually, and the poor squire began to discharge at both ends with so much precipitation, that not only himself, but every body else thought he was expiring. This evacuation continued two hours, at the end of which he was so shattered, he was not able to stand. *Don Quixote*, who found himself at ease and whole, would needs depart immediately, in quest of adventures; he saddled *Roxinante* himself, and pannelled his squire's beast, whom he also helped to dress, and mounted him upon the ass.

Being both mounted, he called to the host, and with a grave voice said to him, Signor Governor, many are the favours which I have received in this your castle, if I could make you a return by revenging you on any insolent, who has done you outrage, you need only declare it; for I promise to procure you satisfaction to your heart's desire. The host answered, Sir Knight, I have no need of your Worship's avenging any wrong for me, I only desire you to pay me for your entertainment in the inn. What then is this an inn, replied *Don Quixote*? in truth, I took it for a castle, but since it is so, all that can be now done is that you excuse the payment, for I certainly know that Knights-Errant have never paid for lodging, or any thing else in any inn where they have lain. I see little to my purpose in this, answered the Host, pay me what is my due, for I make no account of any thing
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but how to come by my own. Thou art a blockhead, answered *Don Quixote*, so clapping spurs to *Roxinante*, and brandishing his lance, he sallied out without minding whether his squire followed him or not, and got a good way off.

The host seeing him go without paying him, ran to seize on *Sancho*, who said that since his master would not pay neither would he, for being *Squire* to a knight errant, the same reason held as good for him as his master, not to pay any thing in public houses and inns. The innkeeper threatened him, if he did not pay him he would get it in a way he should be sorry for. *Sancho* swore that he would not pay a single farthing, though it should cost him his life. There were in the inn four clothworkers of *Segovia*, three needle makers of *Cordova*, and two butchers of *Seville*, all arch wags, who, as it were instigated by the same spirit, came up to *Sancho*, and dismounting him from his ass, one of them went in for the landlord's bed blanket, and taking *Sancho* out into the yard, placed him in the midst of the blanket, and began to toss him aloft, and to divert themselves with him as with a dog at Shrove-tide. The cries the poor blanketed squire sent forth reached his master's ears, who turning the reins came up to the inn, when he perceived the wicked sport they were about. He uttered many reproaches and revilings against those who were tossing *Sancho*, but they would not desist from their labour till quite wearied: they then wrapping him in his loose coat, mounted him on his ass, and the inn gate being thrown open out he went mightily satisfied that he had paid nothing, and carried his point, tho' at the expence of his accustomed surety, his carcase.

CHAP. V.

DON QUIXOTE's encounter with the flock of sheep, with the adventure of the dead body, and other famous occurrences.

S*SANCHO* having rejoined his master, *Don Quixote* said, now am I convinced that that castle is doubtless enchanted, for they who so cruelly sported themselves with you could be no other than hobgoblins and people of the other world. They were no hobgoblins, said *Sancho*, but men of flesh and bones as we are, and each of them had his proper name; and what I gather from all this is, that these adventures we are in quest of will bring us into so many disadvantages that we shall not know which is our right foot; so that in my poor opinion the best way would be to return to our village, and not run rambling about, leaping out of the frying pan into the fire. While they were thus conferring, *Don Quixote* perceived a thick cloud of dust coming towards them, and turning to *Sancho*, he said, this is the day in which I shall perform such exploits as shall remain written in the book of fame to all succeeding ages. Yon cloud of dust is raised by a prodigious army of innumerable nations, who are on the march this way. By this account there must be two armies, said *Sancho*, for on this opposite side there rises such another cloud of dust. *Don Quixote* seeing it was so rejoiced exceedingly, taking it for granted they were two armies coming to engage in that spacious plain. Now the cloud of dust he saw was raised by two great flocks of sheep, going the same road from different parts; but *Don Quixote* affirmed so positively that they were armies, that *Sancho* began to believe it, and said Sir, what then must we do? What, replied *Don Quixote*,

ote, but assist the weaker side. The army which marches towards us in front is commanded by the Emperor *Alifanfaron*, Lord of *Taprobana*; the other is that of *Pentapolin* King of the *Garamantes*; his enemy *Alifanfaron* is a Pagan, and is in love with the daughter of *Pentapolin*, a most superlatively beautiful lady, and a christian; and her father will not give her in marriage to the Pagan king, unless he will first turn christian. By my beard, said *Sancho*, he is in the right, and I am resolved to assist him to the utmost of my power: in so doing *Sancho* you will do your duty, said *Don Quixote*, but do you not hear the neighing of the steeds, the sound of the trumpets, and the rattling of the drums? I hear nothing, answered *Sancho*, but the bleating of sheep and lambs; and so it was, for now the two flocks were come very near them. The fear you are in, said *Don Quixote*, makes you that you can neither hear nor see aright; get you aside, for I am able to give the victory to that side I shall favour with my assistance. Saying this he darted down the hillock like lightning; *Sancho* cried out, hold *Signor*, come back, as God shall save me they are lambs and sheep you are going to encounter: what madness is this? *Don Quixote* went on, crying aloud, Ho! Knights, you that fight under the banner of the valiant *Pentapolin*, follow, and you shall see with how much ease I will revenge him on his enemy *Alifanfaron*: saying this he rushed into the midst of the squadron of sheep, attacking them as intrepidly as if he was engaging his mortal enemies. The shepherds called out to him to desist, but seeing it was to no purpose they unbuckled their slings, and began to let drive about his ears with stones as big as one's fist, one of which struck him such a blow on the side, that it buried a couple of his ribs in his body; finding himself thus ill treated he believed he was sorely wounded, and remembering his liquor he set the flask to his mouth, and began to let some go down; but before he could swallow what he thought sufficient, comes another of these almonds, and hit him so full

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on the hand, and on the flask, that it dashed it to pieces, carrying off three or four of his teeth by the way, and bruising two of his fingers, so that the poor knight fell from his horse to the ground. The shepherds verily believed they had killed him, whereupon in all haste they got their flocks together, took up their dead, which were about seven and marched off without further enquiry.

Sancho seeing his master fallen, and the shepherds gone off, ran to him, and said, Signor *Don Quixote* did I not desire you to come back, for those you went to attack were a flock of sheep, and not an army of men? You must know *Sancho*, replied *Don Quixote*, that this malignant enchanter who persecutes me, envious of the glory he saw I was like to acquire in this battle, has transformed the hostile squadrons into flocks of sheep. Come hither and see how many grinders I want, for it seems to me that I have not one left in my head. *Sancho* almost thrust his eyes into his mouth, and it being precisely at the time the balsam began to work, he discharged the contents directly in the face of the compassionate squire. Blessed Virgin! quoth *Sancho*, what has befallen me? without doubt this poor sinner is mortally wounded, since he vomits blood; but upon reflection he found by the colour and smell that it was not blood, but the balsam he saw him drink; and so great was the loathing he felt thereat, that his stomach turned, and he vomited up his very guts upon his master, so that they both remained in the same pickle. *Sancho*, said *Don Quixote*, afflict not yourself for the mischances that befall us, for after all these storms the weather will clear up, and things will go smoothly—Well! be it as your worship says, answered *Sancho*, but let us endeavour to get a lodging to night, and pray God it be where there are neither blankets, nor blanket-heavers, nor hobgoblins nor enchanted *Moors*; for if there be, the devil take both the flock and the fold.

Child, said *Don Quixote*, conduct me wherever thou wilt; but feel with your finger how many grinders I want on the right side of my upper jaw: on the lower side, said *Sancho*, your Worship has but two and a half, and in the upper neither half nor whole, all is as smooth as the palm of my hand. Unfortunate that I am! said *Don Quixote*, for a mouth without grinders is like a mill without a stone, and a diamond is not so precious as a tooth; but all this we are subject to who profess the strict order of chivalry. Lead on, friend *Sancho*, for I will follow thee what pace thou wilt; *Sancho* did so, and went towards the place where he thought to find a lodging. Thus travelling on night overtook them, without their discovering any place of reception, and as an additional misfortune there befel them an adventure which had really the face of one. They saw advancing towards them a great number of lights, resembling so many moving stars; *Sancho* stood aghast, and his master could not well tell what to make of them; they stood still, viewing attentively what it might be. The nearer the lights came, the bigger they appeared; *Sancho* trembled, and *Don Quixote's* hair stood an end, who, taking courage, cried out, *Sancho*, this must be a most prodigious and perilous adventure, wherein it will be necessary for me to exert my whole might and valour. Woe is me, answered *Sancho*, should this prove to be an adventure of goblins, where shall I find ribs to endure? They now perceived a great many persons in white robes on horseback, with lighted torches in their hands, behind whom came a litter covered with black, which was followed by six persons in deep mourning: their mules were likewise covered with black, those in white muttered to themselves in a low and plaintive tone.

This strange vision, at such an hour and in a place so unfrequented, might well strike terror into *Sancho's* heart, and even into that of his master, and so it would have done had he been any other than *Don Quixote*; but his imagination at that instant represented to him that this must be one of the adventures

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of his books. He figured to himself that the litter was a bier whereupon was carried some knight sorely wounded or slain, whose revenge was reserved for him, and without more ado he posted himself in the middle of the road by which they must of necessity pass, and when they came near he raised his voice and said—Hold, knights, whoever you are, give me an account whither you are going, and what it is you carry upon that bier? We are going in haste, answered one of them; the inn is a great way off, and we cannot stay to give any account; and spurring his mule pushed forward. *Don Quixote* highly resenting this answer, laid hold of his bridle, and said—stand and be more civil, otherwise I challenge you all to battle; and couching his spear, he attacked and defeated all the mourners, and obliged them to quit the field. All this *Sancho* beheld, and said to himself, doubtless this master of mine is as valiant as he pretends to be; there lay a burning torch upon the ground, by the light of which *Don Quixote* espied one of the mourners, whom his mule had overthrown; he set the point of his spear to his throat, commanding him to surrender, or he would kill him. I am more than enough surrendered, answered the fallen man, for I cannot stir, having one of my legs broken. I beseech you, Sir, if you are a christian do not kill me, you would commit a great sacrilege, for I am a licentiate. Who the devil brought you hither then, said *Don Quixote*? Your worship must know that I, with eleven more ecclesiastics, are accompanying the corps of a gentleman in that litter to the city of *Segovia*, where he was born:—And who killed him demanded *Don Quixote*? God, replied the licentiate, by means of a pestilential fever. Then, said *Don Quixote*, our Lord has saved me the labour of revenging his death, in case any body else had slain him; but since he fell by the hand of heaven there's no more to be done but to be silent, for just the same must I have done had it been pleased to have slain me. Your reverence must know that I am a knight errant, and that it is my of-

sice to go through the world redressing grievances. I do not understand your way of redressing grievances, said the licentiate, for that you have redressed in me is to leave me so aggrieved that I shall never be otherwise, and it was a very unlucky adventure to me to meet with you, who are seeking adventures. The mischief, master licentiate answered *Don Quixote*, was occasioned by your coming as you did by night, with lighted torches, chanting and clad in doleful weeds, so that you really resembled something wicked, which laid me under the necessity of attacking you, which I would have done though I had known you to have been so many devils of hell. Since it is so, said the licentiate, I beseech you Signor knight arrant, who have done me such arrant mischief, help me to get from under this mule. *Don Quixote* called *Sancho*, and with his assistance disengaged the licentiate; he then gave him the torch, and bid him follow his comrades and beg their pardon in his name for the injury which he could not avoid doing them. *Sancho* likewise said if those gentlemen would know who the champion is that routed them, tell them it is the famous *Don Quixote de la Mancha*, otherwise called *the knight of the sorrowful figure*.

The bachelor being gone, *Don Quixote* asked *Sancho*, what induced him to call him the *knight of the sorrowful figure*? It is, answered *Sancho*, because by the light of the torch, your Worship made the most woeful figure I have ever seen, which must be occasioned either by the fatigue of this combat, or by the want of your teeth. It is owing to neither, replied *Don Quixote*, but the sage who has the charge of writing the history of my achievements has put it into your head to call me by this title, which I adopt from this day forward.

C H A P. VI.

Of the adventure of the fulling mills, the rich prize of MAMBRINO'S HELMET, with other things which befel our invincible knight.

YOUR Worship, said *Sancho*, has finished this perilous adventure, at the least expence of any I have seen ; the ass is properly furnished, hunger presses, and we have no more to do but decently to march off ; and driving his ass before him, his master followed without replying. They soon found themselves in a spacious valley where they alighted, and laying along on the grass, they made a comfortable meal ; but the worst misfortune was they had no wine, nor so much as water to drink. It is impossible, Sir, said *Sancho*, but there must be some fountains or brook hereabouts, and therefore we should go farther on, for we shall meet with something to quench this terrible thirst. *Don Quixote* approved the advice, and they marched forward feeling their way, for it was so dark they could see nothing ; they had not gone far when a great noise of water reached their ears. The sound rejoiced them exceedingly, and stopping to listen from whence it came, they heard another dreadful noise, which abated the pleasure occasioned by that of the water, especially in *Sancho*, who was naturally fearful ; they heard a dreadful din of irons and chains, giving mighty strokes in time and measure, which would have struck terror into any other heart but that of *Don Quixote* ; who, leaping upon *Rosinante*, brandished his spear, and said, friend *Sancho*, I am he for whom are reserved dangers, great exploits, and valorous atchievement. The darkness of the night, the fearful noise of the water, that incessant striking

ing and clashing that wounds our ears, serve to awaken my courage, and my heart beats with eager desire of encountering this adventure, however difficult it may appear, wherefore straiten *Roxinante's* girths, and God be with you, and stay for me here three days and no more; if I do not return in that time, go back to our town, and thence to do me a good service you shall go to *Toboso*, where you shall say to my incomparable Lady *Dulcinea*, that her enthralled knight died in the attempting things that might have made him worthy to be stiled hers.

When *Sancho* heard these words he wept, and said, Sir, I do not understand why your Worship should encounter this so fearful an adventure; it is now night, and nobody sees us, we may easily turn aside and get out of harm's way, though we should not drink these three days; and as nobody sees us, much less will there be any body to tax us with cowardice; besides I have heard our priest preach, that, *he who seeketh danger perisheth therein*; and though all this be not sufficient to soften your stony heart, let this belief prevail, that scarcely shall your Worship be departed, when I for very fear shall give up my soul to whosoever shall be pleased to take it. And if your Worship will not wholly desist from this enterprize, at least adjourn it till day break, to which it cannot be above three hours. Prythee *Sancho*, answered *Don Quixote*, hold thy tongue, for tears or entreaties shall never dissuade me from doing the duty of a knight, therefore girt *Roxinante* well, and stay here, for I will quickly return alive or dead.

Sancho seeing his master's final resolution, had recourse to stratagem, and while he was straitening the horses girths, without being perceived he tied *Roxinante's* two hinder feet together with his ass's halter, so that when *Don Quixote* would have departed the horse could not move but by jumps: *Sancho* seeing the success of his contrivance, said, ah Sir! behold how heaven, moved by my tears and entreaties, has

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ordained that *Rozinante* cannot go: Since it is so, said *Don Quixote*, I am contented to stay till the dawn smiles, though I shall weep all the time. It so befel that *Sancho* had a desire to do what nobody could do for him, but so great was the fear that possessed him that he durst not stir from his master, and to leave that business undone was also impossible; so he let go his right hand, which held the hinder part of the saddle, and without any noise he loosed his breeches; another difficulty attended him which was that he thought he could not ease himself without making some noise; so he set his teeth close, and held his breath as much as he could, and it succeeded so well that he found himself happily discharged of his burden. Some of the vapours ascending could not fail to reach his masters nostrils, which they had no sooner done but he relieved his nose by taking it between his fingers, and with a snuffing tone, said: methinks *Sancho* you are in great bodily fear. I am so, said *Sancho*, but wherein does your Worship perceive it now more than ever? In that you smell stronger than ever, said *Don Quixote*, and not of ambergrease. That may very well be, said *Sancho*, but your Worship alone is in fault for carrying me about at these unseasonable hours. Get further off friend, said *Don Quixote*, and henceforward be more careful of your own person, and what you owe to mine. I will lay a wager, replied *Sancho*, you think I have been doing something I ought not. The more you stir it, friend *Sancho*, the worse it will savour, answered *Don Quixote*.

Sancho perceiving the morning was coming on, with much caution untied *Rozinante*, and tied up his breeches; the horse, finding himself at liberty, began to paw the ground. *Don Quixote* took it for a good omen, and determined forthwith to attempt that fearful adventure. Every thing being now distinctly seen, *Don Quixote* perceived he was got among some tall chestnut trees; the striking did not cease, but he could not see what caused it; he again commanded

Sancho

Sancho to wait there for him three days, and again repeated the embassy, and message ; he told him he had made his will, and if he should end his days in that perilous adventure, he would find himself gratified as to his wages, but if God should bring him off safe and sound, he might reckon himself infallibly secure of the promised island. *Sancho* wept afresh at his master's moving expressions, and resolved not to leave him to the last moment of this business ; *Don Quixote* advanced toward the place from whence the noise seemed to proceed ; *Sancho* followed leading his ass, the constant companion of his prosperous and adverse fortune ; they had gone about a hundred yards, when at doubling a point, the very cause of that horrible and dreadful noise which had held them all night in such suspense and fear appeared in view : it was six felling hammers, whose alternate strokes formed that hideous sound. *Don Quixote* was struck dumb, and in the utmost confusion ; he looked at *Sancho*, and saw his cheeks swollen, and his mouth full of laughter, and notwithstanding his vexation he could not forbear laughing himself. *Sancho*, seeing his master had led the way, burst out in so violent a manner that he was forced to hold his sides with his hands, to save himself from splitting, whereat *Don Quixote* gave himself to the devil, especially when he heard him say, by way of irony, " I am " he for whom are reserved dangers, great exploits, " and valorous atcheivements ; " repeating the expressions which *Don Quixote* had used at the first hearing these dreadful strokes. Perceiving that *Sancho* played upon him, he grew enraged to that degree that lifting up his lance he discharged two such blows on him, that had he received them on his head as he did on his shoulders the knight had acquitted himself of the payment of his wages. *Sancho* cried out with much humility, By the living God, Sir, I did but jest. Come hither, merry Sir, said *Don Quixote*, am I, think you obliged to distinguish sounds ;

set these fulling hammers be transformed into giants, and if I do not set them all on their heads, then make what jest you will of me. I confess, said *Sancho*, I have been a little too jocose, but you may depend upon it that from henceforward I shall not open my lips to make merry with your Worship's matters, but shall know you as my master and natural Lord. By so doing, replied *Don Quixote*, your days shall be long in the land; for next to our parents we are bound to respect our masters, as if they were our fathers.

About this time it began to rain a little, and they struck into another road; soon after *Don Quixote* discovered a man on horseback, who had on his head something which glittered as if it had been of gold; turning to *Sancho* he said, I am of opinion there comes one towards us who carries on his head *Mambrino's* helmet. Take care, Sir, what you say, said *Sancho*, for I would not wish for other fulling mills, to finish the mitling and mashing our senses. The devil take you, replied *Don Quixote*, what has a helmet to do with fulling mills? I know not, answered *Sancho*, but if I might talk as I used to do, perhaps I could give such reasons that your Worship would see you are mistaken in what you say. How can I be mistaken, traitor! said *Don Quixote*? seest thou not yon knight coming towards us on a dapple grey steed with a helmet of gold on his head? What I see, answered *Sancho*, is only a man on a grey ass like mine, with something on his head that glitters. Why that is *Mambrino's* helmet, said *Don Quixote*—get aside, you shall see me conclude this adventure without speaking a word; and that helmet, which I have long desired to possess, shall be my own. I shall get out of the way, replied *Sancho*, but I pray God it may not prove another fulling mill adventure. I have already told you, said *Don Quixote* not to mention those fulling mills, if you do I vow to mill your soul for you. *Sancho* held his peace fearing his master should perform his vow.

The truth of the matter concerning the helmet, the steed, and the knight, was this. There were two vil-

villages in that neighbourhood, the lesser of which having neither shop nor barber, the barber of the larger served both, and was now going with his brass basin to perform his function. As he was upon the road it began to rain, and to save his new hat he clapt the basin on his head, which being new scowered glittered half a league off: he rode on a grey ass, and this was the reason why *Don Quixote* took the barber for a knight, his ass for a steed, and his basin for a helmet, for he readily adapted whatever he saw to his wild conceits. When the poor barber approached, without staying to reason the case, he cried out—defend yourself, caitiff, or surrender willingly what is so justly my due. The barber, who not suspecting any such thing saw this phantom coming to him, had no other way but to let himself down from the ass; and no sooner had he touched the ground, when leaping up nimbler than a roebuck, he scowered over the plain with such speed, that the wind could not overtake him. He left the basin on the ground, with which *Don Quixote* was satisfied, and said the miscreant had acted discreetly in making his escape. He ordered *Sancho* to take up the helmet, who holding it in his hand said—before God, the basin is a special one, and well worth a piece of eight; then he gave it his master, who immediately clapped it on his head, and not finding the vizor said, doubtless the pagan for whom this helmet was first forged, must have had a prodigious large head, and the worst of it is that one half is wanting. When *Sancho* heard the basin called a helmet he could not forbear laughing. What dost thou laugh at, said *Don Quixote*? I laugh, said he, to think what a huge head the pagan had who owned this helmet, which is for all the world like a barber's basin. Knowest thou, *Sancho*, what I take to be the case; this famous helmet must have fallen into the hands of some one, who seeing it to be of the purest gold, has melted down one half for lucre's sake, and of the other half made this, which as you say does look like a barber's basin;

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bason ; but to me who know it, its transformation signifies nothing, for I will get it put to rights at the first town where there is a smith ; in the mean time I will wear it as it is. They now breakfasted, and drank of the water of the fulling mills, without turning their faces to look at them, such was their abhorrence of them for the fright they had put them in. Their hunger being allayed, they mounted, and without resolving to follow any particular road, they put on whithersoever *Roxinante's* will led him.

As they fauntered on *Sancho* said, for some days past, I have been considering how little is gained by wandering up and down in quest of those adventures your worship is seeking through these deserts, where though you overcome the most perilous, there is nobody to see or know any thing of them : therefore I think it would be more adviseable, with submission to your better judgment, that we went to save some emperor, or great prince, who is engaged in war, in whose service your worship may display your great courage, which being perceived by the lord we serve, he must of necessity reward us according to our merits. You are not much out, answered *Don Quixote*, but before it comes to that, it is necessary for a knight errant to wander about the world seeking adventures by way of probation, that he may acquire such fame and renown, that when he comes to the court of some monarch, he shall be known by his works before hand. Since it is so, answered *Sancho*, let things take their course. God grant it, replied *Don Quixote*, as I desire and you need, and let him be wretched who thinks himself so. Let him in God's name, said *Sancho*, for I am an old christian, and that is enough to qualify me to be an earl. Aye and more than enough, said *Don Quixote*, but it matters not whether you are or no, for when I am a mighty king (which by the prowess of my invincible arm may come to pass). I can easily bestow nobility on you, without your doing me the least service, and in creating you an earl I make you a gentleman of course : and say what they will

will, they must style you *your Lordship*, though it
 it grieve them never so much. Do you think, quoth
Sancho, I should not know how to give authority to
 the indignity? Dignity, you should say, said his mas-
 ter and not indignity. So let it be, answered *Sancho*.
 I say I should do well enough for it, for I was once
 beadle of a company, and the gown became me so
 well that every body said I had a presence fit to be
 warden of the said company; then what will it be
 when I am arrayed in a duke's robe, shining with
 gold and pearls like a foreign count? Let it be your
 Worship's care to procure yourself to be a king, and
 to make me an earl. So it shall be, answered *Don*
Quixote, and lifting up his eyes he saw what will be
 told in the next chapter.

C H A P. VII.

How DON QUIXOTE set at liberty several unfortunate persons, who were carrying much against their wills, to a place they did not like.

ABOUT a dozen men on foot, strung like beads in a row by the necks, in a great iron chain, and all handcuffed, presented themselves in the road. There came also with them, two men on horseback, and two on foot; the horsemen were armed with firelocks, and those on foot with spikes and swords. Sancho espying them, said, this is a chain of galley slaves, persons forced by the king to the galleys. How, persons forced! quoth *Don Quixote*—is it possible the king should force any body? I say not so, answered *Sancho*, but ~~that~~ they are persons condemned by the law for their crimes, to serve the king in the galleys, *per force*. However it be, replied *Don Quixote*, still they are going by force, and not with their own liking. It is so, said *Sancho*; then said *Don Quixote* here the execution of my office takes place, to defeat violence, and to relieve the miserable. Consider, Sir, quoth *Sancho*, that justice does no violence nor injury to such persons, but only punishes them for their crimes.

By this time the galley slaves were come up, and *Don Quixote* desired of the guard to tell him the reason why they conducted those persons in that manner: one of them answered, that they were slaves belonging to his majesty, which was all he could say, or the other need know of the matter. For all that, replied *Don Quixote*, I should be glad to know the cause of their misfortune: to these he added such other courteous expressions, to induce them to tell him what he desired, that the other horsemen said; draw near Sir, and ask it of themselves. With this leave he drew

drew near to the chain, and demanded of the first for what offence he marched in such evil plight? He answered for being in love—For that alone, said *Don Quixote*, if they send folks to the galleys for being in love; I might long since have been rowing in them. It was not such love as your Worship imagines, said the galley slave: mine was the being so deeply enamoured of a flasket of fine linen, and embracing it so close that if justice had not taken it from me by force, I should not have parted with it by my good-will to this very day. I was taken in the fact, the process was short, they accommodated my shoulders with a hundred lashes, and have sent me by way of supplement for three years to the gallies. Having interrogated the rest, he found they were as ingenious and unfortunate as the lover; then turning about to the whole string he said, from all you have told me, I clearly gather, that though it be only to punish you for your crimes, you do not much relish the punishment you are going to suffer, and my mind prompts me to shew in you the effect for which heaven threw me into the world, and ordained me to profess the order of chivalry, which I do profess, and the vow I made in it to succour the now needy, and those oppressed by the mighty; but I will first entreat these gentlemen your guard, that they will be pleased to loose you, and let you go in peace. I request this of you in this gentle manner, that I may have some ground to thank you for your compliance, but if you do it not willingly, this sword shall compel you to do it. This is an admirable conceit, answered the Commissary, he would have us let the King's prisoners go as if we had authority to set them free, or he to command us to do it. Go your way Signior, and adjust that bason on your noddle, and do not go feeling for three legs on a cat. You are a cat, and a rat, and a rascal to boot, answered *Don Quixote*, and attacked him so suddenly that before he could defend himself he threw him to the ground much wounded. It happened luckily that this was one of the two who

ried firelocks : the rest of the guards were confounded, but recovering themselves fell upon the knight, who waited for them with great calmness ; and it had gone ill with him, if the galley-slaves perceiving the opportunity of recovering their liberty, had not procured it by breaking their chain. The guards now endeavoured to prevent the slaves from getting loose ; *Sancho*, for his part, assisted in loosing one *Gines de Passamonte*, who was fettered and shackled much more than the rest, because he alone had committed more villainies than all the rest put together ; and the commissary had told *Don Quixote* they carried him in that manner, because they were still afraid he would make his escape. *Gines* was the first that leaped free upon the plain, and setting upon the fallen commissary, he took away his sword and gun, which leaping first at one, and then at another, without discharging it, he cleared the field of all the guard.

Sancho was much grieved at what had happened, for he imagined that the fugitives would give notice to the holy brotherhood, which would set out in quest of the delinquents ; and so he told his master. It is well, said *Don Quixote*, but I know what is expedient to be done ; then calling the slaves together, they gathered in a ring about him, when he thus addressed them. One of the sins at which God is most offended, is ingratitude. This I say, gentlemen, because you have already found by manifest experience the benefit you have received at my hands ; a recompence whereof, my will and pleasure is, that laden with this chain, you immediately go to the city of *Toboso*, and present yourselves before the lady *Dulcinea del Toboso*, and tell her that her knight of the sorrowful figure, sends you to present his service to her, and account to her every circumstance of this memorable adventure : this done, go in God's name whither you list.

Gines de Passamonte answered for them all, and said, that your Worship commands us, is impossible to be complied with, for we dare not be seen together, but must

must go each man by himself, to avoid the holy brotherhood, who doubtless will be in quest of us. We will, say a certain number of *Ave Marias* and *Credo's*, for the success of your designs: but to think that we will take our chains, and put ourselves on the way to *Toboso*; is to pluck pears from an elm tree. I vow then, quoth *Don Quixote*, you Mr. Son of a whore shall go alone, with the whole chain upon your back. *Gines*, who perceived that *Don Quixote* was not wiser than he should be, since he committed such an extravagance as setting them at liberty, winked upon his comrades, and they all stepping aside, began to rain such a shower of stones that he could not contrive to cover himself with his buckler: *Sancho* sheltered himself from the storm behind his ass. The knight received so many thumps, that they brought him to the ground, when setting upon him, and taking the basen from his head, they gave him three or four blows with it on the shoulders, and then struck it on the ground, whereby it was almost broke to pieces. They then made the best of their way separately, to escape the holy brotherhood they so much dreaded to encounter.

Don Quixote, finding himself so ill-treated, said to his squire, *Sancho*, I have always heard it said, that to do good to low fellows, is to throw water into the sea; had I believed you, I might have prevented this trouble, but as it is done, I must have patience, and take warning. Your Worship will as much take warning, answered *Sancho*, as I am a *Turk*: but believe me now, and you will avoid a greater, for let me tell you the holy brotherhood don't care two farthings for all the knights errant in the world; and I fancy I already hear their arrows whizzing about my ears. Thou art naturally a coward, *Sancho*, said *Don Quixote*, but I will for once take your counsel upon this condition, that you shall never tell anybody that I retired out of fear, but out of mere compliance with your intreaties: for if you say otherwise you will lye; for the bare thought of retreating

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from any danger, makes me that I now stand prepared to abide here, and expect alone, not only that holy brotherhood you fear, but all the brothers and brotherhoods in the world. Sir, answered *Sancho*, retreating is not running away, nor is staying wisdom, when the danger overbalances the hope, and it is the part of wise men to secure themselves to day for to-morrow, and not to venture all upon one throw: therefore, repent not of having taken my advice, but get upon *Roxinante* and follow me. *Don Quixote* mounted without replying, and *Sancho* leading the way upon his ass, they entered on one side of the *Sable Mountain*, which was hard by, it being *Sancho's* intention to pass quite cross it, and to get out at *Viso*, and to hide themselves for some days, that they might elude the search of the holy brotherhood.

C

CHAP.

C H A P. VIII.

Of what befel DON QUIXOTE, in the Sable Mountain, and how he imitated the penance of BEL TENEBROS.

THAT night they got into the heart of the *Sable Mountain*, where *Sancho* thought it convenient to pass that night, so they took up their lodgings between two great rocks, and abundance of cork trees.

Aurora issued forth rejoicing the earth, when *Don Quixote's* heart leaped for joy at entering into the mountains; such kind of places seeming to him the most likely to furnish him with those adventures he was in quest of. He went on meditating on these things, and so wrapped and transported in them, that he remembered nothing else. *Sancho* jogged after, stuffing his paunch, and while he was thus employed, he would not have given a farthing to have met with any one adventure whatever.

Being thus busied, he lifted up his eyes, and saw his master had stopped, and was endeavouring with the point of his lance to raise up some heavy bundle that lay on the ground; therefore he made haste to assist him, and came up just as he had turned over a saddle cushion, and a portmanteau fastened to it, quite rotten and torn. He ordered *Sancho* to see what was in it, who readily obeyed, and found four fine *Holland* shirts and other linen, and in an handkerchief a heap of gold crowns, which as soon as he espied, he cried, Blessed be heaven, which has presented us with one profitable adventure; searching further, he found a little pocket book, which *Don Quixote* desired to have, and bid him keep the money for himself: *Sancho* kissed his hands for the favour, and put the linen into the provender bag. *Sancho*, said *Don Quixote*, I am of opinion that some traveller must

must have fallen into the hands of robbers, who have killed him, and buried him hereabouts. It cannot be so, answered *Sancho*, for robbers would not have left this money here. You say right, said *Don Quixote*, but let us see whether this pocket book has any thing written in it, whereby we may make any discovery. He opened it and found a letter, which he read aloud, that *Sancho* might hear it: it was to this effect.

Your promise and my hard fate hurry me to a place from whence you will sooner hear the news of my death, than the cause of my complaint; you have undone me, ungrateful maid, for the sake of one who has larger possessions but not more merit than I. What your beauty built up, your behaviour has thrown down: by that I took you for an angel, by this I find you are a woman. Farewell, O causer of my disquiet! And my heaven grant that your husband's perfidy may never come to your knowledge, to make you repent of what you have done, and afford me that revenge, which I do not desire.

All we can gather from this, is, said *Don Quixote*, that the writer is some slighted lover; and turning over most of the book, he found other letters and verses. While *Don Quixote* was examining the book, *Sancho* examined the portmanteau, that nothing might be left for want of diligence; such a greediness the finding the gold crowns, which were more than a hundred, had excited in him; and though he found no more, he thought himself abundantly rewarded, by the leave given him to keep what he had found, for the tossings in the blanket, the vomitings of the balsam, together with all the hunger, thirst, and weariness he had undergone in his good master's service.

As *Don Quixote* found nothing in the pocket book, which could lead to any discovery of the quality of the owner, he went on musing, when he espied just before him a man, skipping from crag to crag, with extraordinary agility: his beard was black and bushy, his hair long and tangled, his legs and feet bare; he

had on a pair of breeches, but so ragged that his skin appeared through in several parts. Though he passed so swiftly, *Don Quixote* observed all these particulars, and immediately fancied this must be the owner of the portmanteau, and resolved to go in search of him; wherefore he commanded *Sancho* to cut short over on one side of the mountain, while he coasted on the other, in hopes that by this means they might light on him: I cannot do it, answered *Sancho*, for the moment I offer to stir from your Worship, fear is upon me, assailing me with a thousand apparitions; and let this serve to advertise you, that from henceforward I have not the power to stir a finger's breadth from your presence. Be it so, said his master, and I am pleased that you rely upon my courage, which shall never be wanting to you; and now follow me step by step, and perhaps we may meet with the man we saw, who doubtless is the owner of what we have found. To which *Sancho* replied, it would be much more prudent not to look after him, for if we should find him, and he should prove to be the owner of the money, it is plain I must restore it, and therefore it would be better to keep possession of it, till by some way less curious, and officious, its true owner shall be found, and perhaps that may be when I have spent it all, and then I am free by law. You deceive yourself *Sancho*, answered *Don Quixote*, for since we have a suspicion who is the right owner, we are obliged to seek him; he then pricked on *Roxinante*, and *Sancho* followed. Having gone round part of the mountain, they found a dead mule, half devoured by dogs and crows: while they stood looking at the mule, they heard a whistle, and presently appeared a great number of goats, and behind the goatherd. Tell me, honest man, said *Don Quixote*, do you know who is the owner of these goods? What I know, said the goatherd, is, that some time ago there arrived at the huts of certain shepherds, about three leagues from this place, a genteel youth mounted on this very mule, which is dead here, and with this very port-

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manteau you have found. He enquired which part of this hill was the most craggy and least accessible; we told him it was this, where we now are; hearing our answer, he turned about his mule, and made toward the place we shewed him, and from that time we saw him not again, till some days after he issued out upon one of our shepherds, and without speaking, gave him several cuffs and kicks, and immediately went to our sumpter ass, which he plundered of all our bread and cheese, and then fled again to the rocks.

We went almost two days in quest of him, and at last we found him lying in the hollow of a large cork tree. He came to us with much gentleness, his garment torn, and his face so disfigured that we should scarcely have known him, but that his clothes, ragged as they were, with the description given us of him, assured he was the person we were in search after. He bid us not wonder to see him in that condition, to which he was necessitated in order to perform a certain penance enjoined him for his manifest sins. We entreated him to tell us who he was, but we could get no more out of him; we desired him when he wanted food to let us know where we might find him, and we would freely bring him some, or at least that he would come and ask for it, and not take it by force. He thanked us for our offers, begged pardon for the violence passed, and promised from thenceforth to ask it for God's sake, without disturbing any body. He then suddenly stopped short and stood silent, casting his eyes on the ground for a considerable time, whilst we stood still in suspence, waiting to see the event, for by this demeanour, his staring, biting his lips, and arching his brows, we easily judged that some fit of madness was come upon him; and he quickly confirmed us in our suspicions, for with great fury he fell upon the first that stood next him, with such rage, that if we had not taken him off, he would have cuffed him to death; we at last disengaged him from our companion, and he

without saying a word left us, and plunged amongst the thickest of the bushes and briars, so that we could not follow him; and yesterday I with four of my friends resolved to go in search of him, and either by fair means or force, to carry him to the next town, and there to get him cured, if his distemper be curable; or at least inform ourselves who he is, and whether he has any relations to whom we may give notice of his misfortune.

Don Quixote was in admiration at what he heard, and having now a greater desire to learn who the unfortunate madman was, he resolved to seek him, till he should find him; but fortune managed better for him than he expected, for in that very instant the youth they sought appeared from between some clefts of a rock, coming towards them; when he came up, he saluted them with an harsh accent, but with much civility. *Don Quixote* returned him the salute, and alighting with a genteel air, advanced to embrace him, and held him a good space between his arms, as if he had been long acquainted with him; the other, whom we shall call the *Ragged Knight*, drew back a little, and laying both his hands on *Don Quixote's* shoulders, stood beholding him, as if to see whether he knew him, in no less admiration perhaps at the figure, mien, and armour of *Don Quixote*, than *Don Quixote* was at the sight of him. The first who spoke, was the *Ragged Knight*; who began his discourse thus. Assuredly Signor, I am obliged to you for your expressions of civility, and I wish it were in my power to serve you with more than my good will, but my fortune allows me nothing but good wishes, to return you for your kind intentions. Mine, answered *Don Quixote*, are to serve you, and I determined not to quit these mountains till I had found you, and learned from your own mouth, whether the affliction which seems to possess you, may admit of any remedy, and if need were to use all possible diligence to compass it; and I conjure you to tell me who you are, and what has brought you hither? and

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I swear by the order of knighthood which I have received, if you gratify me in this, to serve you to the utmost in remedying your misfortune. *The Ragged Knight* answered, in requital for the good wishes you have expressed towards me; I will do all you command me; he led them to a little green meadow, not far off, where stretching himself upon the grass, he said, if you desire I should tell you in few words the immensity of my misfortunes, you must promise not to interrupt, by asking questions, or otherwise, the thread of my doleful history; for the instant you do so, I shall break off, and tell no more. They all promised to observe his injunction, and he began in the following manner,

My name is *Cardenio*, the place of my birth one of the best cities of *Andaluzia*; my family noble, my parents rich; in this country there lived a heaven, wherein love had placed all the glory I could wish for. Such is the beauty of *Lucinda*, a damsel of as good a family, and as rich as myself: this *Lucinda* I loved, courted, and adored from my childhood, and she loved me with that innocent affection, proper to her age; our love increased with our years, insomuch, that *Lucinda's* father thought proper, for reasons of decency, to deny me access to his house: my soul languishing with desire of seeing her, I resolved at once to demand her for my lawful wife, which I accordingly did: he thanked me for the inclination I shewed to do him honour in my proposed alliance with his family, but my father being alive, it belonged more properly to him to make this demand, for without his consent and approbation *Lucinda* was not a woman to be taken or given by stealth. I returned him thanks, and in that very instant went to acquaint my father with my desires. I found him with a letter open in his hand, which he gave me, before I spoke, saying, by this letter you will see *Cardenio*, the inclination duke *Ricardo* has to do you service: he requested that my father would send me presently to him, being desirous to place me as a

companion to his eldest son. I was confounded, and especially when my father said—Two days hence you shall depart to fulfil the duke's pleasure, and give thanks to God, who is opening to you a way to that preferment I know you deserve.

The time fixed for my departure came: I talked the night before to *Lucinda*, and told her all that had passed, and I did the same to her father, begging him not to dispose of her, till I knew what duke *Ricardo's* pleasure was with me. He promised me all I desired, and she confirmed it with a thousand vows; I arrived at length where duke *Ricardo* resided, who received me with much kindness, and the duke's second son called *Fernando*, a sprightly young gentleman, of a genteel, generous disposition, in a short time contracted an intimate friendship with me; he revealed to me all his thoughts, and especially one relating to his being in love, which gave him no small disquiet: he loved a country girl, a vassal of his father's; she was beautiful, discreet, and modest, which perfections raised his desires to such a pitch, that he resolved in order to carry his point, and subdue the chastity of the maiden, to give her his promise to marry her, for otherwise it would have been to attempt an impossibility. I used the best reasons I could think of to dissuade him from such a purpose, but finding it was all in vain, I resolved to acquaint his father with the affair; *Fernando* being sharp sighted and artful, suspected no less, and therefore to deceive me, he said, that he knew no better remedy for effacing the remembrance of the beauty that had so captivated him, than to absent himself for some months; and this he said should be effected, by our going together to my father's house, under pretence, as he would tell the duke, of seeing and cheapening some very fine horses in our town, which produces the best in the world. I approved of his proposal, as the best concerted imaginable, since it offered me so good an opportunity of returning to my dear *Lucinda*. At the very time he made this proposal to me, he had already,

already, as appeared afterwards, enjoyed the maiden, under the title of a husband, and only waited for a convenient season to divulge it with safety to himself, being afraid of what the duke his father might do, when he should hear of his folly: his desires now grew faint, and his fondness abated, so that in reality, that absence which he proposed as a remedy for his passion, he only chose in order to avoid what was now no longer agreeable to him. The duke gave him leave, and ordered me to bear him company.

We came to our town, my father received him according to his quality; I immediately visited *Lucinda*; unfortunately for me, I revealed my passion to *Bernando*, thinking that by the laws of friendship, I ought to conceal nothing from him: he expressed a desire of seeing so accomplished a damsel. I complied with it, and shewed her to him one night by the light of a taper, at a window; he was transported, in short, he fell in love, and the more to inflame his desire, which he concealed from me, fortune so ordered it, that he one day found a letter of her's to me, so ingenuous, and full of tenderness, that he declared he thought, in *Lucinda* alone, were united all the graces of beauty, and good sense. I was grieved to hear these commendations from his mouth; which awakened in me I know not what jealousy, and though I did not fear any change in the goodness and fidelity of *Lucinda*, yet I could not but dread the very thing they secured me against. Now it fell out that *Lucinda*, who was very fond of books of chivalry, having desired me to lend her that of *Amadis de Gaul*—

Scarce had *Don Quixote* heard him mention books of chivalry, but he said—had you told me, Sir, that the lady *Lucinda* was fond of reading books of chivalry, there would have needed no other exaggeration to convince me of the sublimity of her understanding: I pronounce her to be the most beautiful and most ingenious woman in the world. Pardon

me, Sir, the having given you this interruption, but when I hear of matters of chivalry, I can as well forbear talking of them, as the beans of the sun can cease to give heat, or those of the moon to moisten; so that pray excuse me and go on.

While *Don Quixote* was saying all this, *Cardenio* hung down his head upon his breast, with all the signs of being profoundly thoughtful, but after some time he raised it, and said—no man can persuade me to the contrary, but that great villain master *Elisabat*, lay with Queen *Madafima*. It is false, I swear, answered *Don Quixote* in great wrath, Queen *Madafima* was a very noble lady, and it is not to be presumed that so high a princess would lie with a quack; and whoever pretends she did lies like a rascal, and I will make him know it on foot, or on horseback, by night, or by day, or how he pleases. *Cardenio*, being now mad, and hearing himself called liar, and such opprobrious words, did not like the rest, and catching up a stone, he gave *Don Quixote* such a thump with it on the breast, that it tumbled him down backward. *Sancho* attacked the madman with his clinched fist, who with one blow, laid him at his feet. The goatherd endeavouring to defend himself, fared little better, and when he had thrashed them all he left them, and marched off to his haunts amidst the rocks.

Sancho was taking revenge on the goatherd, telling him he was in fault for not having given them warning, that this man had his mad fits. The goatherd answered, that he had already given them notice of it, and that if he had not heard it, the fault was none of his. *Sancho* replied, and if *Don Quixote* had not pacified them, they would have beaten one another to pieces. *Don Quixote* enquired again of the goatherd, whether it were possible to find out *Cardenio*, for he had a mighty desire to learn the end of his story. He told him as at first that he did not certainly know his haunts, but that if he walked thereabouts pretty much he would not fail to meet with him either in or out of his senses.

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Don Quixote took leave of the goatherd, and mounting again, commanded *Sancho* to follow him; they jogged on softly, and *Sancho*, who was ready to burst, for want of some talk with his master, said to him, Signor *Don Quixote*, be pleased to give me your Worship's blessing, and my dismissal, for I will get home to my wife and children, with whom I shall at least have the privilege of speaking my mind, for to bear your Worship company through these solitudes night and day, without suffering me to talk when I list, is to bury me alive. I understand you *Sancho*, answered *Don Quixote*; you are impatient till I take off the embargo I laid upon your tongue. Suppose it taken off, and say what you will—I say then, said *Sancho*, what had your Worship to do to stand up so warmly for that same Queen *Madasima*, for had you let that pass the madman would have finished his story, and you would have escaped the thump with the stone; and had it been directed at your head, as it was at your breast, we had been in a fine condition for defending that dear lady, whom God confound; besides do thou think if he had killed you, he would not have come off as being a madman. A knight-errant, answered *Don Quixote*, is obliged to defend the honour of women, both against men in their senses, and those out of them, and Queen *Madasima*, besides being extremely beautiful, was very prudent, and patient in her affliction, and the counsels of master *Elisabat*, were of great use and comfort to her; hence the ignorant vulgar took occasion to think that she was his paramour; and I say again they lie, and will lie two hundred times more, all who say or think her so. I neither say, nor think so, answered *Sancho*; let those who say it eat the lie. I know nothing, naked was I born and naked I remain, I neither win nor lose; if they were guilty what is that to me? Many think to find bacon where there is not so much as a pin to hang it on; but who can hedge in the cuckow? God be my aid, quoth *Don Quixote*, what has the sub-

jest to do with the proverbs you are threading like beads? prithee *Sancho*, hold your tongue, and henceforward understand, that whatever I have done, do, or shall do, is exactly conformable to the rules of chivalry.

I have, continued *Don Quixote*, an intention to perform an exploit in these parts, which shall set the seal to all that can render a knight errant complete and famous. And is this same exploit a very dangerous one, quoth *Sancho*? No, answered *Don Quixote*, though the dye may chance to run so that we may have an unlucky throw; but the whole will depend upon your diligence, for if you return speedily from the place whither I intend to send you, my pain will soon be over, and my glory will commence. To keep you no longer in suspense, understand that *Amadis de Gaul* was the prince of all the knight errants at his time in the world; and he who imitates him the nearest, will, I take it, stand the fairest to arrive at the perfection of chivalry; and one circumstance, in which he most eminently discovered his courage, constancy, and love, was his retiring when disdained by the lady *Oriana*, to do penance in the poor rock, changing his name to that of *Bel-Tenebros*. Now it is easier for me to copy him in this than in cleaving giants, routing armies, and dissolving enchantments: and since this place is so well adapted, there is no reason why I should let slip the opportunity which now so commodiously offers.

In effect, quoth *Sancho*, what is it your Worship intends to do? Have I not told you, answered *Don Quixote*, that I design to imitate *Amadis*, acting here the desperado, and the madman. But pray, said *Sancho*, what cause has your Worship to run mad? What lady has disdained you? or what tokens have you discovered to convince you, that the Lady *Dulcinea* has committed folly either with Moor or Christian? I have cause enough given me, answered *Don Quixote*, by being so long absent from my ever honoured lady *Dulcinea*; mad I am, and mad I must be till

till you return with an answer to a letter I intend to send by you to my lady ; and if it proves such as my fidelity deserves, my penance will be at an end ; but if contrary, I shall be mad in earnest, and being so shall feel nothing, so that whatever answer she returns I shall get out of the conflict wherein you leave me.

But tell me *Sancho*, have you taken care of *Mambrino's* helmet, which that graceless fellow would have broken to pieces ? As God liveth, Sir, answered *Sancho*, I cannot hear with patience some things your Worship says, they are enough to make me think that all you tell me of winning kingdoms, bestowing islands, and doing other mighty things, according to the custom of knights-errant, must be mere vapour, and lies ? for to hear you call a barber's bason a helmet, and to persist in this error several days, what can one think, but that he who affirms such a thing must be addle-brained ? I have the bason in my wallet all battered, and I carry it to get it mended at home for the use of my beard, if God be so gracious as to restore me one time or other to my wife and children. Behold *Sancho*, said *Don Quixote*, thou hast the shallowest brain that any 'squire ever had in the world ; is it possible that in all the time you have gone about with me, you do not perceive that all matters relating to knights errant, seem done by the rule of contraries ? There is a crew of enchanters who alter and disguise all our matters ; hence it is that this which appears to you a bason, appears to me *Mambrino's* helmet ; take care of it, for I have no need of it at present.

In three days *Sancho*, said *Don Quixote*, you shall depart, for I intend in that time to shew you what I do and say for the peerless *Dulcinea*, that you may tell it her. Why what have I to tell, quoth *Sancho* ? I have not yet torn my garments, scattered my arms about, and dashed my head against these rocks, said *Don Quixote*, with other things of the like sort, which will strike you with admiration. For the love of

of God, said *Sancho*, take care how you give yourself these knocks, for you may chance to light upon such an unlucky piece of a rock, that at the first dash you may dissolve the whole machine of this penance. And since your Worship is of opinion, that knocks of the head are necessary, you might content yourself, (since all is a counterfeit and a sham) with running your head against water or some soft thing such as cotton, and leave it to me to tell my Lady you dashed your head against the point of a rock, harder than that of a diamond. I thank you, friend *Sancho*, answered *Don Quixote*, but these things which I do are not in jest but earnest; however leave me some lint to heal me, since we have lost the balsam. I beseech your Worship, answered *Sancho*, not to put me in mind of that cursed drench, for in bearly hearing it mentioned, my very soul is turned upside down. As for the three days allowed me for seeing the mad pranks you are to perform, make account that they are already past, for I take them all for granted, and will tell wonders to my Lady; and write you the letter and dispatch me quickly; let me but once get to *Toboso*, and into the presence of my Lady *Dulcinea*, and I warrant you I will tell her such a story of the foolish and mad things, (for they are no better) which your Worship has done and is doing, that I shall bring her to be as supple as a glove; with whose honeyed answer I will return through the air like a witch, and release your Worship from this purgatory.

We will write the letter, said *Don Quixote*, having no paper, in *Cardenio's* pocket book, and you shall get it fairly transcribed in the first town you come to where there is a schoolmaster: but what must we do about the signing it with your hand said *Sancho*? Let it be subscribed, thus said *Don Quixote*. *Your's till death, the Knight of the sorrowful Figure*. And it is no great matter if it be in another hand, for *Dulcinea* can neither write nor read, and in twelve years that I have loved her more than the fight of these

these eyes, I have not seen her four times, and perhaps of these four times, she may not have perceived that I looked at her; such is the strictness with which her father *Lorenzo Corchuelo* has brought her up. Hey day! quoth *Sancho*, is the daughter of *Lorenzo Corchuelo*, the Lady *Dulcinea del Toboso*, alias *Aldonza Lorenzo*? It is even she, answered *Don Quixote*, and she deserves to be mistress of the universe. I know her well, quoth *Sancho*, she will pitch the bar with the lustiest swain in the parish; she is a mettled lass, and can make her part good with any knight errant that shall have her for a mistress. I say then, *Sir Knight of the sorrowful Figure*, that you not only may, and ought to run mad for her, but also you may justly despair, and hang yourself, and nobody that hears it but will say you did extremely well, though the devil should carry you away. I would fain be gone if it were only to see her, for I have not seen her this many a day, and she must needs be altered, for it mightily spoils women's faces to be always abroad in the field exposed to the sun and weather; and I confess to your Worship that I have been in a great error, for I thought the Lady *Dulcinea* was some great princess with whom your Worship was in love, as to deserve the rich presents you have sent her, as well that of the *Biscainer*, as that of the galley slaves. *Sancho*, said *Don Quixote*, thou art an eternal babler; *Dulcinea*, for the purpose I intend her, deserves as highly as the greatest princess on earth; thinkest thou that the *Sylvia's*, the *Diana's*, and the like, of whom books and stage plays are full, were really mistresses of flesh and blood? No certainly, but for the most part feigned on purpose to be the subject of their verse: therefore it is sufficient that I believe that the good *Aldonza Lorenzo* is beautiful and chaste, and for my part I make account that she is the greatest princess in the world. Your Worship, replied *Sancho*, is always in the right, and I am an ass: but give me the letter, and God be with you.

Don

64 THE LIFE AND EXPLOITS OF

Don Quixote began very gravely to write the letter, and when he had done he told *Sancho* he would read it to him, that he might have it by heart if he should chance to lose it by the way; to which *Sancho* answered, write it, Sir, two or three times in the pocket book, and give it me, and I will carry it carefully, but to think that I can carry it in my memory is a folly, for mine is so bad that I often forget my own name, nevertheless I should be glad to hear it, for it must needs be a clever one. Listen, then said *Don Quixote*, for it runs thus:

Don Quixote's Letter to Dulcinea del Toboso.

Sovereign and high Lady,

The pierced to the heart, O sweetest Dulcinea del Toboso, sends that health to you which he wants himself. If your beauty despises me, and if your disdain still pursues me, I shall ill support an affliction which is not only violent, but the more durable for being so. My good squire Sancho, will give you a full account, O ungrateful fair! of the condition I am in for your sake. If it pleases you to relieve me I am your's, and if not, do what seems good to you, for by my death I shall at once satisfy your cruelty, and my own passion.

Your's until death,

The Knight of the sorrowful Figure.

By the life of my father, quoth *Sancho*, it is the topingest thing I ever heard; verily your Worship is the devil himself; and there is nothing but what you know: give me your blessing, for I intend to depart immediately, without staying to see the follies you are about to commit; and I will relate that I saw you act so many, that she can desire no more. At least *Sancho*, said *Don Quixote*, I will have you see me naked, and do a dozen or two of mad pranks, and having seen these you may safely swear to what you

you intend to add. Do you know Sir, said *Sancho*, what I fear ? that I shall not be able to find my way again to this place. Observe well the marks, said *Don Quixote*, for I will endeavour to be hereabouts, but the surest way will be to cut down some boughs off the trees, and strew them as you go on till you are got into the plain, and they will serve as land marks until your return. I will do so, answered *Sancho*, and having cut down several, he begged his master's blessing, and took his leave of him with many tears. He had not gone far when he turned back and said, your Worship said very well, that it would be proper I should at least see you do one mad trick, though in truth I have seen a very great one already in your staying here. Did I not tell you so ? quoth *Don Quixote* : stay but a moment, I will dispatch them in a twinkling ; then stripping off his breeches he remained naked, from the waist downward, and presently without more ado he cut a couple of capers in the air, and a brace of tumblers, exposing things that made *Sancho* turn about that he might not see them a second time, and fully satisfied him that he might safely swear his master was stark mad ; and so we will leave him till his return.

C H A P. IX.

A continuation of the refinements practised by DON QUIXOTE as a lover, in the sable mountain, and SANCHE'S rencounter with his two old neighbours, the Priest and the Barber; with the design they formed, and other matters worthy to be recited in this history.

DON QUIXOTE perceiving that *Sancho* was gone, without caring to see any more of his foolish pranks, got upon the top of an high rock, and talking to himself, he said: long live the memory of *Amadis*, and let him be imitated as far as may be, by *Don Quixote de la Mancha*; and if I am not disdained by my *Dulcinea*, it is sufficient that I am absent from her—Well then hands to your work—come to my memory, ye deeds of *Amadis*, and teach me where I am to begin to imitate you; but I know that the most he did was to pray, and so will I do; whereupon he strung some large galls of a cork tree, which served him for a rosary. And so he passed the time in walking up and down, writing and grav- ing on the barks of trees a great many verses, all accommodated to his melancholy, and some in praise of *Dulcinea*. In this amusement he passed the time, and in gathering herbs to sustain himself, till *Sancho's* return, who if he had tarried three weeks, as he did three days, the knight of the sorrowful figure, would have been so disfigured, that the very mother who bore him could not have known him. And here we will leave him, to relate what befel *Sancho* in his embassy.

When he got into the high road he steered towards *Toboso*. And the next day he came within sight of the

the inn where the mishap of the blanket had befallen him ; and scarce had he discovered it when he fancied himself flying in the air, and therefore would not go in though it was noon, besides he had a mind to eat something warm, all having been cold treat with him for many days past. This necessity forced him to draw nigh to the inn, still doubting whether he should go in or not. While he was in suspense there came out of the inn two persons, who presently knew him, and one said to the other : pray Signor Licentiate is not that *Sancho Pancha* yonder, who as our adventurer's house keeper told us, was gone with her master as his squire ? Yes certainly, said the Licentiate, and no wonder that they knew him, they being the priest and the barber of his village ; and being now certain it was *Sancho*, and being desirous to learn some tidings of *Don Quixote* they went up to him, and the priest calling him by his name said, Friend *Sancho Pancha* where have you left your master ? *Sancho* immediately knew them, and resolved to conceal the place and circumstances in which he left his master : so he answered that his master was very busy in a certain place, and about a certain affair of the greatest importance, which he durst not discover ; no, no, quoth the barber, *Sancho Pancha* if you dont tell us where he is, we shall conclude that you have robbed, and murdered him ; see that you produce him, or woe be to you. There is no reason why you should threaten me, quoth *Sancho*, for I am not a man to rob and murder any body ; my master is doing a certain penance much to his liking, in the midst of yon mountain. And thereupon, without hesitation, he related to them the adventures that had befallen him, and how he was carrying a letter to the Lady *Dulcinea del Toboso*, who was the daughter of *Lorenzo Corcbuelo*, with whom his master was up to the ears in love.

They both stood in admiration at what *Sancho* had told them, and desired him to shew them the letter : he said it was written in a pocket book, and that

that it was his master's orders he should get it copied out, at the first town he came to. The priest said he would transcribe it in a very fair character. *Sancho* put his hand in his bosom to take out the book but found it not, nor could he have found it had he searched for it till now; for it remained with *Don Quixote* who had forgotten to give it him, and he to ask for it. *Sancho* turned pale as death, and in a great hurry gave himself half a dozen cuffs on the nose and mouth, and bathed them all in blood. They asked him why he handled himself so roughly? Wretch that I am, I have lost, answered he, the pocket book, in which was the letter to *Dulcinea*. The priest bid him be of good cheer, for if he could remember the substance they would write it down from his mouth. *Sancho* began to scratch his head, and after he had bit off half a nail of one of his fingers, he said after a long pause, Before God master Licenciado, let the devil take all I remember of the letter, though at the beginning it said, *High and subterrane Lady*. No, said the barber, not subterrane, but superhumane, or sovereign Lady. It was so, said *Sancho*, then it went on, *the wounded, and the waking, and the smitten, kisses your honours hands ungrateful fair*. And so he went on till at last he ended with thine till death, *The Knight of the sorrowful Figure*. He recounted many other things concerning his master, but said not a word of the tossing in the blanket, which had happened to himself in that inn. He said likewise, how his Lord upon his carrying him back a kind dispatch from his Lady *Dulcinea*, was to set forward to endeavour to become an emperor, or at least a king; for so it was concerted between them two, and it would be a very easy matter to bring it about considering the strength of his arm; and when this was to be accomplished, his master was to create him an earl, and give him possession of some rich territory

itory on the main land, for as to islands he was quite out of conceit with them.

Sancho said all this with so much gravity, that they were struck with fresh admiration at the powerful influence of *Don Quixote's* madness, which had carried away with it this poor fellow's understanding also; they would not give themselves the trouble to convince him of his error, since it did not at all hurt his conscience to let him continue in it, besides that it would afford them the more pleasure in hearing his follies, and therefore they told him, he should pray to God for his Lord's health, since it was very possible for him in process of time as he said to become an emperor, or something else of equal dignity. What I intend to do in my part is, said *Sancho*, to pray to our Lord that he will direct him to that which is best for him, and will enable him to bestow most favours upon me. You talk like a wise man, said the priest, but the next thing to be done is to contrive how we may bring your master off from the performance of that unprofitable penance, and that we may concert the proper measures let us go into the inn. *Sancho* said he would stay without, and afterwards he would tell them the reason, but he prayed them to bring him something warm to eat. They went in and left him, and soon after the barber brought him some meat.

The two having laid their heads together, the priest bethought him of a device likely to effect what they desired, which was to put himself into the habit of a damsel errant, and that the barber should equip himself so as to pass for his squire, and that in this disguise they should go to *Don Quixote*, and himself pretending to be an afflicted damsel would beg a boon of him, which he as a valorous knight errant could not chuse but vouchsafe; and that the boon he intended to beg was, that he would go with her to redress an injury done

done her by a discourteous knight, and that he would not desire her to take off her mask, nor enquire any thing concerning her till she had done her justice on that wicked knight: and he made no doubt but that *Don Quixote* would by these means be brought to do whatsoever they desired of him, and so they should bring him away, and carry him to his village, where they would endeavour to find some remedy for his unaccountable madness.



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C H A P X.

The Priest and the Barber put their design in execution, with the new adventure that befel them.

THE barber liked the contrivance so well that it was immediately put into execution. They borrowed of the landlady a petticoat and head dress. The barber made himself a huge beard of the sorrel tail of an ox. The hostess asked them why they desired those things? The priest gave them a brief account of *Don Quixote's* madness, and how necessary the disguise was, in order to get him from the mountain. They presently conjectured this madman was he who had been their guest, the master of the balsam, and the master of the blanketed squire, and they related to the priest what had passed between him and them, without concealing what *Sancho* so industriously concealed. In fine the landlady equipped the priest so nicely that nothing could be better. So wrapping himself up in his cloak he got upon his mule sideways like a woman. The barber also got upon his with his beard that reached to his girdle. They had scarcely got out of the inn when the priest began to think he had done amiss in equipping himself after that manner, it being an indecent thing for a priest to be so accoutred, and acquainting the barber with his scruple, desired they might change dresses. The barber consented, and the scheme being altered, the priest began to instruct the barber how to act his part: the barber answered that without instructions he would manage his part to a tittle. *Sancho* could not forbear laughing to see them tricked up in that manner; on they went, *Sancho* being their guide, who on their way recounted

recounted to them what had happened in relation to the madman they met in the mountain, but said not a word of finding the portmanteau, and what was in it; for with all his simplicity, he was somewhat covetous.

The next day they arrived at the place where *Sancho* had strewed the boughs, and knowing it again, he told them that was the entrance into the place where they had left his master; they told him that he must by no means let his master know who they were, nor that he knew them, and that their going dressed in that manner, was of the utmost importance towards disengaging his master from that evil life; and that if he should ask him, as no doubt he would, whether he had delivered the letter to *Dulcinea*, he should say he had, and that she had answered by word of mouth, and commanded him on pain of her displeasure, to repair to her immediately, it being a matter of great consequence to him, for with this and what they intended to say themselves, they made sure account of reducing him to a better life, and managing him so that he should presently set out in order to become an emperor or a king. *Sancho* listened attentively, and thanked them mightily for their design; he told them it would be proper he should go before, and deliver his lady's answer, for perhaps that alone would be sufficient to bring him out of that place. They approved of what he said, and resolved to wait his return. *Sancho* entered the opening of the mountain, leaving them in a place pleasantly shaded by some rocks, and neighbouring trees.

While they reposed themselves in the shade, a voice reached their ears, which though unaccompanied by any instrument, sounded sweetly and delightfully, at which they were not a little surprised, that being no place where they might expect to find a person who could sing so well. The song ended with a deep sigh, and they again listened attentively, in hopes of more, but finding that the music was changed into groans and laments, they agreed to go and find

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find out the unhappy person; they had not gone far when they perceived a man of the same stature that *Sancho* had described, when he told them the story of *Cardenio*. The man expressed no surprise at the sight of them, but stood still in a pensive posture. The priest, who was a well spoken man, being already acquainted with his misfortunes, and knowing him by the description, went up to him, and in few, but very significant words, intreated him to forsake that miserable kind of life, lest he should lose it in that place. *Cardenio*, who was then in his perfect senses; seeing them both in a dress not worn by any that frequented those solitudes, could not forbear wondering at them for some time, especially when he heard them speak of his affair as a thing known to them. Wherefore he answered in this manner, I am sensible, gentlemen, whoever you be, that heaven which takes care to relieve the good, sometimes without any desert of mine, sends into these places persons, who setting before my eyes, with variety of arguments, how far the life I lead is from being reasonable, have endeavoured to draw me from hence to some better place; but not knowing as I do that I shall no sooner get out of this misfortune, but I shall fall into a greater, they doubtless take me for a fool or a madman; and no wonder, for I have some apprehension that the sense of my misfortune is so prevalent to my destruction, that without my being able to prevent it, I sometimes become like a stone, void of all sensation. All I can do is to bewail myself in vain, and to excuse my follies, by telling the occasion of them to as many as will hear me; for men of sense seeing the cause, will not wonder at the effects, and will convert their displeasure into compassion for my misfortune: and, gentlemen, I beseech you to hear the account of my numberless misfortunes, for perhaps, when you have heard it, you may save yourselves the trouble of endeavouring to cure a malady that admits of no consolation. They intreated him to relate it, and upon this the poor gentleman began his

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melancholy story, almost in the same words he had used in relating it to *Don Quixote* a few days before, when the tale was cut short by *Don Quixote's* punctuality in observing the decorum of knight-errantry. But now *Cardenio's* mad fit was suspended, and afforded him leisure to rehearse it to the end, and so coming to the passage of the love letter which *Fernando* found, he said he remembered it perfectly well, and that it was as follows.

Lucinda to Cardenio.

I every day discover such worth in you, that obliges me to esteem you more and more: I have a father who knows you, and has an affection for me, who will never force my inclinations, and will comply with whatever you can justly desire, if you really have that value for me which you profess, and I believe you have.

This letter made me resolve to demand *Lucinda's* marriage. I told *Fernando*, *Lucinda's* father expected that my father should propose the match, but that I durst not mention it to him lest he should not come into it. *Fernando* answered, that he took it upon himself to speak to my father, and to prevail upon him to speak to *Lucinda's*. Who could have thought that *Fernando*, a cavalier of good sense, obliged by my services, should take such cruel pains to deprive me of my single ewe lamb, which was not yet in my possession? I say then that *Fernando* thinking my presence an obstacle to putting his treacherous design in execution, resolved to send me to his elder brother for money to pay for six horses, which merely for the purpose of getting me out of the way, he had bought that very day on which he offered to speak to my father, and on which he dispatched me for the money. Could I suspect this treachery? No certainly—on the contrary, with great pleasure, I offered to depart immediately, well satisfied with the good bargain I had made.

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That night I spoke with *Lucinda*, and told her what had been agreed upon between *Fernando* and me, bidding her not doubt the success of our honourable desires. She as little suspecting *Fernando's* treachery as I did, desired me to make haste back, since she believed the completion of our wishes would be no longer deferred, than till my father had spoken to hers. I arrived at the place whither I was sent, I gave the letter to *Fernando's* brother, but my business was not soon dispatched, for he ordered me to wait (much to my sorrow) eight days, and to keep out of his father's sight, for his brother had, he said, written to him, to send him a certain sum of money without the duke's knowledge. This injunction put me into such a condition, that it seemed impossible to me to support life, under an absence of so many days from *Lucinda*; nevertheless, I obeyed like a good servant. Four days after my arrival, a man brought me a letter, which by the superscription, I knew to be *Lucinda's*, I opened it, and it contained these words:

The promise Fernando gave you, he has fulfilled, more for his own gratification, than your interest. Know Sir, he has demanded me to wife, and my father, allured by the advantage he thinks Fernando has over you, has accepted this proposal; the marriage is to be solemnized two days hence, with great privacy. Imagine what a condition I am in. Whether I love you or not, the event will shew. God grant this may come to your hand, before mine be advanced to the extremity of being joined with his, who keeps his promised faith so ill.

These were the contents, and such as made me set out immediately; the rage I conceived against *Fernando* added wings to my speed. I reached our town the next day, at the hour most convenient for me to go and talk with *Lucinda*; she presently knew me, and I her: but who can boast of having fathomed the intricate and variable nature of a woman? Nobody certainly. As soon as she saw me, she said, Cardenio I am in my bridal habit; there are staying

for me, the treacherous *Fernando*, my covetous father, with some others, who shall sooner be witnesses of my death, than of my nuptials. Be not troubled, but procure the means to be present at this sacrifice, which if my arguments cannot prevent, I carry a dagger about me which can, by putting an end to my life, and giving you a convincing proof of the affection I bear you. She was called away hastily, for the bridegroom waited for her. I got into her house, and secreted myself in the hollow of a bow window, whence without being seen myself, I could see all that was done. The bridegroom came in with a cousin German of *Lucinda's*: soon after came *Lucinda* accompanied by her mother and two maids richly dressed; the distraction I was in, gave me no leisure to observe the particulars of her dress: being all assembled, the priest entered, and having taken them by the hand, when he came to these words, "Will you, madam *Lucinda*, take Signor *Fernando* for your lawful husband?" I set myself with the utmost attention; and distraction of soul, to listen to what *Lucinda* answered, expecting the sentence of my death, or the confirmation of my life. She gave no answer for a long time, and when I thought she was pulling out the dagger for the defence of her honour, or letting loose her tongue to avow some truth, which might redound to my advantage, I heard her say, with a low and faint voice, *I will*. The bridegroom came to embrace her, and she swooned away in her mother's arms. When I saw my hopes frustrated, I was inflamed with rage and jealousy: they were all affrighted at *Lucinda's* swooning, and her mother unlacing her to give her air, discovered in her bosom a paper folded up; which *Fernando* presently seized, and having read it, he sat himself down in a chair, leaning his cheek on his hand, with all the signs of a man full of thought, and without attending to the means that were used to recover his bride from her fainting fit.

Perceiving the whole house in a consternation, I departed,

departed, and rode out of the town: and when I found myself alone, I gave a loose to my voice in a thousand exclamations against *Lucinda* and *Fernando*. I arrived at day break, at an opening in these mountainous parts, and I enquired of some shepherds I met, which was the most solitary part of these cragged rocks; they directed me towards this place: I presently came hither, with design to end my life here, my usual abode is in the hollow of a cork tree: thus I pass my miserable life, waiting till it please heaven to bring it to a final period: I will have no health without *Lucinda*.—Here *Cardenio* ended his story, and just as the priest was preparing to say something to him, by way of consolation, he was prevented by a voice, which with mournful accents, spoke in this manner!

O Heavens! is it possible I have at last found a place, that can afford a secret grave for the irksome burden of this body, which I bear about so much against my will? Yes it is, if the solitude which these roads promise, do not deceive me. The priest, and they that were with him heard this very distinctly, and perceiving that the voice was near them, they rose up in quest of the speaker, and they had not gone twenty paces, when behind a rock they espied a youth, dressed like a peasant, sitting at the foot of an ash tree, washing his feet in a rivulet which ran by. They drew near so silently that he did not hear them: having made an end, he wiped them with an handkerchief, which he pulled from under his cap, and at the taking it from thence, he lifted up his face, and the lookers on had an opportunity of beholding an incomparable beauty, and such a beauty, that *Cardenio* said to the priest, with a low voice, since this is not *Lucinda*, it can be no human, but must be a divine creature. The youth shaking his head, there began to flow down and spread over his shoulders a quantity of lovely hair; by this they found that the person was in reality a woman; which excited a great desire in the spectators to know who

she was. For this purpose they resolved to shew themselves, and at the rustling they made, the beautiful maiden raised her head, and scarcely had she seen them, when she betook herself to flight, all in confusion: stay madam, said the priest, who ever you are, for those you see here have no other intention, but that of serving you: to which she answered not a word. The priest went on, saying, what your dress, madam, would conceal, your hair discovers; therefore shake off the surprize, which the sight of us has occasioned, and relate to us your good or ill fortune, for you will find us disposed to sympathize with you in your misfortunes.

The disguised maiden stood like one stupefied, her eyes fixed on them all; at last breaking silence, she said, Since neither the solitude of these rocks has been sufficient to conceal me, nor the discomposure of my hair has suffered my tongue to belye my sex, it would be in vain for me now to dress up a fiction. This being the case, I say, gentlemen, that I take kindly the offers you have made me, which have laid me under an obligation to satisfy you in whatever you have desired of me, and that my honour may not suffer in your opinions from your having discovered my sex, and your seeing me young, alone, and in this garb, I must tell you, what I would gladly have concealed, and having first modestly put on her shoes and stockings, she seated herself upon a flat stone, and began the history of her life in this manner.

There is a place in this country of *Andaluzia*, from which a duke takes a title, which makes him one of those they call *Grandees of Spain*; this duke has two sons: my parents are vassals to this nobleman, they are farmers, plain people, but wealthy. I was the staff of their old age, and as I was mistress of their affections, so was I of all they possessed; I was both steward and mistress, every thing was entrusted to my care, after assigning proper tasks to the servants, the hours of the day that remained I employed in making

ing lace, and sometimes spinning; and sometimes to recreate my mind, I entertained myself with reading, or touching the harp; such was the life I led in my father's house. While I passed my time in these occupations, without being seen as I imagined by any one, besides our own servants, it fell out that the eyes of love discovered me, through the industrious curiosity of *Don Fernando*, for that is the name of the duke's youngest son.

She had no sooner named *Fernando*, than *Cardenio's* colour changed, and he began to sweat with such violent perturbation, that the priest, who perceived it, was afraid he was falling into one of his mad fits. The maiden, taking no notice of *Cardenio*, continued her story—Scarcely had he seen me, when (as he afterwards declared,) he fell desperately in love with me, as the proofs he then gave of it sufficiently evinced. I pass over in silence the diligence he used in getting an opportunity to declare his passion to me, he bribed our whole family; infinite were the billet-deux that came, I know not how, to my hands, filled with numerous expressions, promises, and oaths; all this was opposed by my own virtue, with the repeated good advice of my parents, who plainly saw through *Fernando's* design: they told me they reposed their credit and reputation in my virtue; they bid me consider the disproportion between me and *Fernando*, and if I had a mind to throw an obstacle in the way of his designs, they would marry me, they said, to whomsoever I pleased, since their wealth and my good character put it in their power easily to provide a suitable match for me; with this promise I fortified my virtue, and would never answer *Fernando* the least word. This reservedness served rather to quicken his lascivious appetite; he discovered that my parents were looking out for a match for me, and this suspicion put him upon doing what you shall hear, which was, that one night, as I was in my chamber, attended only by a maid, the doors being fast locked, without my knowing or

imagining how, he stood before me. I was struck blind and dumb; he instantly ran to me, and taking me in his arms, began to say such things that one would think it impossible falsehood should be able to frame them with such an appearance of truth. The traitor made his tears gain credit to his words, and so with more courage than I thought I could have had, I said—Sir, I am your vassal, but not your slave; the nobility of your blood, neither has, nor ought to have, the privilege to insult the meanness of mine, and though a country *Girl*, my reputation is as dear to me, as yours can be to you, who are a noble cavalier; your employing force will do little with me, your words cannot deceive me, nor can your tears mollify me. If I saw any of these things in a person whom my parents should assign me for a husband, my will should conform itself to theirs, and not transgress the bounds which they prescribed it. And therefore, Sir, with the safety of my honour, though I sacrificed my private satisfaction, I might freely bestow on you, what you are now endeavouring to obtain by force: I have said all this, because I would not have you think that any one who is not my lawful husband, shall ever prevail on me.

If that be all you stick at, most beautiful *Dorothea*, (for that is my name) said the treacherous cavalier, lo! here I give you my hand to be your's, and let the heavens, from which nothing is hid, be witnesses to this truth. When *Cardenio* heard her call herself again *Dorothea*, he fell again into his disorder, but he would not interrupt her story, being desirous to hear the event of what he partly knew already. *Fernando*, with all the solemnity of vows and oaths, gave his word to be my husband; I called in my maid to be a joint witness on earth with those in heaven; he imprecated a thousand curses on himself, if he failed in the performance of his promise; he pressed me closer between his arms, from which he had never once loosed me, and with this, and my
maid's

maid's leaving the room, I ceased to be one, and he became a traitor and perjured.

The day came on, but not so fast as I believe *Fernando* wished. I say this, because he made haste to leave me, and at parting, he said, though not with the same warmth as at his coming, I might entirely depend upon his honour, and drew a ring of great value from his finger, and put it upon mine; in short, he went away, and I remained almost distracted at what had passed, and either I had no heart, or I forgot to chide my maid for her treachery in conveying *Fernando* into my chamber. I told him at parting, he might if he pleased, since I was now his own, see me on other nights, by the same method he had now taken, till he should be pleased to publish what was done to the world: but he came no more after the following night, nor could I get a sight of him in above a month, though I knew he was in the town, and that he went almost every day to hunt. I began to doubt, and at last to disbelieve the fidelity of *Fernando*. All this was soon put an end to by an accident, which deprived me of all patience; a report was spread, that *Fernando* was married to a young lady of extreme beauty, her name it was said, was *Lucinda*, and many strange things were reported to have happened at their wedding.

At the name of *Lucinda*, *Cardenio* bit his lips, arched his brows, and soon after burst into tears. *Dorothea* went on saying—This sad news soon reached my ears, and my heart was so incensed with rage, that I could scarcely forbear running into the streets, and publishing aloud how basely I had been used. I took a resolution, and executed it that very night; which was to put myself in this garb, which was given me by a swain, to whom I discovered my whole misfortune, and begged of him to accompany me to the city where my enemy was; he blamed the rashness of my undertaking, but finding me bent upon my design, he offered himself to bear me company, as he expressed it, to the end of the world. I immediately

put up in a pillow-case a woman's dress, with some jewels and money, to provide against whatever might happen, and in the dead of night we left the house, and took the way that led to the town on foot; in two days and a half, I arrived at the place, and going into the town, I enquired where *Lucinda's* father lived: and the first person I addressed myself to, answered me more than I desired to hear. He told me, that on the night *Fernando* was married to *Lucinda*, after she had pronounced the *Yes*, by which she became his wife, she fell into a swoon, and the bridegroom unclasping her bosom to give her air, found a paper, in which she declared, that she could not be wife to *Fernando*, because she was already *Cardenio's*, (who as the man told me, was a considerable cavalier of the same town,) and that she had given her consent to *Fernando*, merely in obedience to her parents; in short, the paper gave them to understand that she designed killing herself, as soon as the ceremony was over, and contained likewise her reasons for so doing; all which was confirmed by a poniard found in some part of her cloaths. *Fernando* seeing this, and concluding himself despised by *Lucinda*, with the same poniard endeavoured to stab her, but was prevented by the company. *Fernando* immediately absented himself, and *Lucinda* confessed to her parents, that she was really wife to the afore said *Cardenio*; it was also rumoured that *Cardenio* was present at the ceremony, and that seeing her married, he went away in despair, leaving behind him a paper declaring his resolution of going where human eyes should never behold him. All this was in every body's mouth, but the talk increased, when it was known that *Lucinda* also was missing, at which her parents were almost distracted. This news rallied my scattered hopes, and I was better pleased not to find *Fernando*, than to find him married, hoping that heaven might have laid this impediment in the way of his second marriage, to reduce him to a sense of what he owed to the first.

I left the town with my servant, and that night we got into the thickest of this mountain, for fear of being found (my attendant having told me he had heard a public crier, promising a great reward to any one who should find me, describing my age and dress). My good servant, till then faithful and trusty, with little shame began to make love to me; but finding that I answered him with such language as the impudence of his attempt deserved, he laid aside intreaties, and began to use force; but just heaven that seldom fails to favour righteous intentions, favoured mine in such a manner, that with the little strength I had, I pushed him down a precipice, where I left him, I know not whether alive or dead. I then entered into this desert mountain, where without molestation I might beseech heaven to have pity on my disconsolate state, or to put an end to my life amongst these solitudes, where no memory might remain of this wretched creature, who without any fault of her's, has ministered matter to be talked of, and censured in her own, and in other countries.

C H A P. XI.

Of the beautiful Dorothea's discretion, and the ingenious method of drawing our enamoured knight, from the rigorous penance he had imposed on himself.

THIS gentleman, said *Dorothea*, is the true history of my tragedy.—Here she held her peace, and her face was overspread with such a colour, as plainly discovered the concern of her soul. The priest was going to administer to her some present comfort and counsel, but *Cardenio* prevented him, saying, it seems then madam, you are the beautiful *Dorothea*, only daughter of the rich *Clenardo*. *Dorothea*, surprized at hearing her father's name, said to him; pray Sir, who are you, that are so well acquainted with my father's name? for I have not mentioned it, in the whole account of my misfortune. I am, answered *Cardenio*, that unfortunate person, whom according to your relation, *Lucinda* owned to be her husband; whom the base actions of him, who has reduced you to the state you are in, have brought to the pass you see, to be thus destitute of all human comfort, and deprived of reason. I am he, who was eye witness of the wrong *Fernando* did me, he who waited to hear the fatal *yes*, by which *Lucinda* confirmed herself his wife; I am he, who had not the courage to stay and see what would be the consequence of her swooning, and therefore I abandoned the house and my patience together; and leaving a letter with my host, whom I intreated to deliver it into *Lucinda's* own hands, I betook myself to these solitudes, with a resolution of ending here my life. But fate, contenting itself with depriving me of my senses, perhaps to preserve me for the good fortune I have had in meeting with you; heaven's peradventure may have reserved us both for a better issue.

issue out of our misfortunes than we think: for since *Lucinda* cannot marry *Fernando*, because she is mine, as she has publickly declared, nor *Fernando*, *Lucinda*, because she is your's, there is still room for us to hope that heaven will restore to each of us our own; and since we have this consolation, I entreat you, madam, to entertain other resolutions in your honourable thoughts, as I intend to do in mine. For I swear to you, not to forsake you till I see you in possession of *Fernando*, and if I cannot by fair means persuade him to acknowledge what he owes to you, then to take the liberty allowed me, as a gentleman, of calling him to an account with my sword, for the wrong he has done you.

Dorothea would have thrown herself at *Cardenio's* feet, but he would by no means suffer her. The priest advised them to go with him to his village, where they might consult how to find *Fernando*; they thanked him, and accepted the favour: he told them the cause that brought him thither, with the strange madness of *Don Quixote*, and that they were then waiting for his squire: *Cardenio* thereupon remembered the quarrel he had with *Don Quixote*, but could not recollect whence it arose.

At this instant they heard a voice, and knowing it to be *Sancho's*, who who was calling as loud as he could, they went to meet him, and asking him after his master, he told them that he had found him naked, and half dead with hunger, fighting for his lady *Dulcinea*, and that he had told him that she laid her commands upon him to come from that place, and repair to *Toboso*; his answer was, that he was determined not to appear before his beauty, till he had performed exploits that might render him worthy of her favour: and that if he persisted in that humour, he would run a risque of never becoming an emperor, therefore they should consider how to get him from thence. The priest bid him be in no pain about that matter, for they would get him away, whether he would or no.

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He then recounted to *Cardenio* and *Dorothea* their contrivance for decoying *Don Quixote* to his own house. Upon which *Dorothea* said she would undertake to act the distressed damsel, better than the barber, since she had there a woman's apparel, and having read many books of chivalry, she was well acquainted with the style they were wont to use when they begged their boons of the knight's errant. There needs no more then, quoth the priest, to put the design in execution. *Dorothea* in an instant adorned herself in such a manner that she had all the appearance of a great lady: they were all highly delighted with the gracefulness of her person, and her beauty; and *Sancho*, who had never seen so beautiful a creature, desired the priest to tell him who she was. This beautiful lady, friend *Sancho*, answered the priest is heiress of the great kingdom of *Micomicon*, and she comes to beg a boon of your master, which is to redress her an injury done her by a wicked giant. Now a happy seeking, and a happy finding, quoth *Sancho*, especially if my master prove so fortunate as to redress that injury by killing that whoreson giant you mention; and kill him he certainly will if he encounters him. But one thing I would beg of your worship, Signor licentiate, which is that you would advise my master to marry this princess out of hand, and so he will come with ease to his kingdom, and I to the end of my wishes. As to your master's marrying, said the priest, I will promote it to the utmost of my power; with which assurance *Sancho* rested as well satisfied as the priest was amazed at his simplicity.

By this time *Dorothea* had got upon the priest's mule, and the barber had fitted on the ox tail beard, and they bid *Sancho* conduct them to the place where *Don Quixote* was, cautioning him not to say he knew them; for that the whole stress of his master's coming to be an emperor depended upon his not seeming to know them: neither the priest nor *Cardenio* would go with them, the latter that he might not remind *Don Quixote* of the quarrel he had with him, and the priest because





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because his presence was not then necessary. They discovered *Don Quixote* among some intricate rocks, cloaked but not armed; and as soon as *Dorothea* was informed by *Sancho* that was his master, she whipped off her palfrey, attended by the well bearded barber, and when she was come up to *Don Quixote*, alighting briskly, went and kneeled at his feet, and though he strove to raise her up, she, without getting up, addressed him in this manner.

I will never arise from this place, O valorous and redoubted knight! till your goodness vouchsafe me a boon; and if the valour of your puissant arm, be correspondent to the voice of your immortal fame, you are obliged to protect an unhappy wight, who is led by the odour of your renowned name, to seek at your hands a remedy for her misfortunes. I will not answer you a word, fair lady, replied *Don Quixote*, till you arise from the ground. I will not arise, Signor, answered the afflicted damsel, if by your courtesy the boon I beg be not first vouchsafed me. Fairest lady arise, said *Don Quixote*, for I vouchsafe, and grant, whatever boon you ask.

Then what I ask, said the damsel, is, that your magnanimous person, will go with me, and that you will promise me not to engage in any other adventure till you have avenged me on a traitor who against all right has usurped my kingdom. I grant your request, answered *Don Quixote*, and therefore, lady, let your fainting hopes recover fresh force: for by the help of God, and my arm, you shall soon see yourself restored to your kingdom in despite of all the miscreants that shall oppose it. The distressed damsel would have kissed his hands, but *Don Quixote* would by no means consent to it, but making her arise he embraced her with much politeness, and ordered *Sancho* to get *Roxinante* ready, and to help him on with his armour; which being done, let us go hence, said he, in God's name, to succour this great lady. The barber was still kneeling, and seeing the boon was already granted, he got up, and set his lady upon the mule. Immediately

diately *Don Quixote* mounted, and *Sancho* followed chearfully, with the thought that his master was just upon the point of being an emperor.

Cardenio and the priest beheld all from behind the bushes, and did not know how to contrive to join companies; but the priest soon hit upon an expedient which was that with a pair of scissars he whipt off *Cardenio's* beard in an instant, then gave him his own black cloke, remaining in his breeches and doublet; and now he made so different a figure that he would not have known himself had he looked in a glass. This being done they got into the plain at the foot of the mountain, and when *Don Quixote* and his company came out, the priest gazed earnestly at him for some time, and after he had stood a while viewing him, he ran to him with open arms, crying aloud; in an happy hour are you met, mirror of chivalry, my noble countryman *Don Quixote de la Mancha*, the cream of gentility, the relief of the needy, the quintessence of knight's errant: and in saying this he embraced his knees. *Don Quixote* being amazed set himself to consider him attentively, at length he knew him and was surpris'd to see him. Whereupon he said, permit me, Signor licentiate, to alight, for it is not fit I should be on horseback, and your reverence on foot. I will by no means consent to it, said the priest, it will suffice me to get up behind one of these gentlemen who travel with you. I did not think of that said *Don Quixote*, and I know my lady the princess will for my sake order her squire to accommodate you: I believe she will, answered the princess, and I know my squire is so well-bred that he will not suffer an ecclesiastic to go on foot. Very true, answered the barber, and alighting he complimented the priest with the saddle, which he accepted of. *Don Quixote* said to the damsel, your grandeur, madam, will be pleased to lead on which way you like best; and the licentiate said before she could reply, toward what kingdom would your ladyship go? Toward that of *Micmicom*, I presume. Yes, Signor, said she. If it be

be so, said the priest we must pass through our village, and from thence you may go to *Carthage*, where you may take shipping, and if you have a smooth sea, and no storms, in little less than nine years, you may get sight of your highness's kingdom. *Don Quixote* said to the lady, I beseech you to tell me what is your grievance, and who are the persons on whom I must take satisfactory and complete revenge. That I will do with all my heart, answered *Dorothea*, pray favour me with your attention. She had no sooner said this but *Cardenio* and the barber placed themselves near her to hear what kind of story she would invent; the same did *Sancho*, who was as much deceived about her as his master. She began, with much good humour, in the manner following. You must know gentlemen that my name is *Micomicona*, my father, who was called *Trinacrio the wise*, was very learned in magic, and knew by his science that my mother should die before him, and that he must soon after depart this life, and I be left an orphan: but this did not trouble him so much as the certain foreknowledge he had that a monstrous giant called *Pandaflando of the gloomy aspect*, would invade my kingdom and take it all from me. My father said also, that after his death, when I should find *Pandaflando* begin to invade my kingdom, my best way was to quit it to him without opposition, and immediately to set out for Spain, where I should find a remedy for my distress, by meeting with a knight errant, whose fame about that time would extend itself all over this kingdom, and whose name if I remember right was to be *Don Gigote*. *Don Quixote*, you would say, madam, quoth *Sancho*, or as others call him the *knight of the sorrowful figure*. You are right, said *Dorothea*, he said farther that he was to be tall and thin-visaged.

And I have not aimed amiss in recommending myself to Signor *Don Quixote*, for he must be the knight of whom my father spoke, since the features of his face correspond exactly with the great fame he has acquired

quired, not only in Spain but in all the world. I have little more to add, but that having at last had the good fortune to meet with Signor *Don Quixote*, I already look upon myself as queen and mistress of my whole kingdom, since he has promised to go with me wherever I please to carry him, which shall be only where he may have a fight of *Pandaflando*, that he may slay him, and restore to me what is so unjustly usurped from me: for all this is to come about with the greatest ease, according to the prophecy of my good father, who moreover left it written, that if this knight, after he has cut off the giant's head should have a mind to marry me, I should immediately submit to be his lawful wife, and give him possession of my kingdom together with my person.

O high and worthy lady, said *Don Quixote*, I swear to bear you company to the end of the world, till I come to grapple with that fierce enemy of yours, whose proud head I intend to cut off with the edge of this good sword; and having put you into peaceable possession of your dominions it shall be left to your own will to dispose of your person as you shall think proper, since—I say no more—it is impossible I should prevail upon myself so much as to think of marrying, though it were a *Phenix*. What *Don Quixote* said last was so displeasing to *Sancho*, that in great fury he said, Signor *Don Quixote*, your worship cannot be in your right senses: how else is it possible you should scruple to marry so high a princess? Is my lady *Dulcinea* more beautiful—no not by half? I am like indeed to get the earldom I expect, if your worship stands fishing for mushrooms in the bottom of the sea. Marry, in the devil's name, and take this kingdom; and when you are king make me a marquess, or a lord lieutenant, and the devil take the rest. *Don Quixote* hearing such blasphemies against his lady *Dulcinea*, could not bear it, and lifting up his lance gave *Sancho* two such blows that he laid him flat on the ground; and had not *Dorothea* prevented him, doubtless he had killed him on the spot. Think

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thou, said he, pitiful scoundrel, that I am always to stand with my hands in my pockets—never think it, excommunicated varlet, for so-doubtless thou art since thou hast dared to speak ill of the peerless *Dulcinea*. Who, thinkest thou, has gained this kingdom and cut off the head of the giant, and made thee a marquis, for all this I look upon as already done) but the vapour of *Dulcinea*, employing my arm as the instrument of her exploits? *Sancho* was not so much hurt but he heard all his master said, and getting up he ran behind *Dorothea's* palfrey, and from thence said to his master, Pray, sir, tell me, if you are resolved not to marry this princess, it is plain the kingdom will not be yours, and then what favours will you be able to bestow on me? Marry, her, Sir, once for all, now we have her as it were rained down upon us from heaven, and afterwards you may converse with my lady *Dulcinea*; for I think it is no new thing for kings to keep misses. As to the matter of beauty I have nothing to say, I really think them both very well to pass, though I never saw the Lady *Dulcinea*. How! blasphemous traitor! said *Don Quixote*, have you not just brought me a message from her? I did not see her so leisurely, said *Sancho*, as to take particular notice of her beauty, but take her all together, she looks well enough. Now I excuse you, said *Don Quixote*, but for all that take care *Sancho* what it is you utter—I say no more. Well then, answered *Sancho*, God shall be judge who does most harm, I in not speaking well, or your worship in doing so. Let there be no more of this, said *Dorothea*, run *Sancho*, and ask your master forgiveness, and speak no ill of that lady *Toboso*, whom I do not know any otherwise than as I am her humble servant; *Sancho* went hanging his head, and begged his master's hand, and when he had kissed it *Don Quixote* gave him his blessing, and told him he would have him get on a little before, for he wanted to talk with him about some matters of great consequence.

When they got a little before the rest, *Don Quixote* said, since your return I have had neither opportunity
nor

nor leisure to enquire after many particulars concerning the message you carried, and now that fortune affords us time and leisure, do not deny me the satisfaction you may give me by such good news: let us forget what is past, and tell me where, how, and when did you find *Dulcinea*? how did she look when she read my letter? who transcribed it for you? and whatever else is worth knowing. Sir, answered *Sancho*, if I must tell the truth, nobody transcribed the letter; for I carried no letter at all. It is as you say, quoth *Don Quixote*, for I found the pocket book had written in two days after your departure, which troubled me exceedingly, not knowing what you would do when you should find you had no letter, and I still believed you would come back as soon as you should miss it. So I should, said *Sancho*, had I not gotten it by heart when your worship read it to me, and so perfectly that I repeated it to a parish clerk, who wrote it down so exactly, that he said he had never read so pretty a letter in all his life.

CHAP. XII.

of the relishing conversation which passed between Don QUIXOTE, and his Squire, with what besel Don QUIXOTE's whole company in the inn.

GO on, said *Don Quixote*—You arrived, and what was that Queen of beauty doing? Without doubt you found her stringing pearls, or embroidering some device with threads of gold for this her captive knight? No I did not answered *Sancho*, I found her winnowing two bushels of wheat in a back yard of her house. When you gave her my letter did she kiss it? or what did she do? When I was going to give it to her, answered *Sancho*, she was very busy, and she bid me, lay the letter friend upon that sack, for I cannot read it till I have done winnowing all that is there. While she was thus employed, what discourse had she with you? and what did you answer? She told me nothing, said *Sancho*. But *Sancho*, said *Don Quixote*, did you not when you stood near her perceive an aromatic fragrancy, I say a scent, or smell, if you were in a perfumer's shop? All I can say is, quoth *Sancho*, that I perceived something of a rank-smell, which must have proceeded from her sitting in a dripping sweat. It could not be so answered *Don Quixote*, you must either have had a cold on your head, or have smelt your ownself. All that may be, answered *Sancho*, for the same smell often comes from me as methought then came from my lady *Dulcinea*, but where's the wonder that one should be like another? What did she do when she read the letter? The letter, quoth *Sancho*, she did not read, for she told me she could neither read,
nor

nor write; and when I told her the love your Worship bore her, and the penance you were doing for her sake, she bid me tell your Worship that she kiss your hands, and that she remained with greater desire to see you than to write to you, and therefore she commanded you to quit those brakes and bushes, and leave off those foolish extravagances, and go out immediately for *Toboso*. But tell me, said *Don Quixote* what jewel did she give you at your departure, for the news you had brought her of me? for it is an ancient custom among knights and ladies errant to bestow some such jewel on the squires or damsels who bring them news of their mistresses or servants as a reward. Very likely, quoth *Sancho*, and a very good custom it was, but it must have been in days yore; for now a days the custom is to give only a piece of bread and cheese, for that was what my lady *Dulcinea* gave me over the pales of the yard, when she dismissed me. She is extremely generous, said *Don Quixote*, and if she did not give you a jewel of gold, it must be because she had not one about her. I shall see her, and all shall be set to rights.

While they were thus talking, the barber called aloud to them to halt a little, for they had a mind to stop and drink at a small spring hard by. *Don Quixote* stopped, much to the satisfaction of *Sancho*, who began to be tired of telling so many lies, and was afraid his master should at last catch him tripping, though he knew *Dulcinea* was a favourite daughter of *Toboso*, he had never seen her. They all alighted near the fountain, and with what the priest had furnished himself with at the inn, they somewhat appeased the violence of their hunger. The repast being ended they saddled immediately, and arrived the next day at the inn, that dread and terror of *Sancho Panza*, who though he would have declined going, could not avoid it. The host, the hostess, the daughter, and the maid went out to meet them. The priest ordered them to get ready what the house afforded.

afforded, and a tolerable supper was soon served up. The barber now laid aside his false beard, for he might now discover himself, and if *Don Quixote* should ask for the princess's squire, they should tell him she had dispatched him before with advice to her subjects that she was coming, and bringing with her their common deliverer. The discourse at supper turned upon the strange madness of *Don Quixote*; and the priest happening to say that the books of chivalry, which *Don Quixote* had read, had turned his brain: the inn-keeper said I cannot conceive how that can be, for really, as far as I can understand, there is no choicer reading in the world, at least I can say for myself, that when I read of those curious and terrible blows, which the knight's errant lay on, I have a month's mind to be doing as much. Look you, brother, said the priest, there never were in the world such knights as the books of chivalry mention, for all is but the invention of idle wits, who composed them for the purpose of whileing away time. A good jest indeed, answered the inn-keeper, that your Worship should endeavour to make me believe that all the contents of these good books are lies, and extravagances, being printed with the licence of the king's privy council, as if they would allow the impression of such a pack of lies, battles, and enchantments, as are enough to make one distracted. I have already told you friend, replied the priest, that it is done for the amusement of our idle thoughts; believe what I have told you, and settle the point whether they contain truth or lies, as you please, and God grant you do not halt on the same foot your guest *Don Quixote* does. Not so answered the inn-keeper, I shall not be so mad as to turn knight-errant, for I know very well that times are altered since those famous knights wandered about the world.

Sancho came in in the midst of this conversation, and was much confounded at what he heard said,
that

that knights errant were not now in fashion, and that all books of chivalry were mere lies and fooleries. And he resolved with himself to wait the event of this expedition of his master's, and if it did not succeed as he expected, he determined to leave him and return home to his wife and children, and to his accustomed labour.



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C H A P. XIII.

The dreadful battle between DON QUIXOTE and certain wine skins, with other uncommon accidents that happened at the inn.

DON QUIXOTE had retired to bed, where he remained all supper time, and they had agreed not to wake him, for he had more occasion for sleep than victuals. Sancho went to his master with an intention to tell him the discourse he had heard, and the uneasiness it gave him; he had scarce entered when he came running out in a fright, crying aloud, run Sirs, quickly, and succour my master, who is overhead and ears in the toughest battle my eyes have ever beheld. As God shall save me he has given the giant, that enemy of the Princess, such a stroke that he has cut off his head as if it had been a turnip. What say you brother, quoth the priest, are you in your senses Sancho? At this instant they heard Don Quixote crying aloud—Stay cowardly thief for here I have you, and it seemed as if he gave several knocks against the wall. Don't stand list'ning, quoth Sancho, but go in and aid my master, though by this time there will be no occasion, for doubtless the giant is already dead; for I saw the blood run about the floor, and the head cut off and fallen on one side, and as big as a great wine skin. I will be hanged, quoth the inn keeper, if Don Quixote has not given a gash to some of the wine skins that stand at his bed's head, and the wine he has let out must be what the honest fellow takes for blood. And so saying he went into the room, and the whole company after him. They found

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Don Quixote in his shirt, with a little red cap on his head; about his left arm he had twisted the blanket, and in his right hand he held his drawn sword, with which he was laying about him on all sides; his eyes were shut for he was asleep, and dreaming that he was engaged in battle with the giant, for his imagination was so taken up with the adventure he had undertaken, that it made him dream he was already arrived at the kingdom of *Micomicon*, and fancying he was cleaving the giant down, he had given the skins so many cuts, that the whole room was afloat with wine. The inn-keeper fell into such a rage, that he set upon *Don Quixote*, and with his clenched fist began to give him so many cuffs, that if *Cardenio* and the priest had not taken him off, he would have put an end to the war with the giant, notwithstanding he did not awake till the barber brought a large bucket of cold water and foused it all over him, whereat he awaked, but not so thoroughly as to be sensible of the pickle he was in. *Sancho* was searching about the floor for the head of the giant, and not finding it he said, well I see plainly that every thing about this house is enchantment, for the time before, in this very same place, I had several thumps given me without knowing from whence they came, or seeing any body, and now the head is vanished, which I saw cut off with my own eyes, and the blood spouting from the body like any fountain. What blood? thou enemy to God and the saint, said the inn keeper, dost thou not see thief, that the blood and the fountain are nothing but those skins ripped open, and the red wine floating about the room? I wish I may see his soul floating in hell that pierced them! I know nothing, said *Sancho*, only that I shall be so unfortunate, that for want of finding this head my earldom will melt away like salt in water. *Sancho* awake was madder than his master asleep; the inn keeper lost all patience, and swore they should not escape as they did before without paying, and that the

privileges

privileges of his chivalry should not exempt him from discharging both reckonings, even to the patches of the torn skins. The priest held *Don Quixote* by the hands, who imagining he was in the presence of the princess *Micomicona*, fell on his knees before the priest and said—High and renowned lady, well may your grandeur from this day forward live more secure, now that this ill born creature can do you no hurt, and I also from this day forward am freed from the promise I gave you, since I have so happily accomplished it. Did not I tell you so? quoth *Sancho*, hearing this; so that I was not drunk, my earldom is cocksure. Who could forbear laughing at the absurdities of the master and man. They all laughed except the inn keeper, who cursed himself to the devil. At length, the barber, *Cardenio*, and the priest, with much ado threw *Don Quixote* on the bed, who fell fast asleep with very great signs of fatigue. The priest quieted all, promising to make reparation for the wine, and wine skins. *Dorothea* comforted *Sancho*, telling him that whenever it should really appear, that his master had really cut off the giant's head, she promised to bestow on him the best earldom in her dominions. Herewith *Sancho* was comforted, and assured the princess she might depend upon it, that he had seen the giant's head, and if it was not to be found, it was because every thing passed in that house by way of enchantment. *Dorothea* said she believed so, and bid him be in no pain, for all would succeed to his heart's desire.

Four men on horse back with lances and targets, and black masks on their faces; and with them a woman on a side saddle dressed in white, and her face likewise covered, and two lads on foot, now entered the yard; and the four horsemen having alighted, went to help down the lady. In all this time neither she nor they had taken off their masks, or spoken one word. The lady sitting down in a chair, fetched a deep sigh, and let fall her arms like one sick, and ready to faint away. *Dorothea* hear-

ing the lady sigh, moved by a natural compassion went to her, and said, what is the matter, dear madam? If it be any thing that we women can assist you in speak, for I am ready to serve you with great good will! To all this the afflicted lady returned no answer, and though *Dorothea* urged her still more, she persisted in her silence, till a cavalier who seemed superior to the rest, in a mask, came up and said to *Dorothea*—Trouble not yourself to offer any thing, madam, to this woman, for it is her way not to be thankful for any service done her; nor endeavour to get an answer from her, unless you would hear some lie from her mouth. No, said she, who had hitherto held her peace, on the contrary it is for being so averse to lying and deceit, that I am now reduced to such hard fortune, and of this you may be a witness yourself, since it is my truth alone which makes you act so treacherous a part.

Cardenio heard these words distinctly, being very near to her who spoke thus, for *Don Quixote's* chamber door was only between; and as soon as he heard them, he cried out aloud—good God! what voice is this which has reached my ears? The lady in surprise got up, and was going into the room, which the cavalier perceiving, stopped her: with this perturbation her mask fell off, and she discovered a beauty incomparable, and a countenance miraculous, though full of horror, for she rolled her eyes around, examining every place with so much eagerness that she seemed distracted. The cavalier held her fast by the shoulders, and his hands being thus employed, his mask fell off, and *Dorothea* lifting up her eyes, discovered that it was her husband *Fernando*, when fetching from the bottom of her heart a deep and dismal *Oh!* She fell backwards in a swoon. The priest immediately took off her veil to throw water in her face, and no sooner had he uncovered it but *Fernando* knew her, and stood like one dead at the sight of her; nevertheless he did not let go *Lucinda*,
who

who was the lady that was struggling to get from him, for she knew *Cardenio's* voice in his exclamations, and he knew hers. *Cardenio* heard also the *Ob!* which *Dorothea* gave when she fainted away, and believing it came from his *Lucinda*, he ran out of the room in a fright, and the first he saw was *Fernando*, holding *Lucinda* close in his arms. *Fernando* presently knew *Cardenio*, and all three were struck dumb; the first who broke silence was *Lucinda*. Suffer me, Signor *Fernando*, said she, to cleave to that wall of which I am the joy, to that prop, from which neither your threats, your promises, nor your presents were able to separate me. Observe how heaven by hidden ways has brought me into the presence of my true husband, and well you know that death alone can efface him out of my memory. Then let this open declaration convert your love into rage, your good will into despite, and thereby put an end to my life, for if I lose it in the presence of my dear husband, I shall reckon it well disposed of, and perhaps my death may convince him of the fidelity I have preserved for him to my last moment.

By this time *Dorothea* was come to herself, and had listened to all that *Lucinda* said, but seeing that *Fernando* made no answer, she went and kneeled down at his feet saying, she who lies prostrate at your feet is the unfortunate *Dorothea*—I am that humble country girl, who lived a contented life, till to the voice of your importunities, I delivered up to you the keys of my liberty; a gift by you so ill requited as appears by my being driven into the circumstances in which you find me—Consider, my Lord, that the matchless affection I have for you, may balance the beauty and nobility of her for whom I am abandoned. You cannot be *Lucinda's* because you are mine, nor can she be yours because she is *Cardenio's*. And if you will not acknowledge me for what I am, your true and lawful wife, at least admit me for your slave, for so I be under your power I shall

account myself happy. Do not so sorely afflict my aged parents—whether you will or no I am your wife, witness your words, witness your hand writing, and witness heaven which you invoked to bear testimony to what you promised me. And though all this should fail, your conscience will not fail to whisper you in the midst of your joys, justifying this truth, and disturbing your greatest pleasures and satisfactions.

Fernando listened to her without answering a word, till she had put an end to what she had to say, and full of confusion and astonishment, after he had attentively beheld her for a good while, opened his arms, and leaving *Lucinda* free, said, you have conquered, fair *Dorothea*, you have conquered, for there is no withstanding so many united truths. *Lucinda* was so faint when *Fernando* let her go, that she was just falling to the ground, but *Cardenio*, who had placed himself behind *Fernando* that he might not know him, now laying aside all fear run to support *Lucinda*, and catching her in his arms, he said, if it pleases pitying heaven, that at last you should have some rest, my dear and constant mistress, I believe you will find it no where more secure than in these arms which now receive you. At these expressions *Lucinda* fixed her eyes on *Cardenio*, and being assured it was he, she threw her arms about his neck and said to him, you my dear *Cardenio* are the true owner of this your slave, though fortune were yet more adverse, and though my life, which depends upon yours, were threatened yet more than it is.

Now *Fernando's* friends, together with the priest and the barber, not omitting honest *Sancho Pancho*, ran and surrounded *Fernando*, intreating him to have regard to *Dorothea's* tears: they desired he would consider, that by the particular providence of heaven they had all met in a place where one would least have imagined they should; and the priest put him in mind that nothing but death could part *Lucinda* from

from *Cardenio*, and that the highest wisdom would be by overcoming himself, to shew a greatness of mind, in suffering that couple to enjoy that happiness which heaven had already granted them: he desired him also to turn his eyes on the beauty of *Dorothea*, and see how few, if any, could equal her, and that to her beauty he would add her humanity, and the extreme love she had for him. In short, to these they all added such powerful arguments that *Fernando* was softened, and his generous heart being nourished with noble blood, suffered itself to be overcome by that truth, which if he had a mind he could not have resisted; and the proof he gave of surrendering himself was to stoop down and embrace *Dorothea*, saying to her—Rise, dear madam, for it is not fit she should kneel at my feet who is mistress of my soul; and if hitherto I have given no proof of what I say, perhaps it has been so ordered by heaven, that by finding in you the constancy of your affection to me, I may know how to esteem you as you deserve. Do not reproach me with my past unkind behaviour, for the very same cause that induced me to take you for mine, influenced me to endeavour not to be your's: and to shew you the truth of what I say, behold the eyes of the now satisfied *Lucinda*, and in them you will see an excuse for all my errors; and since she has attained to what she desired, and I have found in you all I want, let her live contented many happy years with her *Cardenio*; and I will beseech heaven that I may do the like with my *Dorothea*; and saying this he embraced her again with such tenderness, that he had much ado to prevent his tears from giving undoubted signs of his love and repentance. *Lucinda*, *Cardenio*, and the rest of the company began to shew so many tears, that one would have thought some heavy disaster had befallen them all; even *Sancho* wept, though he owned afterwards, that for his part he wept only to see that *Dorothea* was not as he imagined the queen *Micomicona*, from whom he expected so many favours.

Cardenio and *Lucinda*, thanked *Fernando* for the favour he had done them, in such terms of respect, that he knew not what to answer: he embraced them with many demonstrations of affection; and then desired *Dorothea* to tell him how she came to that place? which she related in few and discreet words, after which *Fernando* related what had befallen him after the finding the paper in *Lucinda's* bosom. He said, that he had a mind to have killed her, and should have done so, if her parents had not hindred him, upon which he left the house, with a resolution of revenging himself at a more convenient time; that the following day he heard that *Lucinda* was missing; in fine, he came to know that she was in a convent. As soon as he knew it, choosing three gentlemen for his companions, and waiting for a day when the porter's lodge was open, they entered the convent, and found *Lucinda* in the cloisters talking to a nun, and snatching her away, they carried her off; that when *Lucinda* saw herself in his power, she swooned away, and when she came to herself, she did nothing but weep and sigh, without speaking: and that in this manner they arrived at that inn, which to him was arriving at heaven, when all earthly misfortunes have an end.

C H A P.

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C H A P. XIV.

Continuation of the history of the princess Micomicona, and of many other things worthy to be known.

SANCHO heard all this with no small grief of mind, seeing that the hope of his preferment was vanishing with smoke, and that the princess *Micomicona* was turned into *Dorothea*, and the giant into *Fernando*, while his master lay in a sound sleep, without troubling his head about what passed. The priest congratulated every one upon the share of good that had befallen them; *Sancho* was the only afflicted person, and so with dismal looks he went in to his master, who was then awake, and said—Your Worship may sleep your fill, Signor *sorrowful figure*, without troubling yourself about killing any giant, or restoring the princess to her kingdom, for all is done and over. I verily believed it, answered *Don Quixote*, for I have had the most dreadful battle with the giant, that ever I believe I shall have in all the days of my life: and with one back stroke I tumbled his head to the ground, and so great was the quantity of blood that gushed from it, that the streams run along the ground as if it had been water. As if it had been red wine, your Worship had better say, replied *Sancho*, for I would have you to know that the dead giant is a pierced skin, and the blood eighteen gallons of red wine contained in its belly; and the head cut off is—the whore that bore me, and the devil take all for me. What is it you say, fool? replied *Don Quixote*, are you in your senses? I pray get up Sir, quoth *Sancho*, and you will see the queen converted into a private lady, called *Dorothea*, with other accidents which will astonish you.

Sancho reached him his apparel, and while he was dressing, the priest gave *Fernando* and the rest an account of *Don Quixote's* madness, and of the artifice they had made use of to entice him to his habitation. The priest said further, that since madam *Dorothea's* good fortune would not permit her to go on with their design, it was necessary to find out some other way of getting him to his village. No, said *Fernando*, with *Dorothea's* consent, I will have her go on with her contrivance, and as it is not far to this gentleman's village, I shall be glad to contribute to his cure.

By this time *Don Quixote* sallied forth, completely armed, resting on his lance.—The strange appearance he made greatly surprized *Fernando* and his company, and they stood silent to hear what he would say; when, with much gravity, fixing his eyes on *Dorothea*, he said, I am informed, fair lady, by this my squire, that your grandeur is annihilated, and that from a queen, you are metamorphosed into a private maiden. *Dorothea*, with much grace and gravity, answered him, whoever told you, valorous knight of the sorrowful figure, that I was changed from what I was, did not tell you the truth.—It is true indeed, some fortunate accidents that have befallen me, have made some alteration in me for the better, yet for all that I do not cease to be what I was before, and to have the same thoughts of employing your invincible arm; so that, dear Sir, restore to my father his honour, and esteem him a wise man, that found out so certain and easy way to remedy my misfortune; to-morrow morning we set forward on our journey, and for the good success I expect, I refer it to God, and to your valour.

Don Quixote having heard her, turned to *Sancho*, and said to him: I tell thee now *Sancho*, that thou art the greatest rascal in all *Spain*; tell me vagabond, didst thou not tell me just now that this princess was transformed into a lady, called *Dorothea*, and the head, which as I take it, I lopped off from a giant,

was

was the whore that bore thee, with other absurdities ; I vow I have a great mind to make such havock of thee as shall put wit into the noddles of all the lying squires and knights errant, that shall be from henceforward in the world. Pray, dear Sir, be pacified, answered *Sancho*, for I may easily be mistaken as to the transformation of madams the princeſſe ; but as to the giant's head I am not deceived as God liveth ; for the ſkins at your Worſhip's bed's head are cut and ſlaſhed, and the red wine has turned the room into a pond : and if not it will be ſeen in the frying of the eggs, I mean you will find it when Signor Inn-keeper here demands damages — as for the reſt I rejoice in my heart that madam is the queen ſhe was, for I have my ſhare in it as every neighbour's child has. I tell the *Sancho*, ſaid *Don Quixote*, thou art an aſs ; — forgive me that's enough : — It is enough, ſaid *Fernando*, let no more be ſaid of this.

It was now four in the afternoon, and the Inn-keeper had provided a collation for them, when they all ſat down at a long table ; they gave the principal ſeat to *Don Quixote*, who would needs have the princeſſe *Micomiconda* ſet next to him, as being her champion, and thus they banquetted much to their ſatisfaction, *Don Quixote* diſcourſing in ſuch a manner, and in ſuch proper expreſſions, that none of thoſe who heard him at that time could take him for a madman. They were moved with freſh compaſſion to ſee a man, who had ſo good an underſtanding, and could talk ſo well, ſo egregiouſly want it whenever the diſcourſe happened to turn upon his unlucky chivalry — The cloth being taken away, it was ordered that the ladies ſhould be lodged by themſelves in the chamber where *Don Quixote* lay for that night ; who offered his ſervice to guard the caſtle, leſt ſome giant, or other miſcreant errant, for lucre of the treaſure of beauty enclouſed there ſhould make ſome attempt and attack them — They knowing his ſtrange frenzy, returned him thanks ; and the ladies retiring, and the reſt being accommodated as well as they could, *Don*

Quixote sallied out, to stand centinel at the castle gate as he had promised.

There was a profound silence all over the inn, only the inn-keeper's daughter and her maid did not sleep, who knowing that *Don Quixote* was standing without doors armed, and on horseback, keeping guard, agreed to have a little pastime with him, by over-hearing some of his extravagant speeches. The inn had no window towards the field, only a kind of spike hole to the straw loft. At this hole the lasses planted themselves, and perceived that *Don Quixote* was uttering such profound sighs, that one would think them sufficient to tear away his very soul. They heard him say in a soft amorous tone; O my dear lady *Dulcinea del Toboso*, perfection of all beauty, what may your ladyship be now doing? Art thou thinking of thy captive knight, who voluntarily exposes himself to so many perils merely for thy sake? He was proceeding, when the inn-keeper's daughter began to call softly to him, and to say, Sir, pray come a little this way if you please. At which voice *Don Quixote* turned about, and perceived by the light of the moon, that somebody called him from the spike-hole, which to him seemed a window with gilded bars, and instantly it came again into his mad imagination, that the fair damsel, daughter of the lord of the castle, being irresistibly in love with him, was come to solicit him again, and with this thought he turned *Roxinante* about and came up to the hole, and as soon as he saw the two wenches, he said, I pity you, fair lady, for having placed your amorous inclinations, where it is impossible for you to meet with a suitable return, yet ought you not to blame this unfortunate enamoured knight, whom love has made incapable of engaging his affections to any other, than to her, whom the moment he laid his eyes on her he made absolute mistress of his soul. Pardon me, good lady, and retire to your chamber, and if through the passion you have for me, you can find any thing in me to satisfy you, provided it be not downright love,
pray

pray command it, for I swear to you by that absent sweet enemy of mine to bestow it upon you immediately, though you should ask me for a lock of *Mедуsa's* hair, which was all snakes, or even the sunbeams inclosed in a vial. Sir, quoth the maid, my lady wants nothing of all this, only one of your beautiful hands, whereby partly to satisfy that longing which brought her to this window, so much to the peril of her honour. They made no doubt but *Don Quixote* would give his hand as desired, and so the maid went into the stable, from whence she took the halter of *Sancho's* ass and returned to the hole, just as *Don Quixote* had got upon *Rozinante's* saddle to reach the window; and giving his hand, he said, take madam this hand, which no woman's hand ever touched before, not even her's who has the entire right to my whole body. The wench making a running knot on the halter clapped it on his wrist, and descending tied the other end of it very fast to the staple of the door of the hay-loft. *Don Quixote* feeling the harshness of the rope, said, you seem rather to rasp, than grasp my hand, pray do not treat it so roughly, consider that lovers do not take revenge at this civil rate. Nobody heard a word, for as soon as *Don Quixote* was tied up they both went away, dying with laughing, and left him fastened in such a manner that it was impossible for him to get loose.

He stood in the utmost dread and fear, that if *Rozinante* stirred ever so little, he must remain hanging by the arm, and therefore he durst not make the least motion. In short finding himself tied, and that the ladies were gone, he began to imagine that all this was done in the way of enchantment: now he wished for *Amadis's* sword, against which no enchantment had any power, and now he cursed his fortune. At last the morning overtook him, so despairing and confounded that he bellowed like a bull, for he did not expect that the day would bring him any relief, for accounting himself enchanted, he believed it would

continue

continue till some sage enchanter should disenchant him.

Now it so fell out that a horse in the yard came to smell at *Roxinante*, who could not but be sensible of it, and smell him again that came so kindly to caress him; and scarce had he stirred a step, when *Don Quixote's* feet slipped, and tumbling from the saddle he had fallen to the ground, had he not hung by the arm, which put him to so much torture, that he fancied his arm was tearing from his body; he roared out so terribly that the host in a fright opened the inn-door: the maid imagining what it was, went to the straw loft, and without being seen, untied the halter, when *Don Quixote* straight fell to the ground, in sight of the inn-keeper, who asked him what ailed him? He, without answering, slipped the rope from his wrist, and mounting *Roxinante*, came up at a half gallop, saying: whosoever shall dare to affirm that I was not fairly enchanted, I say he lies, and I challenge him to single combat.

By this time it was clear day, which together with the noise *Don Quixote* had made had raised the whole house. A great out-cry was heard at the door of the inn, and the occasion was, that two guests who had lodged there that night, had attempted to go off without paying their reckoning, but the host laid hold of them, and demanded his money, giving them such hard words, that he provoked them to return them an answer with their fists, which they did so roundly that he was obliged to call for help. The daughter, seeing nobody so proper to succour him as *Don Quixote*, she said to him, Sir knight, I beseech you come and help my poor father, whom a couple of wicked fellows are beating to mummy; he presently drawing his sword ran to the inn-door, where the two guests were still worrying the poor host: but when he came he stopped short, though the damsel asked him why he delayed succouring her father? I delay, quoth *Don Quixote*, because it is not lawful for me to draw my sword against squire-like folks; but call hi-
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ther my squire *Sancho*, for to him this revenge does most properly belong. This past at the door of the inn, where the boxing went about briskly, to the inn-keeper's cost, and the rage of the hostess and her daughter, who were ready to run distracted to behold the cowardice of *Don Quixote*, and the injury then doing their husband and father.

Peace being at last made between the inn-keeper and his guests, who more through the persuasions of *Don Quixote* than his threats had paid him all he demanded, the devil, who sleeps not, so ordered it, that at the very instant, the barber, from whom *Don Quixote* had taken *Mambrino's* helmet, came into the inn, and espying *Sancho*, as soon as he saw him he knew him, and made bold to attack him, saying, Ah! Mr. thief, have I got you! give me my bason, which you and your master robbed me of: *Sancho* hearing the opprobrious language given him, gave the barber such a dowse, that he bathed his mouth in blood; the barber raised his voice in such a manner, that all the folks of the inn ran together at the noise; and he cried out—Help, in the king's name! for this rogue would murder me, for endeavouring to recover my own property. You lye, answered *Sancho*, I am no rogue; my master *Don Quixote* won this bason in fair war. *Don Quixote* was now present, and not a little pleased to see how well his squire performed, and resolved in his mind to dub him a knight the first opportunity.

C H A P. XV.

In which the dispute concerning Mambrino's helmet is decided, with other adventures that really and truly happened.

AMONG other things which the barber said during the skirmish. Gentlemen, quoth he, this new bras bason never hanfelled, that was worth a crown, is as certainly mine as the death I owe to God, and I know it as well as if it was the child of my own body; here *Don Quixote* could not forbear answering, and said, Sir's, you shall presently see clearly the error this honest squire is in, in calling that a bason, which was, is, and ever shall be, *Mambrino's* helmet. I won it in fair war, so am its right and lawful possessor; for confirmation of which, run son *Sancho* and fetch hither the helmet, which this honest man will needs have to be a bason. *Sancho* brought the bason, and *Don Quixote* took it into his hands and said—Behold gentlemen, with what face can this squire pretend this to be a bason, I swear by the order of knighthood which I profess, this helmet is the very same I took from him, without addition or diminution; there is no doubt of that, quoth *Sancho*, for from the time my master won it till now, he has fought but one battle in it, which was when he freed those unlucky galley slaves; and had it not been for this bason helmet he had not then got off over well, for he had a power of stones hurled at him in that skirmish. Pray gentlemen, quoth the barber, what is your opinion of what these gentlefolks affirm? for they persist in it that this is no bason, but a helmet. Our barber, who was present all the while, and had a mind to carry on the jest, said--Signor barber, I also am of your profession, and am well acquainted with all the instruments of barber surgery, I have likewise been a soldier

soldier in my youth, and therefore know what is a helmet, as well as all kinds of arms used by soldiers; and I say with submission, that this piece which this honest gentleman holds in his hands, not only is not a barber's bason, but is as far from being so as white is from black. The priest, *Cardenio*, and *Fernando*, confirmed what the barber had said.

Lord have mercy upon me! quoth the bantered barber, how is it possible so many honest gentlemen should maintain that this is not a bason? To those acquainted with *Don Quixote*, this was matter of excellent sport, but to those who knew not his humour, it seemed the greatest absurdity in the world, especially to the servants and three passengers who were by chance just then arrived at the inn, and seemed to be troopers of the holy brotherhood, as in reality they proved to be. The barber was at his wit's end to see his bason converted into *Mambrino's* helmet before his eyes. Every body laughed to see *Fernando* walking round, and taking the opinion of each person at his ear, that he might secretly declare whether that precious piece was a bason or a helmet, (for *Don Quixote* had proposed that method of decision, not doubting the determination would be in his favour) and after he had taken the votes of those who knew *Don Quixote*, he said aloud—The truth is, honest friend, every body tells me it is ridiculous to say this is a bason, and not a helmet, so that you must have patience, for the proofs you have alledged, are very trivial and invalid. Let me never enjoy a place in heaven, quoth the barber, if your Worships are not all mistaken, but so go the laws, I say no more.—

The barber's simplicity caused no less laughter than the sallies of *Don Quixote*, who at this juncture said, there is now no more to be done, but for every one to take his own, and to whom God has given it may St. Peter give his blessing. One of the officers of the holy brotherhood, who had overheard the dispute, full of indignation, said by —, (and out he wrapped a round oath) all the men in the world shall
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never persuade me that this is not a barber's bason, and whoever says to the contrary must be drunk. You lie, like a pitiful scoundrel, answered *Don Quixote*, and lifting up his lance, he went to give him such a blow over the head, that had not he slipped aside, he had been laid flat on the spot; the lance was broke to splinters, and the other officers seeing their comrade abused cried out, help, help, the holy brotherhood. The inn-keeper, who was one of the troops, run for his sword, and prepared himself to stand by his comrades. *Don Quixote* drew his sword, and fell upon the troopers, *Cardenio* and *Fernando* took part with *Don Quixote*. The priest cried out, the hostess shrieked, the daughter roared, *Dorothea* was confounded, and *Lucinda* fainted away. The barber cuffed *Sancho*, and *Sancho* pommelled the barber. *Fernando* got one of the troopers down, and kicked him to his heart's content. The whole inn was nothing but weepings, confusion, kicks, and effusion of blood; and in the midst of this chaos of things *Don Quixote* said, with a voice that made the inn shake—Hold all of you, be pacified, and hearken to me; at which tremendous voice, they all desisted: he went on saying, did I not tell you Sirs, that this castle was enchanted, and that some legion of devils must certainly inhabit it? Come therefore, master priest, and make peace among us, for it is a thousand pities so many gentlemen should kill one another for such trivial matters. The troopers, who found themselves roughly handled, would not be pacified, but the barber submitted. The innkeeper was refractory, and insisted that the insolencies of that madman ought to be chastised, who at every foot turned the inn upside down. At last the bustle ceased, the bason was to remain a helmet, and the sun a castle, in *Don Quixote's* imagination, till the day of judgment.

The priest, unknown to *Don Quixote*, gave the barber eight reals for the bason, and the barber gave him a discharge in full, acquitting him from all fraud from thenceforth and for evermore, amen. The inn-keeper

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keeper demanded *Don Quixote's* reckoning, with ample satisfaction for the damage done to his skins, and the loss of his wine, swearing that neither *Roxinante* nor the ass should stir out of the inn, till he had paid the uttermost farthing. The priest pacified him, and *Fernando* paid him all: and thus they all remained in peace and quietness, owing to the good intention of the priest, and the incomparable liberality of *Fernando*. *Don Quixote* thought it was high time to put an end to that grand adventure whereunto he had been called, and therefore he went and kneeled before *Dorothea*, and said, our abode in this castle, fair lady, seems to me to be now no longer necessary; let us depart quickly in the name of good fortune, which you can want no longer than I delay to encounter your enemy. *Dorothea*, with an air of grandeur, answered, I am obliged to you, Sir Knight, for the inclination you shew to favour me in my great need, and heaven grant that your desire and mine be soon accomplished; let us depart instantly, for I have no other will but yours. Since it is so, said *Don Quixote*, *Sancho*, saddle *Roxinante*, and get ready your ass, and her Majesty's palfrey, and let us depart hence this instant. Two days had already passed since all this illustrious company had been in the inn, and thinking it now time to depart, they contrived how without giving *Dorothea* and *Fernando* the trouble of going with *Don Quixote* to his village, the priest and the barber might carry him as they desired, and endeavour to get him cured of his madness at home. While this was in agitation, *Don Quixote* was laid down upon a bed, to repose himself after his late fatigues, and in the mean time they agreed with a waggoner who chanced to pass by to carry him in this manner. They made a kind of cage, with poles grate-wise, large enough to contain him at his ease, and immediately *Fernando*, and his companions, by the direction of the priest, covered their faces, and disguised themselves so as to appear to *Don Quixote* to be quite other persons than those

those he had seen in that castle. This being done they entered the room where he lay fast asleep, and bound him hand and foot, so that when he awaked, he could not stir, nor do any thing but look round him, and wonder to see such strange visages about him. And presently he fell into the usual conceit, believing that all these shapes were goblins of that enchanted castle, and that without all doubt he must be enchanted since he could not defend himself: all precisely as the priest fancied it would fall out. *Sancha*, though he wanted but little of being infected with his master's disease, yet was not at a loss to know who all these counterfeit goblins were; but he durst not open his lips till he saw what this imprisonment of his master meant. Neither did the Knight utter a word, waiting to see the issue of his disgrace, which was that bringing the cage they shut him up in it, and nailed the bars so fast that there was no breaking them open. They then hoisted him on their shoulders, and at going out of the room, a voice was heard, as dreadful as the barber could form, saying, *O Knight of the sorrowful figure*, let not the confinement you are under afflict you, for it is expedient it should be so for the more speedy accomplishment of the adventure in which your great valour has engaged you, which shall be finished when the furious *Manchegan* lion shall be coupled with the white *Tobosian* dove, after having submitted their stately necks to the soft matrimonial yoke; and this shall come to pass before the pursuer of the fugitive nymph shall have made two rounds to visit the bright constellations in his rapid and natural course; and at finishing the prophecy, he raised his voice very high, and then sunk it by degrees with so soft an accent, that even they who were in the secret, were almost ready to believe that what they heard was true.

Don Quixote remained much comforted by the prophecy he had heard, for he presently apprehended the whole signification thereof, and said it promised that he should be joined in holy wedlock with his beloved

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beloved *Dulcinea*. And with this firm persuasion he raised his voice, and fetching a deep sigh, he said, O thou, whoever thou art, who has prognosticated me so much good, I beseech thee to intreat on my behalf, the sage enchanter, who has the charge of my affairs, that he suffer me not to perish in this prison, wherein I am now carried, till I see accomplished those joyous, and incomparable promises now made me, for so they come to pass, I shall account the pains of my imprisonment glory, the chains with which I am bound refreshment, and this couch whereon I am laid not a hard field of battle, but a soft bridal bed of down. Then the goblins took the case on their shoulders, and placed it on the waggon.



C H A P. XVI.

Of the strange and wonderful manner in which DON QUIXOTE was enchanted, the ingenious conference between SANCHO and his master, with other remarkable occurrences.

DON QUIXOTE, finding himself cooped up in this manner, and placed upon a cart, said,—Many and most grave histories have I heard of knights errant, but I never read, saw, or heard of enchanted knights being carried away in this manner, and so slowly as these lazy animals seem to promise, for they always used to be carried through the air in some chariot of fire; but, to be carried in a team, drawn by oxen, by heaven it puts me into confusion! What think you of this, son *Sancho*? I do not know what I think answered *Sancho*, not being so well read as your Worship in scriptures-errant, yet I dare affirm, that these hobgoblins here are not altogether catholic. How can they be catholic, answered *Don Quixote*, being devils who have assumed fantastic shapes, on purpose to put me into this state? Touch them and you will find that they have no bodies but of air—before God, Sir, replied *Sancho*, I have already touched them, and this devil who is so busy here about us, is as plump as a partridge, and it is said all devils smell of brimstone, but this spark smells of amber. *Sancho* meant this of *Fernando*, who being a cavalier of quality, must have smelt as *Sancho* hinted. *Fernando*, and *Cardenio*, fearing, lest *Sancho* should light upon their plot, resolved to hasten their departure, and calling the inn-keeper aside, they ordered him to saddle *Roxinante*, and the ass, which he did with great expedition.

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The priest had agreed for so much a day with the troopers, that they should accompany *Don Quixote* to his village. *Cardenio* made signs to *Sancho* to mount his ass, and take *Rozinante* by the bridle, and place two troopers on each side the waggon. Before the car moved forward, the hostess and her daughter, came out to take their leaves of *Don Quixote*, pretending to shed tears at his misfortune; to whom he said, weep not, good ladies, for these kind of mishaps are incident to those who profess what I profess. Pray to God that he would deliver me from these bonds, into which some evil minded enchanter has thrown me, for if ever I find myself at liberty, I shall not forget the favours you have done me in this castle, but shall requite them as they deserve.

While this passed between the ladies and *Don Quixote*, the priest and barber took their leave of *Fernando*, and his companions, and of the now happy ladies. They all embraced *Fernando*, gave the priest directions where to write to him, and acquainted him with what became of *Don Quixote*. The priest promised to perform what was desired of him; they again embraced and renewed their mutual offers of service. Then the priest and barber mounted with their masks on, when the car proceeded. They travelled about two leagues, when they came to a valley, which the waggoner thought a convenient place for resting and baiting his cattle, and while they were employed in taking out provisions to regale themselves, *Sancho*, perceiving he might talk to his master without the continual presence of the priest and barber, whom he looked upon as suspicious persons, came up to his cage, and said as follows:

Sir, to disburden my conscience, I must tell you something about this enchantment of yours, and it is this; that they who are riding along with us, are the priest and barber of our town, and I fancy they have

have played you this trick out of the pure envy they bear you for surpassing them in famous achievements; and supposing this to be true, it follows that you are not enchanted but besotted; for proof whereof I would ask you one thing, and if you answer me, as I believe you must, you shall lay your finger upon this palpable cheat, and find that you are not enchanted, but distracted. Ask whatever you will *Sancho*, answered *Don Quixote*, for I will satisfy you; but as to what you tell me, that those yonder are the priest and barber, our townsmen, it may very easily be that they may seem to be so; but that they are so really, do not believe it in any wise. Blessed virgin! answered *Sancho*, and is it then possible, your Worship can be so devoid of brains, that you cannot perceive that there is more roguery than enchantment in this confinement of yours? Now tell me, as you hope to find yourself in my lady *Dulcinea's* arms, whether since you have been cooped up, or as you say enchanted in this cage, your Worship has not had an inclination to open the greater or lesser sluices, as people are wont to say? I do not understand *Sancho*, said *Don Quixote*, what you mean by opening sluices; explain yourself. Is it possible, quoth *Sancho*, your Worship should not understand that phrase, when the very children at school are wearied with it? Know then, it means whether you have not had a mind to do what nobody can do for you. Ay, now I comprehend you, said *Don Quixote*, and in truth I have often had such a mind, and have at this instant; help me out of this strait, for I doubt all is not so clean as it should be.

Ha! quoth *Sancho*, now I have caught you: can you deny what is commonly said when a person is in the dumps, I know not what such an one ails, he neither eats, drinks, nor sleeps, he looks as if he were enchanted: from all whence it is concluded, that they who do not eat, drink nor sleep, nor perform the natural actions I speak of, such only are enchanted,

chanted, and not they who have such calls as your worship has, and who eat, and drink, and answer to all that is asked them. You say right *Sancho*, answered *Don Quixote*, but there are sundry sorts of enchantments. I know that I am enchanted, and that is sufficient for the discharge of my conscience, which would be heavily burdened, if I thought I was not enchanted, and should suffer myself to be like a coward in this cage, defrauding the necessitous of that succour I might have afforded them, when, perhaps, at this very moment, they may be in want of my protection. But for all that, replied *Sancho*, I say your worship would do well to endeavour to get out of this prison, which I will facilitate with all my might, and then we may again try our fortune in search of adventures. I am content to do what you advise *Sancho*, replied *Don Quixote*; I will be ruled by you in every thing, but depend upon it, you will find yourself mistaken in your notion of my disgrace.

With this discourse the knight errant, and the evil errant squire, amused themselves till they came where the priest and the barber waited for them. The waggoner unyoked the oxen, and turned them loose in the valley. *Sancho* besought the priest to permit his master to come out of the cage for a while, for otherwise that prison would not be quite so clean as the decorum of such a knight required. The priest understood him, and said he would with all his heart consent, were it not that he feared his master, finding himself at liberty, should play one of his old pranks, and be gone where nobody should set eyes of him more. *Don Quixote*, who heard what was said; I pass my word as a knight, cried he, with a loud voice, not to leave you, because whoever is enchanted as I am, is not at liberty to dispose of himself as he pleases; for he who has enchanted him, can make him that he shall not be able to stir in three centuries, and if he should attempt an escape will fetch him back on the wing. Upon his faith and word they uncaged him,

him, at which he was infinitely rejoiced. He retired with his squire *Sancho* to some little distance, from whence he came back more light-some, and more desirous to put in execution what his squire had projected. They sat down under the shade of some trees and dined there, that the wagoner might not lose the conveniency of the fresh pasture.



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C H A P. XVII.

The adventure of the DISCIPLINANTS with DON QUIXOTE's arrival at his village.

ON a sudden they heard the sound of a trumpet, so dismal that it made them turn their faces towards the way from whence they fancied the sound came; but he who was the most surpris'd at hearing it was *Don Quixote*. The sound of this trumpet, said he, seems to summon me to some new adventure, and turning his face towards the place whence the sound came, he presently saw several people descending from a rising ground, arrayed in white after the manner of disciplinants.

The case was, that the clouds that year had failed to refresh the earth with seasonable showers, and throughout all the villages of the district they made processions, disciplines, and public prayers, beseeching God to open the hands of his mercy and send them rain; and for this purpose the people of a town hard by were coming in procession to a devout hermitage, built upon the side of a hill, bordering upon that valley. *Don Quixote* imagined it was some adventure, and that it belonged to him as a knight-errant to undertake it, and he was the more confirmed in his fancy, by thinking, that an image they had with them covered with black, was some lady of note, whom those miscreants were forcing away. No sooner had he taken this into his head, than he ran with great agility to *Roxinante*, who was grazing; he bridled him in a trice, and demanding from *Sancho* his sword, he mounted, and ran to encounter the disciplinants. The priest, the barber, and *Sancho*, in

vain endeavoured to stop him, crying out, whither go you, Signor *Don Quixote*? Consider that is a procession of disciplinants; have a care what you do. He heard not a word, and if he had would not have come back, though the king himself had commanded him.

Being come up with the procession, with a disordered and hoarse voice, he said—You there who cover your faces, for no good I suppose, stop, and give ear to what I say. One of the ecclesiastics, answered him, saying, good brother, if you have any thing to say to us, say it quickly, for we cannot stop to hear any thing, unless it be said in two words. I will say it in one, replied *Don Quixote*, and it is this; that you immediately set at liberty that fair lady, whose tears are evident tokens of her being carried away against her will, and that you have done her some notorious injury; and I will not suffer you to proceed one step further till you have given her the liberty she desires and deserves. By these expressions they gathered that *Don Quixote* must be some madman, whereupon they fell a laughing very heartily, which was adding fuel to the fire of *Don Quixote's* choler; for without saying a word more, he drew his sword and attacked the bearers, one of whom stepping forward to encounter him, brandishing a pole whereon he rested the bir when they made a stand, and with it he gave *Don Quixote* such a blow that he fell to the ground in evil plight. *Sancho* perceiving him fallen, called out to his adversary not to strike him again, for he was a poor enchanted knight, who had never done any harm to any body in all the days of his life. The rustic, seeing that *Don Quixote* stirred neither hand nor foot, believing he had killed him, fled over the field as nimble as a buck.

The priest was known by another priest who came in the procession, who gave his friend an account in two words who *Don Quixote* was; whereupon they went to see whether the poor knight was dead or not; and they overheard *Sancho* say, with tears in his eyes, O

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flower of chivalry! O glory of thy race, O liberal above all *Alexanders*, seeing that for eight months service only, thou has given me the best island the sea doth furround. At *Sancho's* lamentations *Don Quixote* revived, and the first word he said was—He who lives absented from the sweetest *Dulcinea*, is subject to greater miseries than these. Help, friend *Sancho*, to lay me on this enchanted car, for I am almost mashed to pieces. That I will, dear Sir, answered *Sancho*, and let us return home in company of these gentlemen, who wish you well, and there we will give orders about another sally, that may prove of more profit and renown.

The procession went on its way, the troopers would go no further, and the priest paid them what they had agreed for. They separated, leaving the priest, the barber, *Don Quixote*, and *Sancho*, with *Roxinante*, who bore all accidents as patiently as his master. On the sixth day they arrived at *Don Quixote's* village, and entered it about noon, and it being Sunday all the people were standing in the market place, through the midst of which *Don Quixote's* car must of necessity pass. Every body ran to see who was in the waggon, and when they found it was their townsman they were greatly surprised, and a boy ran full speed to acquaint the house keeper and niece that their uncle and master was coming home, weak and pale, in a waggon drawn by oxen. It was piteous to hear the outcries the two good women raised, and how they cursed afresh the damned books of chivalry; and all this was renewed by seeing *Don Quixote* coming in at the gate.

Upon the news of *Don Quixote's* arrival, *Sancho's* wife repaired thither, and as soon as she saw her husband, the first thing she asked was, whether the ass was come home well? *Sancho* answered he was—The lord be praised, said she—but tell me friend what good have you got by your squireship? What petticoat do you bring home to me, and what shoes to your children? I bring nothing of all this, dear wife, said

Sancho, but I bring other things of greater consequence. I am very glad of that, answered the wife, pray shew them me? You shall see them at home wife, said *Sancho*; be satisfied at present, for if it please God, that we make another sally, you will soon see me an earl, or governor of an island. Grant heaven it may be so, quoth the wife, but tell me what you mean by an island, for I don't understand you? Be not so much in haste to know, said *Sancho*, sew up your mouth; but I know for the present that there is nothing in the world so pleasant as to be squire to a knight errant, and seeker of adventures: 'Tis true, most of them are not so much to a man's mind as he could wish; this I know by experience, for I have been tossed in a blanket, and well cudgelled; yet for all that it is a fine thing to be in expectation of accidents, searching woods, marching over rocks, visiting castles, lodging in inns, all at discretion, and the devil a farthing to pay.

This discourse passed between *Sancho* and his wife *Teresa*, while the house keeper and niece received *Don Quixote*, and having pulled off his cloths laid him in his old bed. He looked at them with eyes askew, not knowing perfectly where he was. The priest charged the niece to take great care of her uncle, and to have a watchful eye over him, lest he should once more give them the slip. Here the women exclaimed afresh, and renewed their execrations against all books of chivalry. Lastly, they remained full of trouble and fear, lest they should lose their uncle and master, as soon as ever he found himself a little better; and it fell out as they imagined

C H A P. XVIII.

Of what passed between the PRIEST, the BARBER, and DON QUIXOTE, concerning his indisposition, and of the quarrel between SANCHO PANCHA and the house-keeper, with other pleasant occurrences.

THE priest and the barber were almost a whole month without seeing *Don Quixote*, lest they should bring back to his mind the remembrance of things past. They now resolved to visit him, and make trial of his amendment, and agreed between them, not to touch in the least upon knight-errantry. They made him a visit, and found him sitting on his bed in a waistcoat of green bays, with a red *Toledo* bonnet on his head, and so lean and shrivelled that he seemed as if he was reduced to a mere mummy.

They enquired after his health, and he gave them an account both of it and himself, with much judgment, and in very elegant expressions. In the course of their conversation, they fell upon matters of state, and forms of government, with other subjects, on all which *Don Quixote* delivered himself with so much good sense, that they undoubtedly believed he was entirely well, and in his perfect senses. The priest, changing his former purpose of not touching upon matters of chivalry, was now resolved to make a thorough experiment whether *Don Quixote* was perfectly recovered or not, and so from one thing to another he came at length to tell him some news lately brought from court; and among other things, said it was given out for certain, that the *Turk* was coming down with a powerful fleet, and that it was not known where the storm would burst; that all *Christendom* was alarmed, and that the king had already provided for the security

curity of the coasts. To this *Don Quixote* replied, his majesty has done like a most prudent warrior, in providing for the defence of his dominions, but if my counsel might be taken, I would advise them to make use of a precaution, which his Majesty is at present very far from thinking of. Scarcely had the priest heard this, when he said within himself, God defend thee, poor *Don Quixote*! for methinks thou art falling headlong from the top of thy madness, to the profound abyss of thy folly. The barber asked *Don Quixote* what precaution it was that he thought so proper to be taken, for perhaps it was such as might be put into the light of the many impertinent admonitions usually given to princes? and experience has shewn, that most of the pieces of advice that people give his majesty, are either impracticable or to the prejudice of the kingdom. True, answered *Don Quixote*, but mine, good man shaver, shall not be impertinent, but to the purpose. *Body of me*, then said *Don Quixote*, (in the tone of the late inimitable comedian, *Woodward*) is there any thing more to be done, but that his majesty cause proclamation to be made, that all the knights errant who are now wandering about *Spain*, do on a certain day repair to court? For should there come but half a dozen, there may happen to be among them one who may be able alone, to destroy the whole power of the *Turk*. Is it a new thing for a knight errant, singly to defeat an army of two hundred thousand men, as if they had all but one throat, and were made of sugar and paste? God will provide for his people, and send somebody or other, if not as strong as the former knights-errant, at least not inferior to them in courage; I say no more. Alas! quoth the niece who was present, may I perish if my uncle has not a mind to turn knight errant again. Whereupon *Don Quixote* said, A knight errant I will live and die, and let the *Turk* come down or up when he pleases, and as powerful as he can. The priest was going to reply, but now they heard the housekeeper bawling aloud in the court yard, and they all ran towards the noise.

The outcry was raised by the housekeeper, who was defending the door against *Sancho Panca*, who was striving to get in to see *Don Quixote*. What would this paunch gutted fellow have here? said she—get to your own home, brother, for it is you, and no other, by whom our master is seduced and led astray, and carried rambling up and down the highways. To which *Sancho* replied, mistress housekeeper, for the devil it is I that am seduced and led astray, and not your master; it was he that led me this dance, promising me an island, which I still hope for. May the damned islands choke thee, cursed *Sancho*, answered she. And pray what are islands? are they any thing eatable, cormorant as thou art? They are not to be eaten, replied *Sancho*, but governed, and better governments than any four cities. For all that, said the housekeeper, you come not in here, bundle of rogueries! get you home and govern there, go plow, and cart, and cease pretending to islands. *Don Quixote*, fearing lest *Sancho* should blunder out some unreasonable follies, called him in, and ordered the housekeeper to hold her tongue. *Sancho* entered, and the priest and the barber took their leave of *Don Quixote*, of whose cure they despaired, perceiving how intoxicated he was with the folly of his unhappy chivalry. *Don Quixote* shut himself up in his chamber with *Sancho* only, and said, I am sorry *Sancho* you should say that I drew you out of your cottage, when you know that I myself stayed not in my own house; we set out together, and together we performed our travels, we ran both the same fortune; if you were once tossed in a blanket, I have been thrashed an hundred times; and herein only have I had the advantage of you; but tell me friend *Sancho*, what do folks say of me about this town? Give me a faithful and ingenuous account of what you know and have heard concerning this matter.

First and foremost then, said *Sancho*, the common people take your Worship for a downright madman,

and me for no less than a fool. The gentlemen say, that not containing yourself within the bounds of gentility, you have taken upon you the style of *Don*, and invaded the dignity of knighthood, with no more than a paltry vineyard, and a couple of acres of land. As to what concerns your valour, and your understanding, quoth *Sancho*, there are different opinions, some say mad, but humorous, others valiant, but unfortunate, others courteous, but impertinent; and thus they run divisions upon us, till they leave neither your Worship nor me a whole bone in our skins. Take notice, *Sancho*, said *Don Quixote*, that whenever virtue is found in any eminent degree, it is always persecuted, few or none of the famous men of times past escaped being calumniated by their malicious cotemporaries. So that O *Sancho*! amidst so many calumnies cast on the worthy, mine may very well pass, if there are no more than those you have mentioned.

They were interrupted by the niece, who announced the arrival of the Batchelor *Sampson Carrasco*, a neighbour of *Don Quixote's*, an arch wag of a very good understanding. At seeing *Don Quixote*, he threw himself upon his knees and said to him, Signor *Don Quixote de la Mancha*, let me have the honour of kissing your grandeur's hand, for by the habit of St. Peter, your Worship is one of the most famous knights errant that have been, or shall be upon the whole circumference of the earth. Here *Don Quixote* said, one of the things which ought to afford the highest satisfaction to a virtuous man, is to find while he is living his good name in every body's mouth. If fame and a good name are to carry it, said the Batchelor, your Worship alone bears away the palm from all knights errant, for greatness of soul in confronting dangers, constancy in adversity, and patient enduring of mischances. There are some, said the Batchelor, addressing *Sancho*, who say you were a little too credulous in the matter of the government of that island promised you by Signor

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nor *Don Quixote*. There is still sunshine on the walls, said *Don Quixote*, and when *Sancho* is more advanced in years, he will be better qualified to be a governor than he is now. Before God, Sir, said *Sancho*, if I am not fit to govern an island at these years, I shall not know how to govern it at the age of *Methusalem*, the mischief of it is that the said island sticks I know not where, and not in my want of a head piece to govern it. Recommend it to God *Sancho*, said *Don Quixote*, for all will be well, and perhaps better than you think. That is true, quoth *Sampson*, and if it pleases God, *Sancho* will not want a thousand islands to govern, much less one. Let *Don Quixote* proceed in the noble career of chivalry, and be the rest what it will, we shall be contented. What I can say is, said *Sancho*, that if this master of mine had taken my counsel, we had ere now been in the field, redressing grievances, as is the practice and usage of good knights errant.

The neighing of *Rozinante* reached their ears, which *Don Quixote* took for a happy omen, and resolved to make another sally within three or four days, and declaring his intention to the Batchelor, he asked his advice which way he should begin his journey. The batchelor replied he was of opinion that he should go directly to the city of *Saragossa*, where in a few days there was to be held a most solemn tournament in honour of the festival of *St. George*, in which he might acquire renown, above all the *Arragonian* knights. It shall be so, said *Don Quixote*, and it was agreed that they should set out eight days after. *Don Quixote* enjoined the batchelor to keep it a secret, especially from the priest and the barber, and from his niece and housekeeper, that they might not obstruct his honourable purpose. All which he promised and took his leave, and *Sancho* went to provide what was necessary for the expedition.

C H A P. XIX.

Of the pleasant discourse which happened between Sancho and his wife TERESA, and between DON QUIXOTE and his Squire with other famous occurrences.

SANCHO came home so gay, and so merry, that his wife perceived his joy a bow-shot off, inso-much that she could not but ask him, what is the matter *Sancho*, you are so merry? Look you *Teresa*, answered *Sancho*, I am thus merry because I am resolved to return to the service of my master *Don Quixote*, who is determined to make a third sally in quest of adventures; and do you hear sister, it is convenient that you should take more than ordinary care of *Dapple* these three days, that he may be in a condition to bear arms; for we are not going to a wedding, but to roam about the world, and to have now and then a game at give and take with giants, fiery dragons, and goblins. I believe husband, indeed, replied *Teresa*, that your squires errant do not eat their bread for nothing, and therefore I shall not fail to beseech our Lord to deliver you speedily from so much evil. I tell you wife, answered *Sancho*, that did I not expect ere long to see myself governor of an island, I should drop down dead upon the spot. Not so, my dear husband, quoth *Teresa*, live you, and the devil take all the governments in the world. How many folks are there in the world that have not a government, and yet they live for all that? The best sauce in the world is hunger, and as that is never wanting to the poor, they always eat it with a relish, but if per-
chance

chance *Sancho* you should get a government, do not forget me and your children; consider that little *Sancho* is just fifteen years old, and it is fit he should go to school, if so be his uncle the Abbot means to bring him up to the church. Consider also that *Mary Sancho* your daughter will not break her heart if we marry her; for I am mistaken if she has not as much mind to a husband as you have to a government.

In good faith, answered *Sancho*, if I get any thing like a government, dear wife, I will match *Mary Sancho* so highly, that there will be no coming near her without calling her your Ladyship. Not so, answered *Teresa*, the best way is to marry her to her equal, for if instead of her russet petticoat, you give her a farthingale and petticoats of silk, and instead of plain *Molly*, and you, she is called your Ladyship, the girl will not know where she is, and will fall into a thousand mistakes at every step, discovering the coarse thread of her home spun country stuff. Peace fool, quoth *Sancho*, for all the business is to practice two or three years, and after that the Ladyship will set upon her as if it was made for her, and if not, what matters it? Let her be a Lady, and come what will of it. Measure yourself by your condition *Sancho*, answered *Teresa*, do you provide money, and leave the matching of her to my care, for there is *John Tocho's* son, a lusty tall young man whom we know, and I am sure he has a sneaking kindness for the girl; she will be very well married to him, considering he is our equal, and the peace and blessing of God will be among us all, and do not you pretend to be marrying her now at your courts and great places where they will neither understand her, nor she understand herself. Hark you wife, or *Barabbas*, replied *Sancho*, why should you now, without rhyme or reason, hinder me from marrying my daughter with one who may bring me grandchildren, that may be stiled your Lordships? Do you

you not think, animal, that it would be well for me to be possessed of some beneficial government, that may lift us out of the dirt, and enable me to marry *Mary Sancho* to whom I please? Let us have no more of this pray, for little *Sancho* shall be a Countess in spite of your teeth. What you please, answered *Teresa*, make her a Dutches, or a Princess; but I can tell you it shall never be with my good will. I cannot abide to see folks taking state upon themselves. Go you to your governing and islanding, as for my girl and I we will neither of us stir a step from our town.

Look you *Teresa*, answered *Sancho*, the preacher who held forth to us last Lent, said that all the things which our eyes behold do appear, and exist in our minds much better, and with greater force than things past; from hence it proceeds, that when we see any person set off with rich apparel, and with a train of servants, we are compelled as it were to shew him respect, though the memory in that instant recalls to our thoughts some mean circumstances under which we have seen him, which meanness being already past, no longer exists, and there remains only what we see present before our eyes. And if this person proves well, behaves liberal, and courteous, be assured that nobody will remember what he was, but more reverence what he is, except the envious, from whom no prosperous fortune is secure. I do not understand you husband, replied *Teresa*, do what you think fit, and break not my brains any more with your flourishes. We are agreed then, quoth *Sancho*, that our daughter is to be a Countess? The day that I see her a Countess, answered *Teresa*, I shall reckon that I am laying her in the grave, and then she began to weep bitterly. *Sancho* comforted her, and promised that though he must make her a Countess, he would put it off as long as possibly he could.

While *Sancho* and his wife were holding the foregoing important dialogue, *Don Quixote's* niece and housekeeper

housekeeper were not idle, who guessing by a thousand signs that he would break loose the third time, endeavoured to divert him from so foolish a design. Among other reasonings the housekeeper said to him, if your Worship will not tarry quietly at home, I am resolved to complain aloud to God and the King to put a stop to it. To which *Don Quixote* replied, mistress house keeper, what answer God will return to your complaints I know not, and what his Majesty will answer, as little. Dear uncle, said the niece, be assured what you tell us of knights errant is all invention and lies, and if their histories must not be burnt, at least they deserve to wear some badge, whereby they may be known to be infamous and destructive of good manners. By the God in whom I live, said *Don Quixote*, were you not my own sister's daughter, I would make such an example of you for the blasphemy you have uttered, that the whole world should ring of it. By this time there was knocking at the door, and upon asking who is there? *Sancho Panca* answered it is I. The niece let him in, and *Don Quixote* went out and received him with open arms; and they two being locked up together in the knight's chamber, there passed between them the following curious discourse.

Sir, quoth *Sancho* to his master, I have now reduced my wife to let me go with your Worship wherever you please to carry me. The case is that as your Worship very well knows, we are all mortal, here to day and gone to morrow, that the lamb goes to the spit as soon as the sheep, and that nobody can promise himself in this world more hours of life than God pleases to give him; for death is deaf, and when he knocks at the door is always in haste and nothing can stay him, according to what is told us from our pulpits. All this is true, said *Don Quixote*, but I do not perceive what you would be at. What I would be at is, quoth *Sancho*, that your Worship would

would appoint me a certain salary, at so much per month, for the time I shall serve you; in short I would know what I am to get, be it little or much, for the hen sits if it be but upon one egg; and many little makes a mickle, and while one is getting something, one is losing nothing. Should it fall out, (which I neither believe nor expect) that your Worship should give me the same island that you promised me, I am not so ungrateful, nor am I for making so hard a bargain, as not to consent that the amount of the rent of such island be appraised, and my salary be deducted. Look you, said *Don Quixote*, I could easily appoint you wages, had I ever met with any precedent among the histories of knights errant. I have read all, or most of those histories, and do not remember ever to have read that any knight errant allowed his squire set wages. I only know that all served upon courtesy, and if their masters had good luck, they were rewarded with an island, or at least remained with a title and dignity. If *Sancho*, upon the strength of these expectations you are willing to return to my service, do so, if not we are as we were; for if the dove-house wants not bait, it will never want pigeons: a good reversion is better than a bad possession, and a good demand than bad pay. I talk thus *Sancho*, to let you see that I can let fly a volley of proverbs as well as you.

When *Sancho* heard his master's resolution the wings of his heart downright flagged, for till now he verily believed he would not go without him for the world's worth. While he stood thus thoughtful, came in *Sampson Carrasco*, and the niece and the housekeeper, who had fetched him, thinking he might be able to persuade *Don Quixote* from his extravagant purpose. *Sampson*, who was a notable wag, embracing *Don Quixote*, he exalted his voice and said, O resplendent light of arms! O honour of the Spanish nation! May the person or persons who shall disappoint your third
sally,

fally, never find the way out of the labyrinth of their desires, or ever accomplish what they so ardently wish. Go on then, Signor *Don Quixote*, let your Worship lose no time, but set forward rather to day than to morrow, and if your magnificence stands in need of a squire I shall think it a singular piece of good fortune to serve you as such.

Don Quixote turning to *Sancho* said, did I not tell you that I should have squires enough and to spare? Behold who is it that offers himself but the Batchelor *Sampson Carrasco*, the darling of the *Salamancan* schools, with all the qualifications necessary to the squire of a knight errant!—but heaven forbid I should endanger this pillar of literature, let him abide in his own country, and do it honour, for I will make shift with any squire whatever, since *Sancho* designs not to go along with me. I do design, quoth *Sancho*, his eyes overflowing with tears; it shall never be said of me, dear master, the bread is eaten, and the company broke up. Let us set out immediately, and I again offer myself to serve your Worship faithfully and loyally, and better than all the squires that ever served knights errant in past or present times.

The Batchelor stood in admiration, and said to himself that two such fools as master and man were never before seen in the world. In fine, *Don Quixote* and *Sancho* being perfectly reconciled, embraced each other, and with the approbation of the grand *Carrasco*, now their oracle, it was decreed that their departure should be within three days. The curses which the housekeeper and the niece heaped upon the Batchelor were not to be numbered; they tore their hair, and lamented the approaching departure, as if it were the death of their master. The design *Sampson* had in persuading him to fally forth again, was to execute a scheme, by advice of the priest and barber with whom he had plotted before hand.

hand. In short, in three days *Don Quixote* and *Sancho*, furnished themselves with what they thought convenient, and in the dusk of the evening, unobserved by any body, they took the road to *Toboso*, *Don Quixote* upon his good *Roxinante*, and *Sancho* upon his old *Dapple*, his wallets stored with provisions and his purse with money, which his master had given him against whatever might happen.



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C H A P. XX.

What befel DON QUIXOTE as he was going to visit his LADY DULCINEA, with the cunning used by SANCHE in enchanting her, with other events as ridiculous as true.

FRIEND Sancho, said Don Quixote, the night is coming on apace, and with too much darkness for us to reach *Toboso* by day light, whither I am resolved to go, before I undertake any other adventure; there will I receive the blessing and the good leave of the peerless *Dulcinea*, with which leave I am well assured of finishing, and giving a happy conclusion to every perilous adventure. They passed that night and the following day in edifying discourses, without any accident worth relating, whereat Don Quixote was not a little grieved. Next day they descried the great city of *Toboso*, at sight whereof Don Quixote's spirits were much elevated, and Sancho's as much dejected, because he did not know *Dulcinea's* house, and had never seen her in his life, no more than his master had; and he knew not what to do when his master should send him to *Toboso*. Don Quixote resolved to enter the city about nightfall, and till that hour came they staid among some oak trees near the town; half the night was spent when they left the mountain and entered *Toboso*. The town was all hushed in silence, for its inhabitants were found asleep. Sancho, said Don Quixote, lead on before to *Dulcinea's* palace, for it may be we shall find her awake. To what palace? Body of the sun! answered Sancho, that I saw her highness in was but a very little house. She must have been retired at that time, answered Don Quixote, to some small apartment,

apartment of her castle, amusing herself with her damsels. Since your Worship, quoth *Sancho*, will needs have my Lady *Dulcinea's* house to be a castle, is this an hour to find the gates open? And is it fit we should stand thundering at the door till they let us in, putting the whole house in an uproar? First, to make one thing sure let us find this castle, replied *Don Quixote*, and look *Sancho*, either my eyes deceive me, or that great bulk we see yonder must be *Dulcinea's* palace. Perhaps it may be so, answered *Sancho*, though if I were to see it with my eyes, I will believe it just as much as I believe it is now day.

Don Quixote led the way till he came up to the bulk, and perceived it was a large steeple, and presently knew that the building was no palace, but the principal church of the place; whereupon he said, we are come to the church *Sancho*. I find we are, answered *Sancho*, and pray God we be not come to our graves, for it is no good sign to be rambling about church-yards at such hours, and especially since I have told your Worship that this same Lady's house stands in an alley. God's curse light on thee, thou blockhead, said *Don Quixote*, where have you found that royal palaces are built in alleys? Sir, replied *Sancho*, each country has its customs; perhaps it is the fashion in *Toboso*, to build your palaces in alleys; and therefore I beseech your Worship to let me look about among these lanes or alleys, and it may be I may pop upon this same palace, which I wish I may see devoured by dogs, for bewildering us at this rate. Speak with respect of my Lady's matters, quoth *Don Quixote*. I will curb myself, answered *Sancho*, but with what patience can I bear to think that your Worship will needs have me know your mistress's house, and find it at midnight, having seen it but once: it will be better to retire out of the city, and that your Worship shelter yourself in some grove thereabouts, and I will return by daylight, and leave no corner in all the town unsearch-

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ed for this palace of my Lady's, and as soon as I have found it, I will speak to her ladyship and tell her, where your Worship is waiting for her orders, for you to see her without prejudice to her reputation. *Sancho*, quoth *Don Quixote*, the counsel you give I relish much, and accept of heartily; come along, and let us seek where we may take covert; afterwards you shall return to speak to my Lady, from whose courtesy I expect more than miraculous favours. *Sancho* made haste to be gone, which they did instantly, and about two miles from the place they found a grove, in which *Don Quixote* took shelter, while *Sancho* returned back to the city to speak to *Dulcinea*.

Sancho left *Don Quixote* on horseback, resting on his stirrups, and leaning upon his lance full of confused imaginations; he was scarcely got out of the grove, when turning about his head, and finding that *Don Quixote* was not in sight, he lighted from his beast, and sitting himself down at the foot of a tree, he began to talk with himself, saying, this master of mine is mad enough to be tied in his bed; and in truth I come very little behind him; nay, I am madder than he to follow him and serve him; he then being so mad as frequently to mistake one thing for another, it will not be very difficult to make him believe that the first country wench I light upon is the Lady *Dulcinea*; and should he not believe it, I will swear to it; and if he swears, I will out-swear him, in such a manner, that mine shall be uppermost, come what will of it. Perhaps by this positiveness I shall put an end to his sending me again upon such errands, or perhaps he will think, as I imagine he will, that some wicked enchanter has changed her form to do him mischief.

This project set *Sancho's* spirits at rest, and he reckoned his business as good as half done; so staying where he was till towards evening, that *Don Quixote* might think he had spent so much time in going and returning, every thing fell out so luckily for him, that when he got up to mount his *Dapple*, he espied
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three country wenches coming towards the place where he was, upon three young asses. As soon as *Sancho* espied the lasses, he rode back at a round rate to seek his master, whom he found breathing a thousand amorous sighs. As soon as *Don Quixote* saw him, he said, well friend *Sancho*, do you bring good news. So good answered *Sancho*, that your Worship has no more to do but to clap spurs to *Roxinante*, and get out upon the plain to see the Lady *Dulcinea del Toboso*, who with a couple of her damsels, is coming to make your Worship a visit. Let us go, son *Sancho*, answered *Don Quixote*, and as a reward for this news, I bequeath you the choicest spoils I shall gain in my next adventure; and if that will not satisfy you, I bequeath you the colts my three mares shall foal this year upon our town-common. I stick to the colts, answered *Sancho*, for it is not very certain that the spoils of your next adventure will be worth much.

By this time they espied the three wenches very near. *Don Quixote* darted his eyes over all the road, and seeing nobody but the three wenches, he was much troubled, and asked *Sancho* whether they were come out of the city when he left them? Out of the city, answered *Sancho*, are your Worship's eyes in the nape of your neck, that you do not see it is they who are coming, shining like the sun at noon day. I see only three country wenches, said *Don Quixote*, on three asses. Now God help me from the devil, answered *Sancho*, is it possible that three palfreys, white as the driven snow, should appear to you to be asses? snuff those eyes of yours, and come and make your reverence to the mistress of your thoughts. So saying, he advanced to meet the wenches, and alighting from *Dapple*, he laid hold of one of their asses by the halter, and bending both knees to the ground, he said, Queen, Princess, and Dutchess of beauty, be pleased to receive into your grace your capital knight, who stands yonder turned into stone, to find himself before your magnificent presence. I am *Sancho Panza* his squire, and he is that forlorn knight *Don Quixote*

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de la Mancha, otherwise called the knight of the sorrowful figure.

Don Quixote had now placed himself on his knees close by *Sancho*, and with disturbed eyes looked wishfully at her whom *Sancho* called queen and lady, and as he saw nothing in her but a homely country girl, he was confounded and amazed. The wenches too were astonished to see their companion stopped by two men of such different aspects, and both on their knees; but she who was stopped broke silence, and in an angry tone said—get out of the road, and be hanged, and let us pass by, for we are in haste. To which *Sancho* made answer, O Princess of *Toboso*, does not your magnificent heart relent, to see kneeling before your sublimated presence the pillar and prop of knight errantry? which one of the other two hearing, said, look ye how these small gentry come to make a jest of us poor country girls, as if we did not know how to give them as good as they bring; be gone your way, and let us go ours, and so speed you well. Rise *Sancho*, said *Don Quixote*, for I now perceive that fortune has barred all the avenues, whereby any relief might come to this wretched soul I bear about me in the flesh. And thou, O extreme of all that is valuable, sole remedy of this disconsolate heart that adores thee, though now some wicked enchanter persecutes me, spreading cataracts over my eyes, and has to them, and them only, transformed thy peerless beauty, into that of a poor country wench; afford me one kind and amorous look, and let this submissive posture before your disguised beauty, tell you the humility wherewith my soul adores you. Marry come up, quoth the wench with your idle gibberish—get you gone, and let us go. *Sancho* moved off, and let her go, highly delighted that he was come off so well with his contrivance. The imaginary *Dulcinea*, was scarcely at liberty, when pricking her beast with a goad she had in a stick, she began to scour along the field, and her companions after her, and set a running

running, without looking behind them, for above half a league.

Don Quixote followed them with his eyes, and when they were out of sight, turning to *Sancho*, he said, how am I persecuted by enchanters, surely I was born to be an example to the unhappy! And these traitors were not contented with barely transforming my *Dulcinea* into the mean resemblance of that country wench, at the same time robbing her of that which is peculiar to great ladies, the fragrant scent occasioned by being always among flowers and perfumes; for I must tell you *Sancho*, that when I approached to help *Dulcinea* upon her palfrey (as you call it, though to me it appeared to be nothing but an ass) she gave me such a whiff of indigested garlick, as almost poisoned my very soul. O scoundrels! cried *Sancho*, O evil minded enchanters! O that I might see you all hung up by the gills, like herrings a smokeing; but tell me *Sancho*, said *Don Quixote*, that which to me appeared to be a pannel, and which you adjusted, was it a side saddle or a pillion? It was a side saddle, answered *Sancho*, with a field covering, worth half a kingdom for the richness of it. And why could not I see all this *Sancho*? quoth *Don Quixote*—well I repeat it a thousand times, that I am the most unfortunate of men. The sly rogue *Sancho* had much ado to forbear laughing to hear the fooleries of his master, who was so delicately gulled. They mounted their beasts again, and followed the road to *Saragossa*, which they intended to reach in time to be present at the solemn festival, in honour of *St. George*; but before their arrival there befel them things, which for their novelty deserve to be written and read, as will be seen.

C H A P. XXI.

The strange adventure which befel the valorous DON QUIXOTE, with the cart of the Parliament of Death; with his rencounter with the brave KNIGHT OF THE LOOKING GLASSES.

DON QUIXOTE went on his way exceedingly pensive, to think what a base trick the enchanters had plaid him. Perhaps *Sancho* said he, the enchantment may not extend so far, as to conceal *Dulcinea* from the knowledge of the vanquished knights or giants, who shall present themselves before her, and we will make the experiment upon one or two of the first I overcome, and send them with orders to return and give me an account of what happens, with respect to this business. I say Sir, replied *Sancho*, that I mightily approve of what your Worship has said, for by this trial we shall come to the knowledge of what we desire; but if the lady *Dulcinea* have health and contentment, we for our parts will make a shift, and bear it as well as we can, pursuing our adventures and leaving it to time to do his work. *Don Quixote* would have answered, but was prevented by a carts crossing before him, loaden with the strangest figures and personages imaginable. He who guided the mules was a frightful dæmon. The cart was uncovered, without awning or sides. This appearing of a sudden did in some sort startle *Don Quixote*, and frightened *Sancho* to the heart; but *Don Quixote* presently rejoiced at it, believing it to be some new and perilous adventure; and with this thought he planted himself just before the cart, and with a menacing voice, said, Carter, or devil, or whatever you are, tell me who you are, whither you are going, and who are the persons you are carrying in that coach-wagon? To which the devil, stopping the cart, calmly replied,

replied, Sir, we are strollers; this morning we have been performing in a village on the other side of yon hill, a piece representing the *Parliament of Death*. And this evening, we are to play it again in that village before us; which being so near, to save ourselves the trouble of dressing and undressing, we come in the cloaths we are to act our parts in: that lad acts death, the other an angel, yonder woman a queen, that other a soldier, he an emperor, and I a devil. If your Worship would know any more of us ask me, and I will answer you most punctually, for being a devil I know every thing. Upon the faith of a knight-errant, answered *Don Quixote*, when I first espied this cart, I imagined some great adventure offered itself. God be with you, good people, go and act your play, and if there be any thing, in which I may be of service to you, command me.

While they were thus engaged in discourse, there came up one of the company in an antick dress, hung round with bells, and carrying at the end of a stick three blown ox-bladders. This masque approaching, *Don Quixote* began to fence with the stick, and to beat the bladders against the ground, tinkling all the bells, which so startled *Roxinante*, that *Don Quixote*, not being able to hold him in, he fell a running about the field, a greater pace than the bones of his anatomy seemed to promise. *Sancho* leaped from *Dapple*, and ran to help his master; but scarce had *Sancho* quitted his beast, when the bladder-dancing devil jumped upon *Dapple*, and thumping him with the bladders, fear and the noise made him fly towards the village, where they were going to act. In this perplexity, *Sancho*, having reinstated his master, said to him, Sir the devil has run away with *Dapple*. What devil demanded *Don Quixote*—he with the bladders, answered *Sancho*. Follow me, *Sancho* said *Don Quixote*, for I will chastise the unmannerlings of this devil, at the expence of some of his company, though it were the Emperor himself. Good your Worship, quoth *Sancho*, never think of it, but take my advice, never

to meddle with players ; for they are a people mightily beloved, and the ass is returned back. For all that, answered *Don Quixote*, that satirical devil shall not escape me ; and so saying, he rode after the cart, and calling aloud he said, Stop a little, merry Sirs, and let me teach you how to treat asses and cattle, that serve to mount the squires of knights-errant. The players heard him, and judging of his design, in an instant they all jumped out, and taking up stones ranged themselves in battle array. *Don Quixote* set himself to consider how he might attack them with least danger to his person. While he delayed, *Sancho* came up, and said to him, It is mere madness, Sir, to attempt such an enterprise ; but if this consideration does not prevail with you to be quiet, be assured that among all those who stand there, though there appear to be princes, kings, and emperors, there is not one knight-errant. Now indeed, said *Don Quixote*, you have hit the point *Sancho*, I neither can nor ought to draw my sword against any who are not dubbed knights. Let us leave these phantoms, and seek more substantial adventures ; then he wheeled *Roxinante* about ; *Sancho* took his *Dapple*, Death and his squadron returned to their cart, and pursued their way ; and this was the happy conclusion of the terrible adventure of death's cart ; thanks to the wholesome advice *Sancho* gave his master.

Don Quixote and his squire passed the night under some lofty trees ; and after refreshing themselves with some of the provisions carried by *Dapple*, *Sancho* fell asleep at the foot of a cork tree, and *Don Quixote* slumbered under an oak, but it was not long before he was awaked by a noise behind him, and starting up, he began to look about, and to listen from whence the noise came. Presently he perceived two men on horseback, one of whom dismounting, said to the other, alight friend, and unbridle the horses ; for this place seems as if it would afford them pasture enough, and me that silence and solitude my amorous thoughts require. And laying himself along on the ground, his

armour made a rattling noise, a manifest token from whence *Don Quixote* concluded he must be a knight-errant; and going to *Sancho*, who was fast asleep, he awaked him, and said to him, with a low voice; brother *Sancho* we have an adventure; God fend it be a good one, answered *Sancho*; and pray Sir, where may her ladyship, madam Adventure be? Turn your eyes and look, replied *Don Quixote*, and you will see a knight-errant lying along, who to my thoughts does not seem to be overpleased; but hearken, for by his spitting and clearing his pipes, he should be preparing himself to sing. In good faith so it is, answered *Sancho*, and he must be some knight or other in love. There is no knight-errant but is so, said *Don Quixote*, and let us listen to him. *Sancho* would have replied, but the *Knight of the Woods* voice hindered him, and while they both stood amazed, they heard him sing these words.

*Bright Authorefs of my good or ill,
Prescribe the law, I must observe;
My heart, obedient to thy will,
Shall never from its duty swerve.*

The knight ended his song with a deep ah! fetched as it seemed from the very bottom of his heart, and after some pause, with a complaining voice he said, O the most beautiful and most ungrateful woman of the world! Is it then possible, *Casildea de Vandalia*, that you should suffer this your captive knight, to pine away in continual travels? Is it not enough that I have caused you to be acknowledged the most consummate beauty in the world, by all the knights of *Navarra*, all those of *Leon*, all the *Castilians*, ay and all the knights of *La Mancha* too? Not so, quoth *Don Quixote*, for I am of *La Mancha*, and never have acknowledged any such thing. The knight, hearing a voice, stood up, and said with an audible voice, who goes there? Are ye of the number of the happy, or of the afflicted? Of the afflicted answered *Don Quixote*, come hither to me

me then, answered the *Knight of the Wood*; *Don Quixote* went up to him, and *Sancho* did the same; the wailing knight laid hold of *Don Quixote* by the arm, saying: sit down here, Sir knight, for to know that you are such, it is sufficient to have found you in this place, where your companions are solitude, and the night dew, the natural beds, and proper stations, of knights errant.

To which *Don Quixote* answered: a knight I am, and though sorrows and misfortunes have got possession of my mind, yet they have not chased away that compassion I have for other men's misfortunes: from what you sung just now, I gathered that yours are of the amorous kind. Peradventure you are in love, Sir knight, said he of *the wood*, to *Don Quixote*. By misadventure I am, answered *Don Quixote*; though the mischiefs arising from well placed affections, ought rather to be accounted blessings than disasters: I never was disdained by my mistress. No verily, quoth *Sancho*, for my lady is as gentle as a lamb. Is this your squire, demanded the *Knight of the Wood*? He is, replied *Don Quixote*. I never in my life saw a squire, replied the other, who durst presume to talk where his lord was talking; at least yonder stands mine, and it cannot be proved that he ever opened his lips where I was speaking. In faith, quoth *Sancho* I have talked and can talk before one as good as — and perhaps — but let that rest; for the more you stir it — The *Knight of the Wood's* squire took *Sancho* by the arm and said, let us go where we may talk by ourselves all we have a mind to, and leave these masters of ours, to have their bellies full of relating the histories of their lives to each other. With all my heart, quoth *Sancho*, and I will tell you who I am, that you may see whether I am fit to make one among the most talkative squires.

The knights and squires being separated, the squire of the wood said to *Sancho* — We who are squires to knights errant lead a toilsome life; in good truth we eat our bread with the sweat of our brows. It would

not be quite so bad, said *Sancho*, did we but eat at all; for good fare lessens care: but it now and then happens, that we pass a whole day or two, without breaking our fast, unless it be upon air; all this may be endured, quoth he of the Wood, with the hopes we entertain of the reward: for if the knight errant whom a squire serves is not over and above unlucky, he must in a short time find himself recompensed, at least with a handsome government of some island, or some petty earldom. I, replied *Sancho* have already told my master, that I should be satisfied with the government of any island; and he is so generous that he has promised it me a thousand times. I, said he of the Wood, should think myself amply rewarded with a canonry, and my master has already ordered me one. It would be far better for us, who profess this cursed service, to retire home to our houses, and pass our time there in more easy employments. I have a wife and two children, answered *Sancho*, and that I may return and see them again, I beseech God to deliver me from this dangerous profession of a squire, into which I have been a second time enticed and deluded by this fool my master, who to my knowledge is more of the madman than of the knight. Now you talk of madman, answered he of the Wood, there is not a greater in the world than the master I serve, for that another knight may recover his wits he loses his own; and is searching after that which when found may hit him in the teeth. Is he in love, demanded *Sancho*? Yes, quoth the squire, with one *Casildea de Vandalia*, but that is not the foot he halts on at present; he has some other crotchets in his pate, and we shall hear of them anon. Madness will have more followers than discretion, replied *Sancho*, but if the common saying be true, that 'tis some relief to have partners in grief, I may comfort myself with your worship, who serve a master as crack-brained as my own. Crack-brained but valiant, answered he of the Wood, and more knavish than either. Mine is not so, answered *Sancho*, he has nothing of the knave in him.
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he knows not how to do ill to any but good to all; bears no malice: a child may persuade him it is night at noon-day: and for this simplicity I love him as my life, and cannot find in my heart to leave him, let him commit never so many extravagancies.

Here *Sancho*, beginning to spit every now and then, and very dry, the Squire of the Wood, who observed it, said, methinks we have talked till our tongues cleave to the roof of our mouths; but I have at my saddle-bow that which will loosen them: and rising up he soon returned with a large bottle of wine, and a pasty half a yard long. *Sancho* fell too without staying to be intreated, and said, your Worship is a squire magnificent and great, and not as I am, a poor unfortunate wretch who have nothing in my wallet but a piece of cheese, so hard that you may knock out a giant's brains with it. By my faith brother, replied he of the Wood, I carry cold meats, and this bottle hanging at my saddle-pommel, happen what will; and so saying he put the bottle into *Sancho's* hand, who setting it to his mouth, stood gazing at the stars for a quarter of an hour: and having done drinking he let fall his head on one side, and fetching a deep sigh exclaimed, O how catholic it is! The two squires talked and drank so much, till with their meat half chewed, both keeping fast hold of the bottle, they fell asleep; where we will leave them to relate what passed between the *Knight of the Wood* and him of the *sorrowful figure*.

C H A P. XXII.

Continuation of the adventure of the KNIGHT OF THE WOOD, giving an account who the knight of the LOOKING GLASSES, and his squire were.

AMONG sundry discourses which passed between the two knights, he of *the Wood*, said to *Don Quixote*—In short, Sir knight, I would have you to know that my destiny led me to fall in love with the peerless *Casildea de Vandalia*, she repaid my honourable desires by employing me in many and various perils, promising me at the end of each of them that the next should crown my hopes: but she still goes on adding link to link upon the chain of my labours, in short she has at last commanded me to travel over all the provinces of *Spain*, and oblige all the knights I shall find wandering therein, to confess that she alone excels in beauty all beauties this day living, and that I am the most valiant, and most completely enamoured knight in the world. In obedience to which command I have already traversed the greatest part of *Spain*, and have vanquished divers knights, but what I most value myself upon is, the having vanquished in single combat, the so renowned knight *Don Quixote de la Mancha*, and made him confess that my *Casildea* is more beautiful than his *Dulcinea*. *Don Quixote* was amazed to hear the *Knight of the Wood*, and was ready a thousand times to give him the lye, but he restrained himself in order to make him confess the lye with his own mouth, and therefore he said very calmly, Sir knight, that you may have vanquished most of the knights errant of *Spain* I will not dispute, but that you have conquered *Don Quixote de la Mancha* I somewhat doubt. By the canopy of heaven, replied he of the Wood, I fought with *Don Quixote*, vanquished him, and made him submit; his squire

quire is a country fellow, called *Sancho Panca*, he governs the reins of a famous steed, called *Rozinante*; if these tokens are not sufficient to prove the truth of what I say, here is my sword, which shall make incredulity itself believe it. Be not in a passion, Sir knight, said *Don Quixote*: you are to know that this *Don Quixote* you speak of is the greatest friend I have in the world, insomuch, that I may say he is as it were my very self. He that you have subdued cannot be the same, unless it be that having many enchanters his enemies, some one of them may have assumed his shape, and suffered himself to be vanquished, in order to defraud him of the fame his exalted feats of chivalry have acquired over the face of the whole earth. After all, here stands *Don Quixote* himself ready to maintain it by force of arms on foot, or on horseback, or in whatever manner you please; so saying he grasped his sword, expecting what resolution the *Knight of the Wood* would take: who calmly answered, he who could once vanquish you, *Signor Don Quixote*, when transformed, may well hope to make you yield in your own proper person; let us wait for day-light, that the sun may be witness of our exploits: and the condition of our combat shall be, that the conquered shall be entirely at the mercy and disposal of the conqueror, provided that he command nothing but what a knight may with honour submit to. I am satisfied with this compact, answered *Don Quixote*, and hereupon they went and awaked their squires, ordering them to get ready their steeds, for at sun-rise they were to engage in a bloody and unparallelled single combat, at which news *Sancho* was ready to swoon; but the two squires, without speaking a word, went to look their cattle and found them altogether, for the three horses and *Dapple* had smelt one another out.

Scarcely had the clearness of the day given opportunity to distinguish objects, when the first thing that presented itself to *Sancho's* eyes, was the squire of the wood's nose, which was so large that it almost overshadowed his whole body. At sight thereof *Sancho* began

began to tremble hand and foot, like a child in a fit. *Don Quixote* viewed his antagonist, and found he had his helmet on and the bever down, so that he could not see his face; over his armour, he wore a kind of surtout, seemingly of the finest gold, besprinkled with sundry little moons, of resplendent *looking glass*, which made a most splendid shew. *Don Quixote* judged that the aforesaid knight must needs be of great strength, but he was not therefore daunted; on the contrary, with a gallant boldness he said to the *Knight of the Looking Glasses*, Sir knight, I entreat you to lift up your bever a little, that I may see whether the sprightliness of your countenance be answerable to your figure. Whether you be vanquished or victorious in the enterprize, Sir knight, answered he of the *Looking Glasses*, there will be time and leisure enough for seeing me: and if I do not now comply with your desire, it is because I think I should do a very great wrong to the beautiful *Casildea de Vandalia*, to lose so much time, as the lifting up my bever would take up; before I make you confess what you know I pretend to. That is sufficient, answered *Don Quixote*, let us to horse, and if God, my mistress, and my arm avail me, I will see your face, and you shall see, I am not that vanquished *Don Quixote* you imagine.

Cutting short the discourse they mounted, and *Don Quixote* wheeled *Rozinante* about, to take as much ground as was convenient for encountering his opponent, and he of the *Looking Glasses* did the like. At this juncture the squire's strange nose presented itself to *Don Quixote's* sight, who was no less surprized at it than *Sancho*, insomuch that he looked upon him to be some monster. *Sancho* seeing his master set forth to take his career, would not stay alone with long-nose, therefore he ran after him, and when he thought it was time for him to face about, he said: I beseech your Worship, dear Sir, that before you turn about to engage, you will be so kind to help me into your cork tree, for to tell you the truth, the prodigious nose of that squire fills me with dread, and I dare

not

not stand near him. In truth, said *Don Quixote* it is so frightful, that were I not who I am I should be afraid myself, and therefore I will help you up.

While *Don Quixote* was busied in helping *Sancho*, he of the *Looking Glasses* took as large a compass as he thought necessary, and turning about his horse, he advanced to encounter his enemy; but finding him employed in helping up *Sancho* he reined in his steed, and stopped in the midst of his career. *Don Quixote*, thinking his enemy was coming full speed against him, attacked him with such force, that, in spite of him he bore him to the ground, and such was his fall that he lay motionless, without any signs of life. *Sancho* no sooner saw him fallen than he slid down from the tree, and in all haste ran to his master, who alighting from *Roxinante*, was got upon him of the *Looking Glasses*, and unlacing his helmet to see whether he was dead or alive, when he saw ——— but who can express what he saw, without causing admiration, and terror in all that hear it? He saw the very face, figure, effigies, and picture of the batchelor *Sampson Carrasco*; and as soon as he saw him, he cried out come hither *Sancho*, make haste and observe what magic, what wizards, and enchanters can do! *Sancho* approached, and seeing the batchelor's face, he began to cross, and bless himself a thousand times over. I am of opinion Sir, said *Sancho*, that right or wrong, your Worship should thrust your sword down the throat of him who seems so like the Batchelor *Sampson Carrasco*: perhaps in him you may kill some one of those enchanters your enemies. You do not say amiss, quoth *Don Quixote*; and drawing his sword to put *Sancho's* advice into execution, the squire of the *Looking Glasses* drew near, without the nose that made him look so frightful, and cried aloud; Have a care Signor *Don Quixote* what you do, for he who lies at your feet, is the batchelor, *Sampson Carrasco*, your friend, and I am his squire. *Sancho* seeing him without that former ugliness, said--And the nose? to which he answered, I have it here in my pocket,

and putting in his hand, he pulled out a paste-board nose painted and varnished; and *Sancho* eying him more and more, with a voice of admiration, said, Blessed Virgin defend me! Is not this *Tom Cecial*, my neighbour and gossip! Indeed am I, answered the un-nosed squire, and I will inform you presently what lies and wiles brought me hither: in the mean time intreat your master not to maltreat, wound, or kill the *Knight of the Looking Glasses*: for there is nothing more sure than that he is the daring and ill-advised batchelor, *Sampson Carrasco*, our countryman.

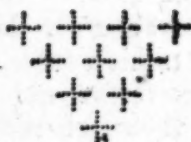
By this time he of the *Looking Glasses* was come to himself, which *Don Quixote* perceiving, he clapped the point of his sword to his throat, and said. You are a dead man, knight, if you do not confess, that the peerless *Dulcinea del Toboso*, excels in beauty your *Casildea de Vandalia*; and further you must promise to go to the city of *Toboso*, and present yourself before her, that she may dispose of you as she shall think fit; and if she leaves you at your own disposal, then you shall return and find me out, to tell me what passes between her and you. I confess, said the fallen knight, that the lady *Dulcinea*, excels in beauty *Casildea*, and I promise to go and return from her presence to your's, and give you an exact account of what you require of me. You must likewise confess, that the knight you vanquished could not be *Don Quixote de la Mancha*, as I do confess and believe, that you, though in appearance the batchelor *Sampson Carrasco*, are not he, but some other whom my enemies have purposely transformed into his likeness, to make me use with moderation the glory of my conquest. I confess and allow every thing, as you believe and allow, answered the disjointed knight—suffer me to rise, if the hurt of my fall will permit, for I am sorely bruised. *Don Quixote* helped him to rise, as did his squire, whom *Sancho* asked things, the answers to which convinced him of his being really that *Tom Cecial* he said he was, but he was so prepossessed by what his master had said of the enchanters having changed

changed the knight of the *Looking Glasses* into the batchelor *Sampson Carrasco*, that he could not give credit to what he saw with his eyes : in short, master and man remained under this mistake, and he of the *Looking Glasses*, with his squire, in ill plight, parted from *Don Quixote* and *Sancho*, to look for some convenient place where he might splinter his ribs. *Don Quixote* and *Sancho* continued their journey to *Saragossa*.

When the batchelor *Sampson Carrasco* advised *Don Quixote* to resume his exploits of chivalry, he, the priest and the barber had first consulted together, about the means of persuading *Don Quixote* to stay peaceably at home, without distracting himself any more about his unlucky adventures ; and it was concluded that they should let *Don Quixote* make another fall, since it seemed impossible to detain him, and that *Sampson* should also fall forth like a knight errant, and encounter him in fight, and so vanquish him, which would be an easy matter to do, and so *Don Quixote* being conquered, he should command him to return home to his village, and not stir out of it till he had received farther orders from him. *Tom Cecial*, *Sancho's* neighbour, offered his service to be the squire. *Sampson* armed himself, and the squire fitted the counterfeit nose to his face, that he might not be known, and so they took the same road that *Don Quixote* had taken, and lighted on them in the wood, where befel them what has been related. *Tom Cecial*, seeing how ill they had sped, said to the batchelor, For certain, Signor *Sampson* we have been rightly served. *Don Quixote* is mad, and we think ourselves wise ; he gets off sound, and your Worship remains fore ; now pray which is the greatest madman, he who is so because he cannot help it, or he who is so on purpose ? The difference is, said *Sampson*, that he who cannot help being mad, will always be so ; and he who plays the fool on purpose, may give over when he thinks fit. If it be so, quoth *Tom*, I was mad when I had a mind to be your Worship's squire, and
now

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now I have a mind to be so no longer, and to get home to my house. It is fit you should, answered *Sampson*, but to think that I will return to mine till I have soundly bruised this same *Don Quixote*, is to be greatly mistaken: and it is not now the desire of curing him that prompts me to seek him, but a desire of being revenged on him, for the pain of my ribs will not let me entertain more charitable considerations. They went on till they came to a village, where they met with a bone-setter, who cured the unfortunate *Sampson*. *Tom Cecial* left him, and he staid behind meditating revenge: and will appear again in due time.



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C H A P XXIII.

Of what befel DON QUIXOTE with a discreet gentleman of LA MANCHA, wherein is also set forth the last and highest point at which the unheard of courage of DON QUIXOTE ever did or could arrive; with the happy conclusion of the adventure of the lions.

DON QUIXOTE pursued his journey, imagining upon account of his late victory, that he was the most valiant knight errant the world could boast of in that age. He was wholly taken up with these thoughts, when there overtook them a man upon a fine flea bitten mare, and in a surtout of fine green cloth, and a hunter's cap: he had a *Moorish* scimitar, hanging at a shoulder belt of green and gold; when he came up to them, he saluted them courteously, *Don Quixote* returned his salute, saying, Sir, if you are going our way, I should take it for a favour we might join company. The traveller consented, wondering at the air and countenance of *Don Quixote*, who rode without his helmet, which *Sancho* carried at the pommel of his ass's pannel. *Don Quixote* stared no less at him, taking him to be some person of consequence. What he in green thought of *Don Quixote* was, that he had never seen such a figure before. *Don Quixote* took notice how the traveller surveyed him, and being the pink of 'courtesy, before he could ask him any question, he prevented him, saying—This figure of mine which your Worship sees, being so much out of the way, I do not wonder if you are surprized at it; but you will cease to be so when I tell you, that I am, one of those knights whom people call, *seekers of adventures*. I had a mind to revive the long deceased chivalry—I have accomplished a great

great part of my design, succouring widows, protecting damsels, aiding orphans, the proper office of knights errant; to sum up all in one word, know I am *Don Quixote de la Mancha*, otherwise called the *knight of the sorrowful figure*; so that, worthy Sir, neither this horse, this squire, this armour, nor my meagre lankness, ought from henceforward to be matter of wonder to you, now that you know who I am, and the profession I follow.

The traveller, after some pause, said, What! is it possible that there are knights errant now in the world? I never could have thought there was any body now upon earth, who relieved widows, succoured damsels or protected orphans, nor should yet have believed it, had I not seen it in your Worship with my own eyes. Blessed be heaven! your exalted achievements must have cast into oblivion the numberless fables of fictitious knights errant, with which the world was filled. There is a great deal to be said, answered *Don Quixote*, upon this subject, whether the histories of knights errant are fictitious or not. Why, is there any one, answered the other, that has the least suspicion that those histories are not false? I have, quoth *Don Quixote*, but no more of that, for if we travel any time together, I hope to convince you Sir, that you have done amiss, in suffering yourself to be carried away by the current of those who take it for granted they are not true: from these last words of *Don Quixote*, the traveller began to suspect he must be some madman, and waited for a further confirmation of his suspicion; but before they fell into any other discourse, *Don Quixote* desired him to tell him who he was. I am, Sir knight, said he, a gentleman, native of a village, where we shall dine to day, my name is *Don Diego de Miranda*, I spend my time with my wife, my children, and my friends: my table is neat and clean, and tolerably furnished; I share my substance with the poor, making no parade of my good works, nor harbouring in my breast hypocrisy and vain glory, those enemies, which

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which so sily get possession of the best-guarded hearts. I endeavour to make peace between those that are at variance; and I always trust in the infinite mercy of God. *Don Quixote* then asked him how many children he had. I have one son, answered the gentleman, he is eighteen years old, six he has been learning the Greek and Latin languages, and when I was desirous he should study other sciences, I found him so over-head and ears in poetry, that there was no prevailing with him to look into the law, nor into divinity, the queen of all sciences.

Children, answered *Don Quixote*, must be loved and cherished as part of ourselves; as to forcing them to this or that science, I do not hold it to be right, I should be for indulging him in pursuit of that to which his genius is most inclined, and though that of poetry be less profitable, than delightful, it is not one of those that are wont to disgrace the possessor: let your son follow the direction of his stars; for being so good a scholar as he must needs be, and having already happily mounted the first round of the ladder of the sciences, that of the languages, with the help of these he will by himself ascend to the top of human learning, which is no less an honour to a gentleman, than a mitre to a bishop, or the long robe to the learned in the law. The gentleman began to waver in his opinion, as to *Don Quixote's* being a madman, but in the midst of his conversation, *Sancho* was gone out of the road to beg a little milk of some shepherds, and now the gentleman was renewing this discourse, when on a sudden *Don Quixote* lifting up his eyes perceived a car with royal banners, coming the same road they were going, and believing it to be some new adventure, he called aloud to *Sancho* to give him his helmet!

Sancho was buying some curds of the shepherds, and being hurried by his master, he did not know what to do with them, and that he might not lose them, he bethought him of clapping them into his master's helmet, and with this excellent shift he came back

back to learn the commands of his lord, who said to him: Friend, give me the helmet, for either I know little of adventures, or that which I descry yonder, is one that will oblige me to have recourse to arms. *Don Diego* hearing this, cast his eyes every way, and discovered nothing but a car, coming towards them, with two or three small flags, by which he conjectured, that the said car was bringing some of the king's money: and so he told *Don Quixote*, but he believed him not, and replied—Preparation is half the battle, and nothing is lost by being upon one's guard; and turning about he demanded his helmet of *Sancho*, who not having time to take out the curds, was forced to give it him as it was. *Don Quixote* clapped it hastily upon his head, and as the curds were pressed, the whey began to run down his beard, at which he was so startled, that he said to *Sancho*, what can this mean? methinks my brains are melting, or I sweat from head to foot; if you have any thing to wipe withal, give it me, for the sweat quite blinds my eyes. *Sancho*, said nothing, and gave him a cloth, and with it, thanks to God that his master had not found out the truth. *Don Quixote* wiped himself, and took off his helmet to see what it was that so over-cooled his head; and seeing some white lumps in it, he put them to his nose, and smelling to them, said—By the life of my lady *Dulcinea del Toboso*, they are curds you have clapped in here, vile traitor, and inconsiderate squire! To which, *Sancho* answered, with great sullen, if they are curds give them me to eat, but the devil eat them for me, for it must be he that put them there—What! I offer to foul your Worship's helmet? In faith, Sir, I too have my enchanters, who persecute me, and I warrant have put that filthiness there, to provoke you to bang my sides as you used to do; but truly they have missed their aim, for your Worship will consider that I have neither curds or cream, and that if I had, I should sooner have put them into my stomach than into your honour's helmet. It may be so, quoth *Don Quixote*. All this *Don Diego* heard with

with admiration, especially when *Don Quixote* after having wiped his face, beard, and helmet, clapping it on and fixing himself firm in his stirrups, said, now come what will, for here am I prepared to encounter *Satan* himself in person.

By this time the car was come up, with the carter upon one of the mules, and a man sitting upon the fore-part. *Don Quixote* planted himself before them, and said—Whither go you brethren? what car is this? and what have you in it? To which the carter answered, the car is mine and in it are two fierce lions, sending to court as a present to his majesty; at present they are hungry, and therefore, Sir, get out of the way, for we must make haste to the place where we are to feed them. At which *Don Quixote* smiling, said; to me your lion whelps, and at this time of day! By the living God those who sent them hither, shall see whether I am a man to be scared by lions. Alight, honest friend, open the cases and turn out those beasts, for in the midst of this field will I make them know who *Don Quixote de la Muncha* is, in spite of the enchanters that sent them to me—Very well, quoth *Don Diego* to himself, our good knight has given us a specimen of what he is. Then *Sancho* came to him, and said for God's sake, Sir, order it so that my master may not encounter these lions; for if he does they will tear us all to pieces. What then is your master really so mad, answered *Don Diego*, that you believe he will attack such fierce animals? He is not mad, answered *Sancho*, but daring. I will make him desist, replied the gentleman; and going to *Don Quixote*, he said, Sir knight, the valour which borders too near upon the confines of rashness, has in it more of madness, than fortitude; besides these lions do not come to assail your Worship, they are going to be presented to his majesty, and it is not proper to hinder their journey. Sweet Sir, answered *Don Quixote*, go hence, and leave every one to his own business, this is mine, and I know whether these lions come against me or no; and turning to the keeper, he said, I vow, rascal, if

if you do not instantly open the cases with this lance will I pin you to the car. The carter said, good Sir, be pleased to let me take off my mules, and get with them out of danger before the lions are let loose.—Alight and unyoke, answered *Don Quixote*, for you shall quickly see you have laboured in vain, and might have saved yourself this trouble.

The carter alighted and unyoked in great haste, and the keeper said aloud—Bear witness, that by compulsion I open the case, and let loose the lions; and that I enter my protest against this gentleman, that all the mischief that these beasts do, shall be placed to his account, with my salary over and above: pray gentlemen shift for yourselves before I open; for as to myself I am sure they will do me no hurt. Consider Sir, quoth *Sancho*, that here is no enchantment, for I have seen through the grates of the case the claw of a true lion, and I guess by it that the lion is bigger than a mountain. However it be, answered *Don Quixote*, retire *Sancho* and leave me, and if I die here, repair to *Dulcinea*, I say no more.—Hastening the keeper, and repeating his menaces, *Don Diego* took occasion to clap spurs to his mare, *Sancho* to *Dapple*, and the carter to his mules, all endeavouring to get as far from the car as they could before the lions were let loose. The keeper seeing that the fugitives were a good way off, repeated his intreaties to *Don Quixote*, who answered, that all would signify nothing, and that he must make haste. *Don Quixote* considered whether it would be best to fight on foot or on horseback, at last he determined to fight on foot, lest *Roxinante* should be terrified at sight of the lions; thereupon he leaped from his horse, drew his sword, and marching slowly with marvellous intrepidity, he planted himself before the car, devoutly commending himself to his mistress *Dulcinea*.

The keeper seeing *Don Quixote* fixed in this posture, and that he could not avoid letting loose the lion, set wide open the door of the first cage, where lay the lion, which appeared to be of an extraordinary big-

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ness, and of a hideous aspect: The first thing he did was to turn himself round in the cage, reach out a paw, and stretch himself at full length; then he yawned very leisurely, licked the dust off his eyes, and washed his face with some half a yard of tongue. This done he thrust his head out of the cage, and stirred round with eyes of fire coals; a sight enough to have struck terror into temerity itself. *Don Quixote* observed him with attention, wishing he would leap out from the car, that he might tear him in pieces, but the generous lion, more civil than arrogant, after having stared about him, turned his back, and shewed his posteriors to *Don Quixote*, and with great calmness laid himself down again in the cage; which *Don Quixote* perceiving, he ordered the keeper to give him some blows, and provoke him to come forth. That I will not do, answered the keeper, for should I provoke him, I myself shall be the first he will tear in pieces. Be satisfied, Signor, and do not tempt fortune a second time; the lion has the door open, and since he has not yet come out, he will not come out all this day: the greatness of your worship's courage is sufficiently shewn, no brave combatant is obliged to more than challenge his foe, and if the antagonist does not meet him, the infamy lies at his door. That is true, answered *Don Quixote*, shut the door friend, and give me a certificate in the best form you can, of what you have seen me do here. Enchantments avaunt, and God help right and free chivalry; and so shut the door, while I make a signal to the fugitives, that they may have an account of this exploit from your own mouth.

The keeper did so, and *Don Quixote* clapping on the point of his lance the cloth wherewith he had wiped the curds from off his face, began to call out to the rest, who still fled, but *Sancbo*, chancing to spy the signal, said—May I be hanged if my master has not vanquished the wild beasts, since he calls to us. They came back to the car, and *Don Quixote* said to the carter—Put top your mules, and continue
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your journey, and *Sancho*, give two gold crowns to him and the keeper, to make them amends for my having detained them. That I will with all my heart, answered *Sancho*, but what is become of the lions—are they dead? Then the keeper related the success of the conflict, exaggerating the valour of *Don Quixote*. What think you of this *Sancho*, said *Don Quixote*? Can any enchantments prevail against true courage? *Sancho* gave the crowns; the keeper kissed *Don Quixote's* hands, and promised to relate this valorous exploit to the king himself. If perchance his majesty, said *Don Quixote*, should enquire who performed it, tell him the *Knight of the Lions*, for from henceforward I resolve that the title I have hitherto born of *Knight of the sorrowful Figure*, shall be altered to this.

The car went on its way, and *Don Quixote*, *Sancho*, and *Don Diego*, pursued their journey. In all this time the latter had not spoken a word, being all attention to remark the actions and words of *Don Quixote*. He sometimes thought him, in his senses, and sometimes out of them; because what he spoke, was elegant and well said, and what he did was extravagant, rash, and foolish. *Don Quixote* diverted this soliloquy by saying—Doubtless Signor, in your opinion I must pass for an extravagant madman, and no wonder it should be so; for my actions indicate no less; but I would have you to know, that I am not so mad, nor so shallow, as I may have appeared to be. A fine appearance makes the gallant cavalier, in shining armour, prancing over the lists in sight of the ladies. A fine appearance makes the knight, when in the midst of a large square, before the eyes of his prince, he transfixes a furious bull; but a much finer appearance makes the knight errant, who through deserts and solitudes goes in quest of perilous adventures, only to obtain a glorious and immortal fame. All cavaliers have their peculiar exercises. Let the courtier wait upon the ladies, entertain the poorer cavaliers at his splendid table, and shew himself great, liberal, and magnificent, and in this manner will he precise-

ly comply with the obligations of his duty ; but let the knight errant search the remotest corners of the world, at every step assail impossibilities ; let not lions daunt him, or dragons terrify him, for in seeking these, and conquering them all, consists his principal and true employment. It being therefore my lot to be one of the number of knights errant, I cannot decline undertaking whatever I imagine to come within the verge of my profession, and therefore encountering the lions belonged to me directly, though I knew it to be a most extravagant rashness ; and as to undertaking adventures, believe me, Signor Diego, it is better to lose the game by a card too much than one too little, for it sounds better in the ears of those that hear it—such a knight is rash and daring, than such a knight is timorous and cowardly.

I say, Signor *Don Quixote*, answered *Don Diego*, all you have said and done, is levelled by the line of right reason, and I think if the laws of knight errantry should be lost, they might be found in your worship's breast ; but let us get to my house, where you may repose yourself after your late toil.—I accept of the offer as a great favour, answered *Don Quixote*, and spurring on a little faster, about two in the afternoon, they arrived at the village and house of *Don Diego*, whom *Don Quixote* called *the Knight of the Green Riding Coat*.

C H A P. XXIV.

Of what befel DON QUIXOTE in the castle, or house of the KNIGHT OF THE GREEN RIDING COAT, with other extravagant matters.

DON QUIXOTE found that *Don Diego's* house was spacious after the country fashion, having the arms of the family carved over the great gates; the cellar under the porch, and several earthen wine jars placed round about it; which being of the ware of *Toboso*, renewed the memory of his enchanted *Dulcinea*, and without considering what he said, he sighed and cried: O sweet pledges, O ye *Tobosian* jars, that have brought back to my remembrance, the sweet pledge of my greatest bitterness! This was overheard by the poetical scholar, *Don Diego's* son, who, with his mother, was come out to receive him; and both mother and son were in admiration at the strange figure of *Don Quixote*, who alighting from *Roxinante*, desired leave to kiss the lady's hands: and *Don Diego* said—Receive madam, with your accustomed civility, Signor *Don Quixote de la Mancha*, a knight errant, and the most valiant, and most ingenious person in the world. The lady received him with tokens of much civility, and *Don Quixote* returned them in discreet and courteous expressions. The same compliments passed between him and the student, whom by his talk *Don Quixote* took for a witty and acute person.

Don Quixote was led into another hall, *Sancho* unarmed him; he girt on his rusty sword, and with a genteel air and deportment walked into another hall, where the student was waiting to entertain him, till the

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the cloth was laid. While *Don Quixote* was unarming, *Don Lorenzo*, (for that was the name of *Don Diego's* son,) said to his father, pray Sir, who is this gentleman; for his name, his figure, and your telling us he is a knight errant, hold my mother and me in great suspence? I know not how to answer you, replied *Don Diego*, I can only tell you, that I have seen him act the part of the maddest man in the world, and then talk so ingeniously, that his words contradict all his actions. Talk you to him, and feel the pulse of his understanding; though to say the truth, I rather take him to be mad, than otherwise.

Hereupon *Don Lorenzo* went to entertain *Don Quixote*, and among other discourse *Don Quixote* said—Your father, Sir, has given me some account of your abilities, and refined judgment, and particularly that you are a great poet. A poet, perhaps I may be, replied *Don Lorenzo*, but a great one not even in thought. I do not dislike this modesty, answered *Don Quixote*, for poets are usually very arrogant. Hitherto, said *Lorenzo* to himself, I cannot judge thee to be mad: let us proceed—so he said to him—Your worship, I presume, has frequented the schools; what sciences have you studied? That of knight errantry, answered *Don Quixote*, which is as good as your poetry, and two little fingers breadth beyond it. It is a science which includes in it all the other sciences of the world, for he who professes it, must be a lawyer, and know the laws of distributive justice, in order to give every one what is his own. He must be a divine, to be able to give a reason, for the faith he professes, whenever it is required of him. He must be a physician, an astronomer, and a mathematician. He must preserve his faith to God, and his mistress, inviolate. Consider then, whether it may not be equalled to the stateliest of those that are taught in your schools? If this be so, replied *Lorenzo*, I maintain that this science is preferable to all others. How, if it be so, answered *Don Quixote*? What I mean, Sir, quoth *Lorenzo* is, that I question whether there ever

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have been, or now are in being, any knights-errant. I have often said, answered *Don Quixote*, that the greatest part of the world are of opinion that there never were any knights-errant, and because I am of opinion, that if heaven does not in some miraculous manner convince them of the truth, that there have been, and are such now, whatever pains are taken, will be all in vain, as I have often found by experience. I will not now lose time in bringing you out of an error so prevalent with many. What I intend is, to beg of heaven to undeceive you, and let you see how useful and necessary knights-errant were in times past, and would be in the present, were they again in fashion. Our guest has broke loose, quoth he to himself, but still he is a whimsical kind of a mad-man, and I should be a weak fool if I did not believe so.

Here their discourse ended, for they were called to supper. *Don Diego* asked his son, what he thought of the genius of his guest? he answered—the ablest doctors will never be able to extricate him out of the rough draught of his madness. His distraction is a medley full of lucid intervals. To supper they went, the repast was neat, plentiful and savoury; the cloth being taken away *Don Quixote* entreated *Don Lorenzo* to repeat to him a few of his compositions; to which he answered, I will read to you a sonnet on the fable of *Pyramus* and *Thisbe*, that I may not be like those poets, who, when desired, refuse to repeat their verses. *Don Quixote* having heard *Don Lorenzo's* sonnet; now God be thanked, quoth he, that among the infinite number of poets now in being, I have met with one so absolute, as the artifice of your Worship's sonnet shews you to be—Noble youth! you deserve to wear the laurel, not of *Cyprus*, nor of *Gaieta*, but of the universities of *Athens*, were they now in being.

That night and the next day, was *Don Quixote* nobly regaled in *Don Diego's* house, when he begged leave to be gone, telling him he thanked him for the kind entertainment he had received in his family;

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but because it did not look well for knights-errant to give themselves up to indulgence too long, he would go in quest of adventures, wherewith he was informed those parts abounded, designing to employ the time thereabouts, till the day of the justs at *Saragossa*, at which he resolved to be present. *Don Diego* and his son applauded his honourable resolution. The time of departure came, as joyous to *Don Quixote* as unhappy for *Sancho Panca*, who was loth to leave the plenty of *Don Diego*'s house, for the hunger of the forests, and the penury of his ill provided wallets: however, he stuffed them with what he thought most necessary. *Don Quixote*, at taking leave of *Don Lorenzo*, said, whenever you shall have a mind to shorten your way and pains to arrive at the inaccessible summit of the temple of fame; you have no more to do but to leave the path of poetry which is somewhat narrow, and follow that of knight-errantry, which is still narrower, but sufficient to make you an emperor before you can say, *Give me those straws*. With these expressions *Don Quixote* did as it were finish the process of his madness; and especially with what he added, saying—I content myself with putting your Worship in the way of becoming a famous poet, and that is by following the judgment of other men rather than your own; for no fathers or mothers think their own children ugly: and this self-deceit is yet stronger with respect to the offspring of the mind. The father and son admired afresh, at the intermixed discourses of *Don Quixote*, and the obstinacy with which he was bent upon the search of his misadventurous adventures. Offers of service and civility were repeated, and with the good leave of the lady of the castle they departed, *Don Quixote* upon *Rozinante*, and *Sancho* upon *Dapple*.

C H A P. XXV.

Wherein is begun the braying adventure, with the pleasant one of the puppet-player, and the memorable divinations of the divining ape.

THEY had not gone far when they perceived a man on foot coming towards them, walking very fast, and switching a mule loaded with lancets and halberts; when he came up to them he saluted them, and passed on: *Don Quixote* said to him, Hold honest friend, methinks you go faster than is convenient for that mule. I cannot stay, answered the man, for the arms you see I am carrying are to be made use of to morrow, but if you would know for what purpose I carry them, I shall lodge this night at the inn beyond the hermitage, and if you travel the same road, you will find me there, where I will tell you wonders. Then he pricked on the mule at that rate, that *Don Quixote* had no time to enquire what wonders they were he designed to tell them; and, as he was not a little curious, he resolved to pass the night at the same inn. About noon *Sancho* rummaged his wallets, and they made a comfortable meal upon what he had brought from *Don Diego's* kitchen, after which they took the direct road to the inn, at which they arrived a little before night-fall, and *Sancho* was pleased to see his master take it for an inn indeed, and not for a castle as usual. They were scarce entered, when *Don Quixote* went in quest of the man with the lancets and halberds, and having found him he desired him to tell him, what he had to say as to what he had enquired of him upon the road. The man, seating himself upon a stone bench,

bench, and *Don Quixote*, *Sancho*, and the inn keeper sitting as his auditory, he began as follows.

You must understand, gentlemen, that in a town four leagues from this inn, it happened that an alderman, through the artful contrivance of his maid servant, lost his ass. And though he used all imaginable diligence to find him, it was not possible. Fifteen days were passed since the ass was missing, when the alderman being in the market place, another alderman of the same town said to him, pay me for my good news, neighbour, for your ass has appeared—Most willingly, answered the other, but where has he been seen? In the mountain, answered the finder, I saw him this morning, without any kind of furniture about him, and so lank that it would grieve one to see him. I would have driven him before me and brought him to you, but he is become so wild and shy, that he ran away into the most hidden part of the mountain: let us both go seek him.—You will do me a great pleasure, quoth he of the ass; and I will endeavour to return the favour. In short, the two aldermen went hand in hand to the mountain, and coming to the place where they thought to find the ass, he was not to be seen. Quoth the alderman that had seen him to the other, a device is come into my head, whereby we shall assuredly discover him; I can bray marvelously well, and if you can do so never so little, conclude the business done. Never so little neighbour, said the other—by heaven! I yield the precedence to none, no not to asses themselves. We shall see that immediately answered the second alderman, do you go on one side of the mountain, and I on the other, and every now and then you shall bray, and so will I, and the ass will most certainly hear and answer us. To which the master of the ass answered, an excellent device truly; so parting according to agreement, it fell out that they both brayed at the same instant, and each of them deceived by the braying of the other ran to seek the other, and at sight of each other the loser

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said, Is it possible that it was not my ass that brayed? No, it was I, answered the other.

They separated again, and fell anew to their braying, and at every turn they deceived each other, and met again till they agreed as a counterfeign to distinguish their own braying from that of the ass, that they should bray twice together one immediately after the other. Thus doubling their brayings they made the tour of the mountain, but no answer from the stray ass. Indeed how could the poor creature answer, whom they found in the thickest of the wood half devoured by wolves. Hereupon they returned home disconsolate and hoarse, and recounted to their acquaintance all that had happened in the search after the ass. The story spread, and the devil so ordered it, that the people of other villages, upon seeing any of the folks of our town, would presently fall a braying as it were, hitting us in the teeth with the braying of our aldermen. The boys gave into it, and thus braying spread from one town to another, insomuch that the natives of the town of Bray, are as well known as white people are distinguished from black, and this unhappy jest has gone so far that the mocked have often sallied out in arms against the mockers, and given them battle. To-morrow or next day the people of our town will take the field, against the people of another village, about two leagues from ours, being one of those which persecute us most; and to be well provided for them I have brought the launces and halberds you see me carrying; and these are the wonders I said I would tell you.

At this juncture there came in a man clad in shamois leather, and said with a loud voice, master host, have you any lodging? for here come the divining ape, and the puppet-shew of *Melissendra's* deliverance. Body O me! quoth the inn-keeper, what master *Peter* here, we shall have a braye night of it! This same master *Peter* had his left eye, and almost half his cheek covered with a patch of green taffeta. The landlord went on saying, welcome master *Peter*, I would turn
out

out the Duke D'Alva himself, to make room for master Peter—Let the ape and the puppets come—So be it, answered he of the patch, I will go back and hasten the cart with the ape, and the puppets, and immediately he went out of the inn.

Then *Don Quixote* asked the landlord, what master Peter this was, and what puppets, and what ape, he had with him? To which the landlord answered, he is a famous puppet-player, who has been a long time going up and down these parts, with a shew of *Melissenda* and the famous *Don Gayferos*, which is one of the best stories of any that has been seen hereabouts these many years. He has also an ape, whose talents exceed those of all other apes, even those of men; for if any thing is asked him, he listens to it attentively, and then leaping upon his master's shoulder, and putting his mouth to his ear, he tells him the answer, which master Peter repeats aloud. He has two reals for each question, and therefore it is thought he must be very rich; he is besides a boon companion, and lives the merriest life in the world; he talks more than six, and drinks more than a dozen, and all this at the expence of his tongue, his ape, and his puppets.

By this time master Peter was returned, and in the cart came the puppets, and a large ape without a tail. *Don Quixote* no sooner espied him, but began to question him, saying, master diviner, pray tell me what fish do we catch, and what will be our fortune? See here are my two reals, bidding *Sancho* to give them to master Peter; who answered for the ape and said, *Signor*, this animal makes no answer as to things future, he knows something of the past, and a little of the present. Odds bobs! quoth *Sancho*, I would not give a brass farthing to be told what is past of myself, for who can tell that better than myself? and to pay for what I know already would be a very great folly; but since he knows things present, here are my two reals, and let good man ape tell me, what my wife *Teresa Panca* is doing? Master Peter, giving with his right hand two or three claps on his left shoulder, at one

spring the ape jumped upon it, and laying its mouth to his ear, grated its teeth, and chattered apace; and at another skip down it jumped on the ground, and presently master *Peter* ran and kneeled before *Don Quixote*, and embracing his legs, said—These legs I embrace just as if I embraced the two pillars of *Hercules*. O illustrious reviver of the long forgotten order of chivalry! O never sufficiently extolled knight, *Don Quixote de la Mancha*! thou spirit to the faint-hearted, stay to those that are falling, staff and comfort to all that are unfortunate! *Don Quixote*, was thunderstruck, *Sancho* in suspense, the braying man in a gaze, the inn-keeper confounded, and all amazed that heard the expressions of the puppet-player, who proceeded saying; and thou O good *Sancho Panca*, the best squire to the best knight in the world, rejoice that thy good wife *Teresa* is well, and this very hour is dressing a pound of flax; by the same token that she has by her left side a broken mouthed pitcher, which holds a pretty scantling of wine, with which she cheers her spirits at her work. I verily believe it, answered *Sancho*, for my *Teresa* is one of those who will make much of themselves, though it be at the expence of their heirs. Well, quoth *Don Quixote*, he who reads much and travels much, sees much, and knows much. Yes, I am that very *Don Quixote de la Mancha*, that this good animal has said. And now because it is my duty, said master *Peter*, and to do *Don Quixote* a pleasure, I intend to put in order my puppet-shew, and entertain all the folks in the inn gratis. The inn-keeper pointed out a place for setting up the shew, which was done in an instant. Master *Peter* conducted *Don Quixote*, *Sancho*, and the company in the inn, to the place where the shew was set out stuck round with little wax candles, so that it made a shining appearance. Master *Peter*, who was to manage the figures, placed himself behind the shew, and before stood his boy, to serve as an interpreter and expounder of the mysteries of the piece.

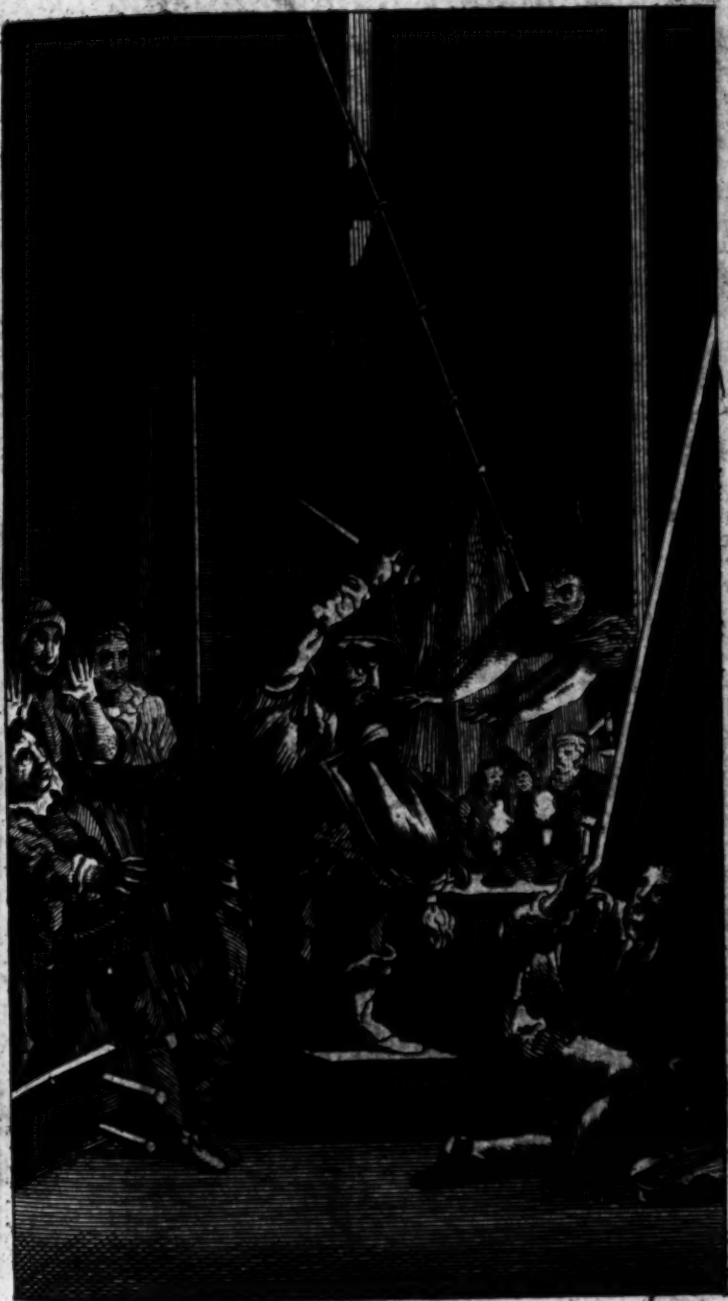
C H A P. XXVI.

Wherein is continued the pleasant adventure of the puppet-player, with sundry other matters, in truth sufficiently good.

FROM within the scene was heard the sound of drums and trumpets, which being over, the boy said—This history, gentlemen, is taken from the French Chronicles, and Spanish ballads—It treats how *Don Gayferos* freed his wife *Melifendra*, who was a prisoner in Spain in the hands of the *Moors*, in the city of *Sausuenna*; and there you may see how *Don Gayferos* is playing at tables; that personage with a crown on his head is the Emperor *Charles the Great*, the supposed father of *Melifendra*, who being vexed to see the indolence of his son in law, comes forth to chide him, and after having said sundry things about the danger his honour ran in not procuring the liberty of his spouse, he turns his back and leaves *Don Gayferos* in a fret. Hereupon, impatient with choler, he goes in to arm himself. Now turn your eyes towards that tower, and that lady in a moorish habit is the peerless *Melifendra*; do you not see yon *Moor*, who stealing along softly comes behind *Melifendra*? behold how he kisses her, and how she tears her beauteous hair for vexation: that grave *Moor* in yonder gallery is *Marsilio*, king of *Sausuenna*, who seeing the insolence of the *Moor*, though he is a relation of his, and a great favourite, orders him to be seized, and two hundred stripes to be given him. The figure you see there on horseback muffled up in a cloke, is *Don Gayferos* himself, to whom his spouse, already revenged on the impudence of the enamoured *Moor*, shews herself from the battlements with a calmer countenance, and talks

to her husband, believing him to be some passenger; the rest I omit, it is sufficient to observe, how *Don Gayferos* discovers himself, and by the signs of joy she makes, you may perceive she knows him, especially now that you see she lets herself down to get on horseback behind her spouse. *Don Gayferos* lays hold of her, and brings her to the ground by main force, and then sets her behind him on his horse, and see how they turn their backs, and go out of the city, and how joyfully they take the way to *Paris*. There wanted not some idle eyes, to see *Melissendra's* getting down, of which they gave notice to king *Marfisa*, who immediately gave notice to sound the alarm: see what a numerous and brilliant cavalry sallies out of the city, in pursuit of the two lovers; I fear they will overtake them and bring them back, which would be a lamentable spectacle. *Don Quixote*, seeing such a number of *Moors*, and hearing such a din, thought proper to succour those that fled, and rising up, said in a loud voice, I will never consent that in my presence such an outrage be offered to so famous a knight as *Don Gayferos*. And so said, so done, he unsheathed his sword, and at one spring, he planted himself close to the shew, and began to rain hacks and slashes upon the *Moorish* puppets, overthrowing some and beheading others, and if master *Peter* had not squatted down he had chopped off his head with as much ease, as if it had been made of sugar paste. Master *Peter* cried out saying, hold Signor *Don Quixote*, consider that these figures you destroy are not real *Moors*, but only puppets made of pasteboard; sinner that I am you are destroying my whole livelihood. *Don Quixote* still said about him—in short, he demolished the whole machine. The whole audience was in a consternation, the ape flew to the top of the house, and even *Sancho* trembled mightily, for he swore after the storm was over, he had never seen his master in so outrageous a passion.

Don Quixote began to be a little calm, and said, had I not been present, what would have become of *Don Gayferos*,





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Gayferos, and the fair *Melifendra*? Long live knight-errantry—In God's name let it live, and let me die, quoth master *Peter*; it could only be *The Knight of the Sorrowful Figure*, who was destined thus, to disfigure me and mine. *Sancho* was moved, to compassion, and said, weep not, master *Peter*, for I assure you, my master *Don Quixote* is so scrupulous a christian, that if he reflects that he has done you any wrong, he will certainly make you amends. If *Signor Don Quixote*, quoth master *Peter*, would but repair me part of the damage he has done me, I should be satisfied, and his Worship would discharge his conscience, for nobody can be saved, who witholds another's property against his will, and does not make restitution. True, quoth *Don Quixote*, but as yet I do not know that I have any thing of yours. How! answered master *Peter*, what but the invincible force of your powerful arm scattered these relicks which lie up and down on this hard ground? whose were their bodies but mine? and how did I maintain myself but by them? Now am I entirely convinced, quoth *Don Quixote*, of what I have often believed before, that those enchanters who persecute me are perpetually setting shapes before me as they really are, and presently putting the change upon me, and transforming them into whatever they please. I protest to you, gentlemen, that hear me, that whatever has passed at this time, seemed to me to pass actually and precisely so. This inflamed my choler, and in compliance with the duty of my profession as a knight-errant, I had a mind to succour those who fled; and with this good intention I did what you just now saw; and notwithstanding this mistake of mine, and though it did not proceed from malice, yet will I condemn myself in costs. See master *Peter* what you must have for the damaged figures, and I will pay it you down in lawful money.

Master *Peter* made him a low bow, saying, I expected no less from the unexampled christianity of the valorous *Don Quixote de la Mancha*; and let master inn-keeper and the great *Sancho* be umpires between

your Worship and me. The inn keeper and *Sancho* said they would, and master *Peter* setting a price upon the several broken figures, which the arbitrators afterwards modelled to the satisfaction of both parties; the whole amounted to forty reals, which *Sancho* immediately disbursed, with two reals more, which master *Peter* demanded for the trouble he should have in catching his ape. In conclusion, they all supped together, at the expence of *Don Quixote*, who was liberal to the last degree. Master *Peter* had no mind to enter into any more altercations with *Don Quixote*, whom he knew perfectly well, and therefore he got up before the sun, and taking his ape away he went. *Sancho*, by order of his master, paid the inn-keeper, and about light in the morning, they left the inn, and went their way.

The reader must needs remember that same *Gines de Passamonte*, to whom among other galley slaves, *Don Quixote* gave liberty in the sable mountain. This *Gines*, to avoid falling into the hands of justice, resolved to pass over to the kingdom of *Arragon*, and covering his left eye, took up the trade of puppet-playing. Lighting upon some slaves redeemed from *Barbary*, he bought that ape, which he taught at a signal, to leap up on his shoulder, and mutter something, or seem to do so, in his ear. This done, before he entered any town, he informed himself what particular things had happened, and to whom he then exhibited his shew. That ended, he used to propound the abilities of his ape, and as nobody went about to press him to tell how his ape divined, he gulled every body and filled his pockets. No sooner was he come into the inn, but he knew *Don Quixote* and *Sancho*, which made it very easy for him to excite the wonder of them and all that were present.

To return to *Don Quixote*, he pursued his journey, and travelled two days, without lighting on any thing worth recording, till the third, going up a hill, he heard a noise of drums, trumpets, and guns; he ascended the hill to see them, and perceived in the valley

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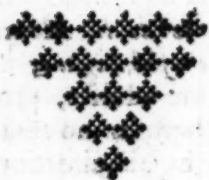
ley beneath, above two hundred men armed, with various weapons: he rode down the hill, and saw the banners distinctly, and distinguished their colours, and observed the devices they bore, especially one upon a pennant of white sattin, whereon was painted an ass, in the act and posture of braying, and round it these verses in large characters.

*The bailiffs twain,
Bray'd not in vain.*

From this motto, *Don Quixote* gathered, that those folks belonged to the braying town, and so he told *Sancho*, telling him what was written on the banner. *Don Quixote* advanced towards them, to the no small concern of *Sancho*, who never loved to make one in these kind of expeditions. The knight, lifting up his vizor, approached the ass-banner, and raising his voice, said, I, gentlemen, am a knight-errant, whose exercise is that of arms, and whose profession that of relieving the distressed. Some days ago I heard of your misfortune, and the cause that induces you to take arms at every turn, to revenge yourselves on your enemies. I find, that according to the laws of duel, you are mistaken in thinking yourselves affronted; and to have recourse to arms for trifles, and things rather subjects for laughter, than for affronts, looks like acting against common sense. *Sancho* observing that his master paused a while interposed, saying, my master *Don Quixote de la Mancha*, once called the *Knight of the Sorrowful Figure*, and now the *Knights of the Lions*, in all he advises, proceeds like an expert soldier, and so there is no more to be done, but to govern yourselves by his direction, besides you are but just told how foolish it is to be ashamed to hear one bray. When I was a boy, I brayed with such grace and propriety, that whenever I brayed, all the asses of the town brayed; and though for this rare ability, I was envied by more than a few of the proudest of my neighbours,

hours, I cared not two farthings, and to convince you that I speak the truth do but hearken.

Thus laying his hands to his nostrils, he began to bray so strenuously, that the adjacent valleys resounded again; but one of those who stood close by him believing he was making a mock of them, lifted up a pole he had in his hand, and gave him such a polt with it, as brought him to the ground. *Don Quixote*, seeing *Sancho* so evil treated, made at the striker with his lance, but so many interposed that it was impossible for him to be revenged; on the contrary finding a shower of stones come thick upon him, he turned *Rozinante* about, and as fast as he could gallop, got from among them; they were satisfied with seeing him fly, and did not pursue him. As for *Sancho* they set him again on his ass, and suffered him to follow his master, who having got a good way off turned about his head, and saw that *Sancho* followed. The squadron stayed there till night, and the enemy not coming forth, they returned to their own homes joyful and merry.



C H A P. XXVII.

The famous adventure of the enchanted Bark.

IN an unlucky hour, *Sancho*, said *Don Quixote* must you needs shew your skill in braying; to the music of braying what counterpoint could you expect but that of a cudgel? I am not now in a condition to answer, replied *Sancho*; as for braying I will have done with it, but I shall not with telling that knights errant fly, and leave their faithful 'squires to be beaten to powder. To retire, is not to fly, answered *Don Quixote*. I confess I did retire, and herein I imitated sundry valiant persons, who have reserved themselves for better times; and of this histories are full of examples. They took the way fair and softly toward a grove of poplar, which they discovered about a quarter of a league off. *Sancho* every now and then fetched most profound sighs; at last he exclaimed—It would be much better for me, but that I am a Barbarian, to return to my wife and children, and not be following your Worship, through pathless paths, drinking ill, and eating worse. I wish I may see the first who set on foot knight-errantry burnt to ashes. I would lay a good wager, *Sancho*, quoth *Don Quixote*, that now you are talking you feel no pain; talk on, for so you feel no pain, I shall take pleasure in the very trouble your impertinences give me; and if you have so great a desire to return home, God forbid I should hinder you. Now are you for going when I have taken a firm resolution to make you lord of the best island in the world? An ass you are, an ass you will continue to be, and an ass you will die.

Sancho looked very wistfully at *Don Quixote*, and with tears in his eyes, he said—Pardon me, Sir, and consider that if I talk much it proceeds more from infirmity, i

firmity, than malice. But he who errs and mends, himself to God commends ! Well, quoth *Don Quixote*, I forgive you, upon condition that you endeavour to take courage, and strengthen your mind to expect the accomplishment of my promises. *Sancho* answered he would—hereupon they entered the poplar grove. *Don Quixote* accommodated himself at the foot of an elm, and *Sancho* at the foot of a beech. *Sancho* passed the night uneasily, the cold renewing the pain of his bruises ; *Don Quixote* passed it in his wonted meditations : but for all that they both slept, and at break of day they pursued their way. In two days after leaving the poplar grove, travelling softly, they came to the river *Hebro* ; as they sauntered along, they perceived a small bark without oars, tied to the trunk of a tree. *Don Quixote* looked round about him, and seeing nobody, without more ado alighted from *Rocinante*, and ordered *Sancho* to do the like from *Dapple*, and to tie both the beasts to the body of a poplar which grew there. *Sancho* asked the reason of this hasty alighting and tying. *Don Quixote* answered, you are to know *Sancho*, that this vessel is here for no other reason but to invite me to embark in it to succour some person of high degree who is in extreme distress. Tie *Dapple* and *Rocinante* together, and the hand of God be our guide : for I would not fail to embark, though bare footed friars should entreat me to the contrary. Since it is so, answered *Sancho*, and since your Worship will every step be running into these same extravagancies, there is no way but to obey ; but for all that I must warn your Worship, that to me this seems to be some fisherman's boat, for here they catch the best shads in the world. This *Sancho* said while he was tying the cattle ; now they are tied, said *Sancho*, what must we do next ? What, answered *Don Quixote*, why bless ourselves and weigh anchor, and leaping into the boat, *Sancho* following him, he cut the cord, and the boat fell off by little and little from the shore ; and when *Sancho* saw himself a couple of yards from the bank he began to quake, fearing

he should be lost: but nothing troubled him more than to hear his ass bray, and to see *Roxinante* struggling to get loose. O! dearest friends, said he, abide in peace, and may the madness which separates you from us, converted into a conviction of our error, return us to your presence: and here he began to weep so bitterly, that *Don Quixote* said merrily, what are you afraid of, soul of a house rat! or what want you in the midst of the bowels of abundance? Art thou, peradventure, trudging bare-foot over the *Rifilian* mountains? no, but seated like an archduke, sliding down the stream of this charming river, where in a short space we shall issue out into the boundless ocean. But doubtless we are got out already, and must have gone at least seven or eight hundred leagues. I believe nothing of all this, answered *Sancho*, for I see with my own eyes, that we are not five yards from the bank, for yonder stands *Roxinante* and *Dapple* in the very place where we left them, and I vow to God we do not move an ant's pace. They now discovered certain water mills standing in the midst of the river, and scarce had *Don Quixote* espied them, than he said with a loud voice to *Sancho*—Behold yonder appears the castle, in which some knight lies under oppression, or some princess in evil plight, for whose relief I am brought hither. What the devil of a castle do you talk of, Sir, quoth *Sancho*? Do you not perceive they are mills standing in the river for the grinding of corn? Peace, *Sancho*, quoth *Don Quixote*, for though they seem to be mills, they are not so: I have already told you that enchantments transform and change all things from their natural shape.

The boat being now got into the current of the river began to move a little faster; the millers seeing it come adrift with the stream, and that it was just going into the mouth of the swift stream of the mill wheels, ran out in all haste with long poles to stop it; and their faces and clothes being covered with meal, they made but an ill appearance; and calling out
aloud

aloud they said, Devils of men where are ye going? Have ye a mind to drown yourselves, or be ground to pieces by the wheels? Did I not tell you *Sancho*, said *Don Quixote*, that we are come where I must demonstrate how far the valour of my arm extends? See what hobgoblins are come to oppose us; and what ugly countenances to scare us? Now ye shall see, rascals: and standing up in the boat he threatened the millers saying, Ill-led scoundrels, set at liberty the person you keep under oppression, for I am *Don Quixote de la Mancha* otherwise called the *Knight of the Lions*, for whom the putting a happy end to this adventure is reserved; so saying he began to fence with his sword in the air against the millers, who not understanding these foolish flourishes, set themselves with their poles to stop the boat. *Sancho* prayed to heaven to deliver him from so apparent a danger, which it did by the agility of the millers, who setting their poles against the boat stopped it, though not so dextrously but they over-set it, and tipped *Don Quixote* and *Sancho* into the water: and had it not been for the millers who threw themselves into the river, and as it were craned them both up, they must have inevitably perished.

And now came the fishermen, owners of the boat which the mill wheels had crushed to pieces, and seeing it broke they began to strip *Sancho*, and demand payment for it of *Don Quixote*, who with great tranquillity told them he would pay for the boat with all his heart, upon condition they should deliver up to him, without ransom, the person or persons who lay under oppression in their castle. What persons, or what castle do you mean, madman? answered one of the millers: would you carry off those who come to grind their corn at our mills? God keep us! thought *Don Quixote* to himself, this world is nothing but machinations and tricks, quite opposite one to the other: I can do no more—then looking towards the mills he raised his voice and said, Friends pardon me, that

that through my misfortune and yours, I cannot deliver you from your affliction; this adventure is reserved for some other knight. Having said this, he compounded with the fishermen, and paid fifty reals for the boat. The fishermen and millers stood wondering at these two figures, and looking upon them as madmen they left them. *Don Quixote* and *Sancho*, like beasts themselves, returned to their beasts; and thus ended this notable adventure.



C H A P. XXVIII.

Of what befel DON QUIXOTE with a fair huntress.

Sufficiently melancholy and out of humour arrived at their castle the knight and squire; they mounted without changing a word, and quitted the famous river, *Don Quixote*, buried in the thoughts of his love, and *Sancho* of his preferment. It fell out that the next day about sun-set, *Don Quixote* cast his eyes over a green meadow, and perceived some persons taking the diversion of hawking; he observed among them a gallant lady upon a milk white palfrey, carrying a hawk on her left hand. *Don Quixote* conjectured she must be a lady of quality, and mistress of all those sportsmen about her, as in truth she was: so he said to *Sancho*, run and tell that lady of the palfrey, that I, the *Knight of the Lions* will, if her highness gives me leave, wait upon her to kiss her hands, and to serve her to the utmost of my power; and take heed *Sancho* how you speak, and have a care not to interlard your embassy with any of your proverbs. *Sancho* went off at a round rate, and came where the fair huntress was, and kneeling before her he said, Beautiful lady! that knight yonder, called the *Knight of the Lions*, who not long ago was called he of the sorrowful figure, is my master, and I am his squire, called *Sancho Panca*; he sends by me to desire that your grandeur would be pleased to give leave that he may approach and accomplish his wishes, which are no other than to serve your high tow'ring falconry and beauty. Trusty good squire, answered the lady, you have delivered your message with all the circumstances which such embassies require: rise up, for it is not fit the squire of so renowned a knight, as he

of the sorrowful figure, (of whom we have already heard a great deal in these parts,) should remain upon his knees: tell your master he may come and welcome, for I and the duke my husband are at his service at country house we have here hard by. *Sancho* rose in admiration, as well at the good lady's beauty, as at her great courtesy, and especially at what she had said, that she had some knowledge of his master. The duchess said to him, tell me brother squire, is not his master of yours the person so celebrated throughout the province of *la Mancha* and other parts of Spain, by the appellation of *Don Quixote*, who has for mistress of his affections one *Dulcinea del Toboso*? The very same, answered *Sancho*. Go then, quoth the duchess, and tell your master he is heartily welcome to my estates. *Sancho*, delighted with this agreeable answer, returned to his master, to whom he recounted all that the great lady had said to him, extolling her beauty, good humour, and courtesy, to the skies. *Don Quixote*, putting on his best airs, seated himself handsomely in his saddle, and with a genteel assurance advanced to kiss the duchess's hand, who having caused the duke her husband to be called, had been telling him while *Don Quixote* was coming up the purport of *Sancho's* message; and they both, having been minutely informed of every particular relating to *Don Quixote* and *Sancho* during a visit they had lately made to a nobleman, whose seat lay contiguous to *Don Quixote's* village, waited for him with the greatest pleasure and desire to be acquainted with him, and a purpose of carrying on the humour, and giving him his own way, treating him like a knight errant all the while he should stay with them, with all the ceremonies used in books of chivalry.

By this time *Don Quixote* was arrived with his beaver up, and making a shew of alighting, *Sancho* was hastening to hold his stirrup, but was so unlucky, that in getting off from his *Dapple* his foot hung in one of the rope stirrups, in such manner that it was impossible for him to disentangle himself, but he hung

hung by it with his face on the ground. *Don Quixote* thinking *Sancho* was come to do his office, threw his body off with a swing, and carrying with him *Roxinante's* saddle, both he and the saddle came to the ground. The duke commanded some of the sportsmen to help the Knight and Squire, who raised *Don Quixote*, and limping as well as he could he made shift to go and kneel before the lord and lady; but the duke would by no means suffer it; on the contrary, alighting from his horse, he went and embraced *Don Quixote* saying, I am very sorry, Sir Knight, that your first arrival at my estate should prove so unlucky; but the carelessness of squires is often the occasion of worse mischances. It could not be accounted unlucky, O valourous prince, answered *Don Quixote*, though I had met with no stop till I had fallen into the bottom of the deep abyss: for the glory of having seen your highness would have raised me even from thence. My Squire, God's curse light on him, is better at letting loose his tongue to say unlucky things, than at fastening a saddle to make it fit firm; but whether down or up, I shall always be at your highness's service, and at my lady duchess's, your worthy consort, and worthy mistress of all beauty. Come on, Sir Knight, said the duke, to a castle of mine hard by, where you shall be received in a manner suitable to a person of so elevated a rank, and as the duchess and I are wont to receive all knights errant who come to it. By this time *Sancho* had adjusted *Roxinante's* saddle, and *Don Quixote* mounting upon him, and the duke upon a very fine horse, they placed the duchess in the middle, and rode towards the castle. The duchess ordered *Sancho* to be near her, being mightily delighted with his conceits. *Sancho* was easily prevailed upon, and made a fourth in the conversation, to the great satisfaction of the duke and duchess, who looked upon it as a notable piece of good fortune to entertain in their castle such a knight errant, and such an erred squire.

Before

Before they came to the castle the duke rode on before, and gave all his servants their cue in what manner they were to behave to *Don Quixote*, who arriving with the duchess at the castle gate, immediately there issued out two lacqueys, who taking *Don Quixote* in their arms without being observed, said to him, Go, great Sir, and take our lady, the duchess off her horse. *Don Quixote* did so, and at their entrance into a court yard two beautiful damsels came and threw over *Don Quixote's* shoulders, a large mantle of the finest scarlet, and in an instant all the galleries were crowded with men and women servants, crying aloud, welcome the flower and cream of knights errant! at which *Don Quixote* wondered; and this was the first day that he was thoroughly convinced of his being a true knight errant.

They conducted *Don Quixote* into a great hall hung with rich tissue, six damsels unarmed him; they desired he would suffer himself to be undressed, and put on a clean shirt, but he would by no means consent, saying that modesty was as becoming a knight errant as courage; however he bid them give *Sancho* the shirt, and shutting himself up with him in a room he pulled off his clothes and put on the shirt: he then dressed himself, girt on his sword, threw the mantle over his shoulders, and thus equipped, marched into the great saloon; then came twelve pages with the gentlemen's sewer, to conduct him to dinner, where by this time the lord and lady were waiting for him. They placed him in the middle of them, and conducted him to another hall, where a rich table was spread with four covers only. The duke and duchess came to receive him, and with them a grave ecclesiastic. The duke placed *Don Quixote* at the upper end, the ecclesiastic seated himself over against him, and the duke and duchess on each side. *Sancho* was present all the while, surprized and astonished to see the honour done his master. The duchess asked *Don Quixote* what news he had of the lady *Dulcinea*! and whether he had lately sent her any presents of giants or caitiffs, since he

he must certainly have vanquished a great many? To which *Don Quixote* answered; my misfortunes, madam, will never have an end, giants I have conquered and carliffs, and have sent several; but where should they find her if she be enchanted, and transformed into the ugliest country wench that can be imagined? I know not, quoth *Sancho*, to me she appeared the most beautiful creature in the world; at least in activity. I am sure she will not yield the advantage to a tumbler. In good faith, lady duchess, she bounces from the ground upon an ass, as if she were a cat. Have you seen her enchanted, *Sancho*? quoth the duke. Seen her? answered *Sancho*, who the devil but I, was the first that hit upon the business of her enchantment? she is as much enchanted as my father.

The ecclesiastic, when he heard talk of giants, carliffs, and enchantments, began to suspect that this must be *Don Quixote de la Mancha*, whose extravagancies the duke was always relating; and being assured of the truth of the suspicion, with much choler he said to the duke—Your excellency, Sir, shall give an account to God for what this man is doing; this *Don Quixote*, I fancy, can hardly be so great an idiot as your Excellency would have him, laying occasions in his way to go on in his follies; and turning to *Don Quixote*, he said—And you, stupid wretch, who has thrust it into your brain, that you are a knight errant; return to your own house, mind your own affairs, and cease to ramble up and down the world, sucking the wind. Where with a mischief have you ever found that there have been, or are knights errant? Where are there any giants in *Spain*, or *Dulcinea's* enchanted, or all the rabble rout of follies that are told of you? *Don Quixote* was very attentive to the words of this venerable man; and finding that he now held his peace, without minding the respect due to the duke and duchess, with a disturbed countenance, he started up and said.

C H A P. XXIX.

The answer DON QUIXOTE gave to his reprover, with the relishing conversation which passed between the duchess her damsels, and SANCHE; with other grave and pleasant events.

THE place where I am, said *Don Quixote*, and the presence of the personages before whom I stand, together with the respect I ever had, and have for men of your profession, restrain and tie up the hands of my just indignation: tell me, I beseech your reverence, for which of the follies you have seen in me do you revile me, bidding me get home and take care of my house? Shall a poor pedagogue set himself at random to prescribe laws to chivalry, and to judge of knights errant? If persons of birth and quality were to take me for a madman, I should look upon it as an irreparable affront, but to be esteemed a fool by pedants I value it not a farthing. A knight I am, and a knight I will die. I have redressed grievances and vanquished giants, and trampled upon hobgoblins; my intentions are always directed to virtuous ends, to do good to all, and hurt to none. Whether he who lives in the practice of all this deserves to be called a fool, let your granteurs judge.

Well said i'faith! quoth *Sancho*, say no more in vindication of yourself, good my lord and master; for there is no more to be said in the world: and besides this gentleman, denying, that there ever were, or are knights errant, no wonder if he knows nothing of what he has been talking of. Peradventure, quoth the ecclesiastic, you brother are that *Sancho Panca* to whom your master has promised an island.

island. I am so, answered *Sancho*, and deserve one as well as any other *be* whatever. I am one of those of whom they say, he that leaneth against a good tree, a good shelter findeth he. I have leaned to a good master and have kept him company many months, and if he lives and I live, if it be heaven's pleasure, neither shall he want kingdoms to rule, nor I islands to govern. That you shall not friend *Sancho*, said the duke, for I promise you the government of one of mine now vacant, and of no inconsiderable value. Kneel *Sancho*, said *Don Quixote*, and kiss his excellency's feet for the favour he has done you. *Sancho* did so— which the ecclesiastic seeing he got up from table saying: By the habit I wear I could find in my heart to say, your excellency is as simple as these sinners; what wonder if they are mad, since wise men countenance their follies? While they are in the house I will stay in my own, and save myself the trouble of reproving what I cannot remedy; and without saying a word more away he went.

Sir Knight of the Lions, said the duke, you have answered so well for yourself, that there remains nothing to demand satisfaction for in this case: for though it has the appearance of an affront, it is by no means such, since as women cannot give an affront, so neither can ecclesiastics, as you better know. It is true, answered *Don Quixote*, and the reason is, that whoever cannot be affronted, neither can he give an affront to any body. At last *Don Quixote* was calm, and dinner ended, when *Sancho* went and kneeled down before the duchess saying—The favour which your ladyship has done me to day, cannot be repaid with less than employing all the days of my life in the service of so high a lady. It is evident, *Sancho*, answered the duchess, that you have been bred in the bosom of Signor *Don Quixote*. Rise up, for I will make you amends for your civility, by prevailing with my lord duke to perform, as soon as possible, the promise he has made you of the government. *Don Quixote* went to repose himself during the heat of the day,

day, and the duchess desired *Sancho* to pass the afternoon with her and her damsels in a cool hall. *Sancho* answered that he would obey her commands, and away he went.

The duchess and her damsels being seated, and *Sancho* being introduced, she made him sit down by her on a low stool; the duchess spoke first, saying, Now we are all alone, I would willingly be satisfied by Signor Governor, as to some doubts I have arising from the general reports concerning the *Knight of the Lions*, one of which is, that since honest *Sancho* never saw the lady *Dulcinea*, nor carried her *Don Quixote's* letter—how durst he feign the answer, and the story of his finding her winnowing wheat, it being all a sham and a lye? Now, madam, replied *Sancho*, that I am sure nobody but the company hears us, I will answer to all you have asked me: and the first thing I tell you is, that I take my master *Don Quixote* for a down-sight madman, though sometimes he comes out with things which are so discreet and well put together, that *Satan* himself could not speak better: and yet for all that, I am firmly persuaded he is mad. Now having settled this in my mind, I dare undertake to make him believe any thing, like the business of the answer to the letter, and another affair of some eight days standing, which has not yet got wind. I mean the enchantment of my mistress *Donna Dulcinea*; for you must know I made him believe she was enchanted, though there is no more truth in it, than in a story of a cock and a bull. The duchess desired to know the particulars of that jest, and *Sancho* recounted the whole, at which the hearers were not a little pleased, and the duchess proceeding, said: From what honest *Sancho* has told me, something whispers me in the ear saying, since *Don Quixote* is a madman, and *Sancho* his squire knows it, and yet serves him, and relies on his vain promises, without doubt, he must be more mad than his master! and this being the case it will turn to bad accounts, if to such a *Sancho Pança* you give an island to govern; for he who

knows not how to govern himself, how should he know how to govern others?

By my faith, madam, quoth *Sancho*, your ladyship says true, and had I been wise, I should have left my master long before now; but such was my lot, and such my evil errantry. I can do no more, follow him I must, we are both of the same town; I love him; he returns my kindness; and therefore it is impossible any thing should part us but the sexton's spade and shovel: and if your highness has no mind the government you promised should be given me, may be the not giving it me may redound to the benefit of my conscience: for as great a fool as I am, I understand the proverb, The pismire had wings to her hurt; and perhaps it may be easier for *Sancho*, the squire, to get to heaven, than *Sancho* the governor. They make as good bread here, as in *France*, and of all the little birds in the air, God himself takes the care: and at our leaving this world, and going into the next, the prince travels in as narrow a path as the day-labourer, and the Pope's body takes up no more room than the sexton's; for when we come to the grave, we must all shrink, and lie close, and so good night: and therefore if your ladyship will not give me the island, because I am a fool, I will be so wise as not to care a fig for it.

The duchess could not forbear laughing to hear the reasonings of *Sancho*, to whom she said, whatever a knight once promises, he endeavours to perform it. The duke, my husband, will make good his word, as to the promised island, in spite of the envy of the world. But concerning the enchantment of the lady *Dulcinea*, I am certain that *Sancho's* design of putting a trick upon his master, was all a contrivance of one of the enchanters who persecute *Don Quixote*, for I know from good hands that the wench who jumped upon the ass, was, and is *Dulcinea del Toboso*, and that honest *Sancho*, in thinking he was the deceiver, was himself deceived: for *Sancho* must know that here also we have our enchanters, who love us, and

tell

tell us all that passes in the world: and believe me the jumping wench is *Dulcinea*, and when we least think of it, we shall see her in her own proper form, and *Sancho* will then be convinced of the mistake he is in.

All this must be as your ladyship says, quoth *Sancho*, for it must not be presumed that my poor invention should in an instant start so cunning a device, nor do I believe my master is such a madman, as to credit so extravagant a thing upon no better a voucher than myself. If my lady *Dulcinea* is enchanted, so much the worse for her; it is not to be placed to my account, since I have a good name: call me but in this same government, and you will see wonders: for a good squire, will make a good governor. I believe so too, answered the duchess, but for the present *Sancho*, go and repose yourself, and we will hereafter talk more at large, and order shall speedily be given about casing you, as you call it, in the government. *Sancho*, kissing the duchess's hand took his leave, and she went to give the duke an account of what had passed between them, and they agreed to have a jest put upon *Don Quixote*, which should be famous, and consonant to the style of knight errantry.

C H A P. XXX.

An account of the method prescribed for disenchanting the peerless DULCINEA DEL TOROSO, with other wonderful events.

THE duke and duchess having instructed their servants how to behave, carried *Don Quixote* a hunting six days after; they gave him a hunting suit, and *Sancho* another of the finest green cloth. *Don Quixote* would not put his on, saying, he must shortly return to the severe exercise of arms, but *Sancho* took what was given him, with design to sell it the first opportunity. The expected day being come, *Don Quixote* armed himself, and *Sancho* put on his new suit; they came to a wood between two high mountains, and scarcely were they ranged in order, when they perceived an enormous boar, pursued by the dogs, and holloped by the hunters, making towards them. *Don Quixote* laying his hand to his sword, stepped before the rest to receive him: in short, he was laid at his length, by the points of the many boar-spears levelled at him. They laid him across a sumpter mule, and carried him as the spoils of victory, to a large field tent, where they found dinner set out in a magnificent manner. After much entertaining discourse they left the tent; the day was soon spent, and night came on soon after the twilight; on a sudden the wood seemed on fire, and presently were heard on all sides, an infinite number of instruments of war, as if a great body of horse was passing through the wood. The duke was in astonishment, the duchess in a fright, *Don Quixote* in amaze, and *Sancho* in a fit of trembling.

A post boy, habited like a devil passed before them, winding a monstrous hollow horn, which yielded a horrible sound. Soho, brother courier, quoth the duke, who are you? and what seldiers are those who seem to be crossing this wood? To which, the courier answered in a dreadful voice, I am the devil, and am going in quest of *Don Quixote de la Mancha*; the people you enquire about are six troops of enchanters, who are conducting the peerless *Dulcinea del Toboso*, in a triumphant chariot. She comes enchanted with the Sage *Merlin*, to inform *Don Quixote* how that same lady is to be disenchanting. If you were the devil, as you say, quoth *Don Quixote*, you would before now have known that same knight, *Don Quixote de la Mancha*, who stands here before you. Upon my conscience, replied the devil, I did not see him. Doubtless, quoth *Sancho*, this devil must needs be a very honest fellow, and a good christian; else he would not have sworn by his conscience. Then the devil, directing his eyes to *Don Quixote* said, to you Knight of the Lions, the sage *Merlin* sends me, commanding me to tell you from him to wait for him in the very place I meet you in: for he brings with him her whom he calls *Dulcinea del Toboso*, in order to instruct you how you may disenchant her; and this being all I came for I must stay no longer: and so saying he blew his horn, and went away. The duke said, does your Worship Signor *Don Quixote* design to wait here? Why not, answered he, I will wait intrepid, though all hell should come to assault me? Now the night grew darker, there was heard likewise a dreadful noise, like that caused by the ponderous wheels of an ox waggon—here sounded the dreadful noise of artillery—there were discharged infinite vollies of small shot—the shouts of the combatants seemed near at hand; in short the horns, trumpets, drums, and above all the frightful creaking of the waggon, formed so horrid a din, that *Don Quixote* had need of all his courage to be able to bear it, *Sancho's* quite failed him, and he fell down in a swoon

at the duchess's feet, who presently ordered cold water to be thrown in his face; which being done, he recovered his senses at the instant the creaking again arrived. It was drawn by four lazy oxen, covered with black palls; at the top of the waggon was fixed an exalted seat, on which sat a venerable old man, with a beard whiter than snow, and so long that it reached below his girdle: the waggon being come close up to the place, the venerable sire raised himself from his lofty seat, and standing upon his feet, with a loud voice he said, I am *Arcalaus* the enchanter, mortal enemy of *Amadis de Gaul* and all his kindred; and on he went: the waggon halted at a little distance, and presently was heard another sound, composed of sweet and regular music, at which *Sancho* was much rejoiced, and took it for a good sign, and therefore he said to the duchess from whom he had not stirred an inch: where there is music, madam, there can be no harm, it being always a sign of feasting and merriment—That we shall see presently, quoth *Don Quixote*.

They perceived advancing towards them a triumphal car, drawn by six grey mules. Upon an elevated throne sat a nymph, clad in silver tissue, bespangled with numberless leaves of gold tinsel; her face was covered with a transparent delicate tiffany, so that you might discover through it the face of a very beautiful damsel. Close by her sat a figure arranged in robes of state down to the feet, and his head covered with a black veil.—The moment the car came up the music ceased, and the figure in the gown standing up and throwing open the robe, and taking the veil from off his face, discovered plainly the very figure and skeleton of death, so ugly, that *Don Quixote* was startled, and *Sancho* affrighted at it, and the duke and duchess made a shew of some timorous concern—This living death standing up, with a voice somewhat drowsy, and a tongue not quite awake, began in the following manner.

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*Merlin I am, miscalled the devil's son
 In lying annals authoriz'd by time ;
 In hell's dark chambers, where my busied ghost
 Was forming spells and mystic characters,
 Dulcinea's voice (peerless Tobosan maid)
 With mournful accents reach'd my pitying ears.
 I knew her woe, her metamorphos'd form,
 From high-born beauty, in a palace grac'd
 To the low features of a cottage wench,
 And in the hollow of this skeleton
 My soul inclosing, hither am I come
 To tell the cure of such uncommon ills.*

*Spain's boasted pride, La Mancha's matchless knight,
 Would'st thou to beauty's pristine state restore
 Th' enchanted dame, Sancho thy faithful squire
 Must to his brawny buttocks, bare expos'd,
 Three thousand, and three hundred stripes apply ;
 Such as may sting, and give him smarting pain.
 The authors of her change have thus decreed,
 And this is Merlin's errand from the shades.*

I vow to God, quoth *Sancho*, I say not three thousand, but will as soon give myself three stabs as three lashes : I can't see what my buttocks have to do with enchantments. I shall take you, *Don Peasant* stuffed with garlick, quoth *Don Quixote*, and tie you to a tree, and I say not three thousand three hundred, but six thousand, six hundred lashes will I give you ; so answer me not a word, for I will tear out your very soul ; which *Merlin* hearing he said it must not be so, for the lashes that honest *Sancho* are to receive, must be with his good will, and not by force, and at what time he pleases, for there is no term set ! Did I bring forth the lady *Dulcinea*, quoth *Sancho*, that my posteriors must pay for the transgressions of her eyes ? My master indeed who is part of her, since at every stay, he is calling her his life and his soul, he can and ought to lash himself for her, but for me to whip myself, I renounce it.

Scarcely had *Sancho* said this, when the nymph standing up and throwing aside her veil, discovered a face more than excessively beautiful, and addressing herself to *Sancho*, she said—O! unlucky squire, heart of a cork tree, and of bowels full of gravel and flints! to make a stir about three thousand three hundred lashes, which every school-boy receives every month—it amazes and affrights the tender bowels of all that hear it. Relent, ill intentioned monster at my blooming youth, pining, and withering under the bark of a coarse country wench; and if at this time I appear otherwise, it is by the particular favour of Signor *Merlin*, merely that my charms may soften you: and if for my sake you will not be mollified, be so for the sake of that poor knight there by your side, your master.

What say you to this, *Sancho*? quoth the duchess. I know not what to say, madam, answered *Sancho*, but one thing I would fain know from the lady *Dulcinea*, where she learned the way of entreaty she uses; she comes to desire me to tear my flesh, and at the same time calls me heart of a cork tree, and bowels of flint. What does she think my flesh is made of brass? then my master, instead of coaxing me, says he will tie me to a tree, and double the dose of stripes: besides these compassionate gentlefolks ought to consider, that they not only desire to have a squire whipped, but a governor, as if it were like drinking after cherries, a thing of course. In truth, friend *Sancho*, quoth the duke, if you do not relent, you singe no government: it were good indeed that I should send my islanders a flinty-hearted governor, one who relents not at the tears of afflicted damfels. My lord, answered *Sancho*, may I not be allowed two days time to consider what is best for me to do? No, in no wise, quoth *Merlin*, at this instant, and upon this spot the business must be settled: or *Dulcinea* must return to her former condition of a country wench; or else in her present form be carried to the *Elysian fields*.

fields, where she must wait till the number of the lashes be fulfilled.

Well, said *Sancho*, since every body tells me so, though I see no reason for it myself, I say I am contented to give myself the lashes, upon condition that I may lay them on whenever I please, without being tied to-days or times; and I will endeavour to get out of debt the soonest I possibly can, that the world may enjoy the beauty of the lady *Dulcinea*, since she is in reality beautiful. Item, if I should mistake in the reckoning, Signor *Merlin*, who knows every thing shall keep an account, and give me notice: there is no need of keeping account, answered *Merlin*, for as soon as you arrive at the complete number, the lady *Dulcinea*, will be instantly disenchanting, and will come to seek honest *Sancho*, to thank and reward him for the good deed done. Go to then, in God's name, said *Sancho*, I submit to my ill fortune. I accept of the penance upon the conditions stipulated. Scarcely had *Sancho* uttered these words, when the music struck up, and *Don Quixote* clung about *Sancho's* neck, giving him a thousand kisses. The car began to move on, and in passing by, the fair *Dulcinea* bowed her head to the duke and duchess, and made a low courtesy to *Sancho*. By this time the cheerful dawn came on apace, the duke and duchess, having executed their design so happily, returned to their castle with an intention of seconding their jest; since nothing real could have afforded them more pleasure.

The strange and never imagined adventure of the afflicted MATRON alias the Countess TRIFALDI, with a letter written by SANCHE, to his wife TERESA.

THE duke had a steward of a very facetious wit, who represented *Merlin*, and contrived the whole apparatus of the late adventure; and now he prepared another scene of the strangest contrivance imaginable. The next day the duchess asked *Sancho* if he had began the task of penance he was to do; he said he had, and had given himself five lashes that night. She desired to know with what he had given them, he said with the palm of his hand; that, replied the duchess, is rather clapping than whipping, and I am of opinion Signor *Merlin* will hardly be contented at so easy a rate. Give me then, madam, said *Sancho*, some rod or bough, and I will whip myself with it, provided it do not smart too much, for I would have your ladyship know that though I am a clown, my flesh has more of the cotton than of the rush, and there is no reason I should hurt myself for other folks good. You say well, answered the duchess, to-morrow I will give you a whip, which will suit you exactly. To which, *Sancho* said; you must know, dear lady of my soul, that I have written a letter to my wife *Teresa*, I wish your discretion would read it, for methinks it runs as becomes a governor; let us see it, said the duchess. *Sancho* pulled an open letter out of his bosom, and the duchess taking it in her hands saw the contents were as follows.

SANCHE

SANCHO PANÇA's letter to his wife TERESA PANÇA.

" If I have been finely lashed, I have been finely mounted: if I have got a good government, it has cost me many good lashes. This, my dear *Teresa*, you will not understand at present. You must know that I am determined you shall ride in your coach: you shall be a governor's wife. I here send you a green hunting suit, which my lady duchess gave me: fit it up so that it may serve our daughter for a jacket and petticoat. They say that my master *Don Quixote* is a sensible madman, and I am not a whit short of him. The sage *Merlin* has pitched upon me for the disenchanting of *Dulcinea del Toboso*, who among you is called *Aldonza Lorenzo*, with three thousand three hundred lashes, that I am to give myself: she will be as much disenchanted as the mother that bore her—Say nothing of this to any body—A few days hence I shall go to the government, whither I go with an eager desire to make money. *Dapple* is well, and sends his hearty service to you. The duchess, my mistress, kisses your hands a thousand times: return her two thousand, for nothing costs less, nor is cheaper than compliments of civility.

" Your husband, the governor,

" SANCHO PANÇA."

*From this castle,
July 20, 1614.*

This is a very good letter, said the duchess, and I will have the duke see it—Hereupon they went to a garden, where they were to dine that day, and the duchess shewed the letter to the duke, who was highly diverted with it. They dined, and after they had entertained themselves a good while with *Sancho's* conversation, on a sudden they heard the dismal sound of a fife, and that of a hoarse, and unbraced drum: they all discovered some surprise, especially

Don

Don Quixote; fear carried *Sancho* to his usual refuge, the duchess's side. While they were thus in suspense, they perceived two men enter the garden, clad in mourning robes: they came beating two great drums; by their side came the fife. These were followed by a personage of gigantic stature, mantled about with a robe of the blackest die; his face was covered with a transparent black veil, through which appeared a prodigious long beard as white as snow; he marched with much gravity, and kneeled down before the duke, who would in no wise suffer him to speak till he rose up. He did so, and lifting up his veil, exposed to view the longest, whitest, and best furnished beard, that human eyes had ever beheld: and fixing his eyes on the duke, he said:

I am squire to the Countess *Trifaldi*, commonly called the *afflicted matron*, from whom I bring your grandeur a message, which is that your magnificence would be pleased to give her permission to enter and tell her distress. But first she desires to know whether the invincible *Don Quixote de la Mancha* resides in your castle. It is now many days, said the Duke, since we have had notice of the misfortune of the Countess *Trifaldi*; tell her she may enter, and that the valiant Knight *Don Quixote* is here. *Trifaldi* bent a knee to the ground, and walked out of the garden with the same solemnity he came in. The Duke, turning to *Don Quixote*, said, it is hardly six days since your goodness has been in this castle; when behold the afflicted are already come in quest of you, trusting they shall find in that strenuous arm of yours the remedy for their troubles. Relief in necessities, answered *Don Quixote*, is no where so readily to be found as among Knights-errant. Let this matron come, and make what request she pleases, for I will commit her redress to the intrepid resolution of my courageous spirit.

They heard the drum and fife strike up again, by which they understood that the *afflicted matron* was just entering. After the doleful music, there began

to enter the garden twelve *Duennas* all clad in mourning habits, with white veils. After these came the Countess *Trifaldi*, whom Squire *Trifaldin* of the White-Beard, led by the hand. Now all keeping silence, and in expectation who should break it, the afflicted matron began in these words. Confident I am, most mighty Lord, that my misery will find in your valourous breast, a protection no less placid than generous. But first I should be glad to be informed, whether the most refined Knight *Don Quixote de la Mancha*, and his Squire *Sancho Panza*, be in this company. Upon this, *Don Quixote* said, if your distresses, afflicted lady, can promise themselves any remedy from the fortitude of a Knight-errant, behold mine, which shall be employed in your service. I am *Don Quixote de la Mancha*, tell your griefs, for you are within hearing of those who know how to compassionate, if not to redress them; which the afflicted matron hearing, returning to her seat she said—*Donna Maguncia*, queen of the famous kingdom of *Candaya*, had an only daughter named *Antonomasia*, which infant was educated under my care, as being the most ancient *Duenna*, and of the best quality among those that waited upon her mother. She was the fairest creature in the world: of this beauty, an infinite number of princes grew enamoured; among whom a private gentleman of the court dared to raise his thoughts to the heaven of so much beauty, confiding in his youth, his graces, and the felicity of his wit; but all his accomplishments would have signified nothing if he had not artfully contrived to reduce me first. In short, he imposed upon my understanding, and got from me my consent; and so I being the go-between, he was often in the chamber of the betrayed *Antonomasia*, under the title of her lawful husband. This intrigue lay concealed for some time, till some symptoms of the pregnancy began to shew themselves in *Antonomasia*, the apprehension whereof made us lay our heads together, and the result was, that *Don Clavija*, (for that is the name of the Cavalier) should demand the infant in marriage, in

virtue

virtue of a contract signed by her and given him, to be his wife. The business was put in execution, the vicar saw the contract and took the lady's confession. She acknowledged the whole, and was ordered into the custody of an honest alguazil of the court. The infanta standing to her engagement, the vicar pronounced sentence in favour of *Don Clavijo*, and gave her to him to wife; at which the Queen her mother was so much disturbed, that we buried her in three days time.

And scarcely had we pronounced the last farewell, when upon the Queen's sepulchre appeared, mounted on a wooden horse, the giant *Malombruno* her cousin german, who is an enchanter, in revenge of his cousin's death, and in chastisement of the boldness of *Don Clavijo*, and the folly of *Antonomasia*. He left them both enchanted upon the very sepulchre; her converted into a monkey of brass, and him into a fearful crocodile, and between them lies a plate of metal, with letters engraved upon it, which contain this sentence. *These presumptuous lovers shall not recover their pristine form, till the valorous Manchegan shall enter into single combat with me; for the destinies reserve this unheard of adventure, for his great valour alone.* This done he drew out of his scabbard a broad scymetar, and taking me by the hair of my head, he made shew as if he would cut my throat: with a trembling voice I used such intreaties as prevailed with him to suspend the execution of so rigorous a punishment. Finally, he sent for all the *Duennas* of the palace, being those here present, and after having inveighed against their wicked plots, and charging them with all that blame that I alone deserved, he said he would not chastise us with capital punishment, but with lengthened pains, which should put us to a kind of perpetual death; and in the instant we all felt the pores of our faces open, and a pricking pain all over them: immediately we clapped our hands to our faces, and found them in the condition you shall see presently. Then the afflicted, and the rest of the *Duennas*, lifted up their veils, and discovered their faces all planted with

with beards of various colours, at which all present seemed astonished. Thus, continued the *Trifaldi*, did the evil minded *Malambruno* punish us—in an unlucky hour were we born; and if we are not relieved by Signor *Don Quixote*, with beards shall we be carried to our graves—Mine, quoth *Don Quixote*, shall be plucked off in the country of the *Moors*, rather than not free you from yours—Inform me madam what it is I am to do, for my inclination is fully disposed to serve you. The case is, answered the *afflicted*, that from hence to the kingdom of *Candaya*, if you go by land, it is five thousand leagues, but if you go through the air in a direct line, it is three thousand two hundred and twenty seven. *Malambruno* also told me, that when fortune should furnish me with the Knight, my deliverer, he would send him that very wooden horse upon which the valiant *Peter of Provence* carried off the fair *Magalona*. This horse is governed by a pin he has in his forehead, and he flies through the air with such swiftness, that one would think the devil himself carried him: since the grand *Peter* to this time, we know of nobody that has been upon his back. This same horse neither eats nor sleeps, and ambles such a pace through the air without wings, that his rider may carry a dish full of water in his hand without spilling a drop, he travels so smooth and easy.

To this *Sancho* said: for smooth and easy goings, commend me to my *Dapple*, though he goes not through the air, but by land I will match him against all the amblers in the world. This set the company a laughing, and the *Afflicted* proceeded. Now this horse of *Malambruno* intends to put an end to our misfortune, will be here within half an hour after it is dark, for he told me that the sign by which I should be assured of having found that knight I sought after, should be the sending me the horse to the place where the knight was, with conveniency and speed. And pray, quoth *Sancho*, how many can ride upon this same horse? Two persons, answered the *Afflicted*,
one

one in the saddle, and the other behind, on the crupper: and generally these two persons are the knight and his squire. I should be glad to know, madam *Afflicted*, said *Sancho*, what this horse's name is? He is called, answered the bearded countess, *Clavileño*, the winged.

I have a great desire to see him, answered *Sancho*, but to think that I will get upon him, is to look for pears on an elm tree. It were a good jest indeed for me, who can hardly sit my own *Dapple*, to think of getting upon a crupper of boards without either pillow or cushion: besides I am out of the question; for I can be of no service towards the shaving these beards, as I am for the disenchanting my lady *Dulcinea*. Indeed but you can, friend, answered the *Trifaldi*, and of so much service that without you, as I take it, we are likely to do nothing at all. I say again, good my lord and lady, quoth *Sancho*, my matter may go by himself; for I will stay here by my lady duchess, and perhaps when he comes back, he may find madam *Dulcinea's* business pretty forward, for I intend, at leisure times, to give myself such a whipping bout, that not a hair space interpose.

For all that, honest *Sancho*, quoth the duchess, you must bear him company if needs be, for it would be a great pity the faces of these ladies should remain thus bushy through your needless fears. Enough, my good-lady, quoth *Don Quixote*, and madam *Trifaldi*, and company, I trust in God that he will look upon your distresses with an eye of goodness; and as for *Sancho* he shall do what I command him. I wish *Clavileño* were once come, and that *Malambruno* and I were at it, for I am confident that no razor would more easily shave your ladyship's beards, than my sword shall shave off *Malambruno's* head from his shoulders. Ah! quoth the *Afflicted*, valorous knight, may all the stars of the celestial regions behold your Worship with eyes of benignity, and infuse into your heart all prosperity and courage! O giant *Malambruno*

bruno, send us now incomparable *Clavileno*, that our misfortune may have an end, for if the heats come on, and these beards of ours continue, woe be to us. The *Trifaldi* uttered this with so deep a concern, that she drew tears from the eyes of all the by-standers, and even made *Sancho's* flow, and he purposed in his heart to accompany his master, if on that depended the clearing off those venerable faces of their wool.



C H A P XXXII.

The arrival of CLAVILENO, with the conclusion of this unheard of adventure.

NIGHT came on, and with it the point of time fixed for the arrival of *Clavileno*; whose stay perplexed *Don Quixote* very much, thinking that since *Malambruno* delayed sending him, he was not the knight for whom this adventure was reserved; but behold on a sudden, four savages entered the garden, all clad in green ivy, and bearing on their shoulders a large wooden horse. They set him upon his legs on the ground, and one of the savages said: let him who has courage mount this machine. Not I, quoth *Sancho*, for neither have I courage, nor am I a knight: and the savage proceeded, saying: and let the squire, if he has one, get up behind, and there is no more to do, but to screw the pin he has in his forehead, and he will bear them through the air, to the place where *Malambruno* expects them; but lest the height of the way should make their heads swim, their eyes must be covered till the horse neighs, which is to be the signal of his being arrived at his journey's end. This said, leaving *Clavileno*, they returned by the way they came.

As soon as the *Afflicted* espied the horse, she said to *Don Quixote*, Valorous knight, *Malambruno* has kept his word, here is the horse: our beards are increasing, and every one of us beseech you to shave and shear us, since there is no more for you to do but to mount with your squire behind you, and so give a happy beginning to your new journey. That I will most willingly, madam *Trifaldi*, quoth *Don Quixote*, without staying to put on my spurs, to avoid delay; so great is the desire I have to see your ladyship, and all these

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these *Duennas* shaven and clean. That will not I, quoth *Sancho*, and if this shaving cannot be performed without my riding behind, let my master seek some other squire to bear him company, and these madams some other way of smoothing their faces; for I am no wizard to delight in travelling through the air: beside what will my islanders say, when they hear that their governor is taking the air upon the wings of the wind? these gentlewomens beards must excuse me: St. *Peter* is well at *Rome*; I mean I am very well in this house, where they make much of me, and from the master of which I expect so great a favour as to be made a governor. To which the duke said, Friend *Sancho*, the island I have promised you will not run away, and since you know there is no kind of office of any considerable value, but is procured by some kind of bribe, what I expect for this government is, that you go with your master *Don Quixote*, to accomplish this memorable adventure; and return when you will, you will find your island where you left it, and my good will shall be always the same.

No more, good Sir, quoth *Sancho*, let my master get up, let these eyes of mine be hood-winked, and commend me to God: mount you, Sir, and hood-wink first, for if I am to ride behind, it is plain he who is to be in the saddle, must get up first. That is true, replied *Don Quixote*, and pulling a handkerchief out of his pocket, he desired the *Afflicted* to cover his eyes close, and so he mounted *Clavileno*, and having no stirrups, and his legs dangling down, he looked like a figure in a Roman triumph. Much against his will, *Sancho* got up behind, adjusting himself the best he could upon the crupper; which he found not over soft, and begged the duke to accommodate him with some pillow or cushion, though it were from the duchess's state sofa. To this the *Trifaldi* replied, that *Clavileno* would not endure any kind of furniture upon him, but that he might sit sideways like a woman. *Sancho* did so, and bidding

ding adieu, he suffered his eyes to be blindfolded. *Don Quixote* perceiving he was fixed as he should be, began to turn the peg, when all the *Duennas* lifted up their voices saying, God be your guide, valorous knight! God be with you intrepid squire! Now, now, you mount in the air, sit fast valorous *Sancho*.

Sancho heard the voices, and nestling closer to his master said, How can they say, Sir, we are got so high, when they seem to be talking here hard by us! Never mind that, *Sancho*, quoth *Don Quixote*, for as these flights are out of the ordinary course, you may see and hear any thing a thousand leagues off: but dont squeeze me so hard, you will tumble me down: banish fear, friend, for the business goes as it should, and we have the wind in our poop. That's true, answered *Sancho*, for on this side the wind blows so strong, that a thousand pair of bellows seem to be fanning me, and so indeed it was, for they were airing him with several pair of bellows. *Don Quixote* now feeling the wind said, without doubt *Sancho*, we must by this time have reached the second region of the air, and if we go on mounting at this rate, we shall soon reach the region of fire; and I know not how to manage this peg, so as not to mount where we shall be scorched.

While they were thus discoursing, some flax set on fire at the end of a long cane at some distance, began to warm their faces. *Sancho* feeling the heat said, May I be hanged if we are not already at that same fire place, for it has singed a great part of my beard. This discourse of the two heroes was overheard by all that were in the garden, and being now willing to put an end to this well concerted adventure, they clapped some lighted flag to *Clavileno's* tail; and that instant, he being full of squibs and crackers blew up with a strange noise, and threw to the ground *Don Quixote* and *Sancho*, half singed. By this time the *Trisaldi* with the *Duennas* were vanished, and all that remained in the garden, counterfeiting a trance, lay flat upon the ground. *Don Quixote* and *Sancho* got up,

up, and were amazed to find themselves in the same garden from whence they set out, and to see such a number of folks stretched on the ground; but their wonder was increased, when on one side of the garden, they perceived a great lance sticking in the earth, and a piece of white parchment hanging to it by two filken strings; upon which was written in letters of gold, what follows:

The renowned Knight Don Quixote de la Mancha, has atchieved the adventure of the Countess Trifaldi, only by attempting it; Malabrundo is entirely satisfied; the chins of the Duennas are smooth and clean; the Lovers have recovered their pristine estate, and when the squirely whipping shall be accomplished, the white dove shall find herself in the arms of her beloved Turtle: for so it is ordained by the sage Merlin, the prince of enchanterers.

Don Quixote having read the inscription, understood plainly that it spoke of the disenchantment of Dulcinea; and giving thanks to heaven for his having atchieved so great an exploit, he went where the duke and duchess lay, and pulling the duke by the arm, he said—Courage, good my lord; the adventure is happily accomplished, as yon register plainly shews. The duke, by degrees, came to himself, and in like manner the duchess, and all that were in the garden, with such share of wonder and affright, that what they had so well acted in jest, seemed almost to themselves to have happened in earnest. The duke read the scroll, and with open arms embraced Don Quixote, assuring him he was the bravest knight that ever lived. Sancho looked about for the Afflicted, to see whether she was as handsome without her beard as her gallant presence seemed to promise: but he was told that as Clavileno came flaming through the air, the whole squadron of Duennas with the Trifaldi, disappeared, and their beards vanished, roots and all.

C H A P. XXXIII.

How SANCHE PANÇA was carried to his island, and of the manner of his beginning to govern it.

THE duke and duchess having projected the scheme, and given the necessary orders to their servants and vassals, how they were to behave to *Sancho*, in his government of the promised island; the duke bid *Sancho* get himself in readiness to go to be a governor, for that next day he should depart, and this evening said he, you shall be fitted with all things necessary. *Don Quixote* came up, and learning how suddenly *Sancho* was to depart, with the duke's leave, he took him into his chamber, and shutting the door, he said with a composed voice. Infinite thanks give to heaven, Friend *Sancho*, that good fortune has gone forth to meet and receive you: and this makes good the saying--in pretensions luck is all. You who in respect to me without doubt are a block-head, without taking any pains at all, by the air alone of knight errantry breathing on you, see yourself without more ado governor of an island, as it were a matter of nothing. I say this that you may not ascribe the favour done to your own merit, but give thanks, first to heaven, which disposes things so sweetly, and in the next place to the grandeur inherent in the profession of knight errantry: God speed you, and govern you in your government, and deliver me from a suspicion that I have, that you will turn the whole island topsy-turvy: which I might prevent, by letting the duke know what you are, and telling him that that paunch gut of thine is nothing but a sack full of proverbs and sly remarks. Sir, replied *Sancho*, if your Worship thinks I am not fit for this government, I renounce it from this moment;

for

for I love the little black of the nail of my soul, better than my whole body, and plain *Sancho* can live as well upon bread and onion, as governor *Sancho* upon capon and partridge; besides while we are asleep, the great and the small, the poor and the rich, are all equal, and if your Worship reflects you will find, it was you that put me upon the scent of governing; for I know no more of the government of islands than a bustard; and if you fancy the devil will have me, if I am a governor, I had rather go *Sancho* to heaven, than a governor to hell. Before God, *Sancho*, quoth *Don Quixote*, for those last words of yours, I think you deserve to be governor of a thousand islands. You are good natured, without which no knowledge is of any value; always take care to have a firm purpose and design of doing right in whatever business occurs: for heaven constantly favours a good intention--and so let us go to dinner.

Next morning *Sancho* set out with a great number of followers for the place, which to him was to be an island; he had on a wide surtout of murrey coloured camblet, with a cap of the same, and was mounted upon a mule, and behind him was led his *Dapple*, with furniture all of flaming silk. *Sancho* turned back every moment to look at his ass, with whose company he was so delighted, that he would not have changed conditions with an emperor. At taking leave of the duke and duchess, he kissed their hands, and begged his master's blessing, which he gave with tears, and *Sancho* received blubbering. He with all his attendants arrived at a town that contained about a thousand inhabitants, and was one of the best the duke had: they gave him to understand that it was called the island of *Barataria*. At his arrival, the magistrates came out to receive him, and with a great deal of pomp, presented to him the keys of the town, and admitted him as perpetual governor. They carried him to the tribunal of justice, and placed him in the chair; *Sancho* was staring at some capital letters written on the wall opposite to his

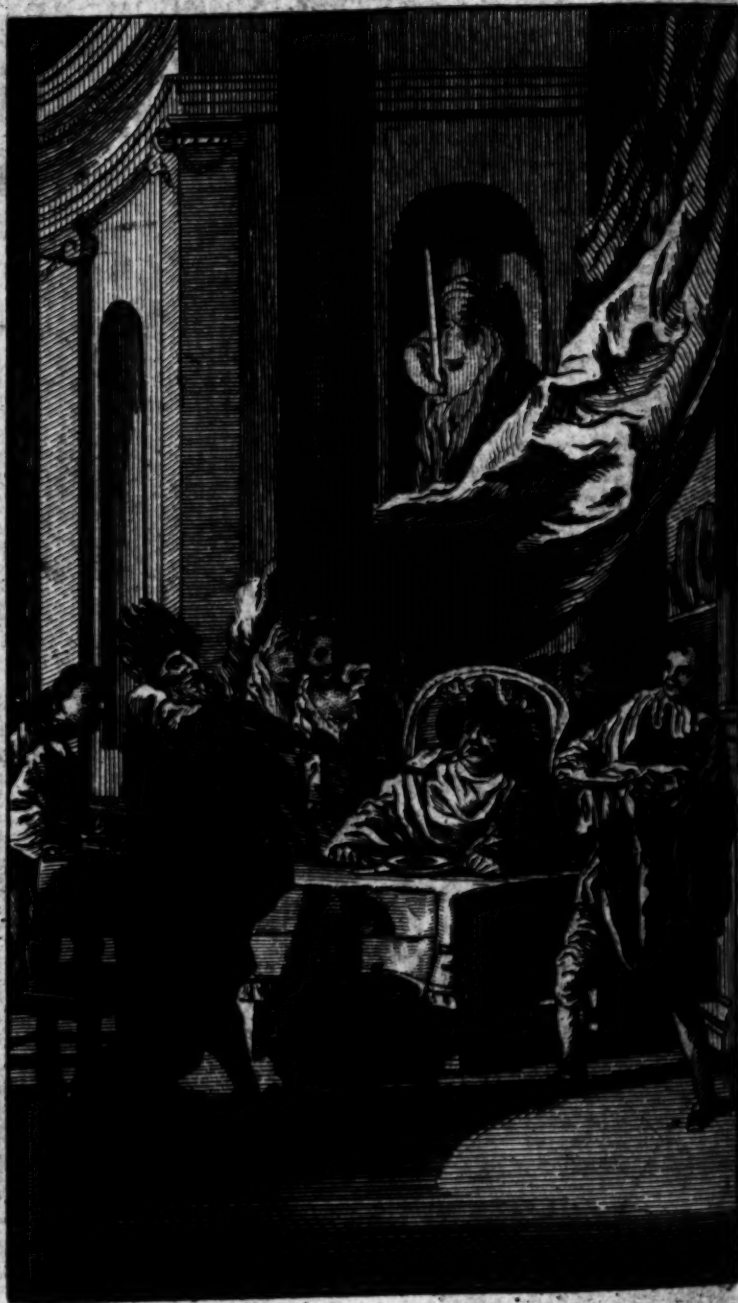
chair, and because he could not read, he asked what that painting was on the wall; he was answered, Sir, it is there written on what day your honour took possession of this island.

At this instant, two men came into the court, the one clad like a country fellow, the other like a taylor, with a pair of sheers in his hand, and the taylor said, My lord governor, I and this countryman come before your Worship, by reason this honest man came yesterday to my shop, and putting a piece of cloth into my hands, asked me, Sir, is there enough of this to make me a cap? I, measuring the piece, answered yes—now he imagining that doubtless I had a mind to cabbage some of the cloth, grounding his conceit upon his own knavery, bid me view it again, and see if there was not enough for two. I guessed his drift, and told him there was—my gentleman went on increasing the number of caps, and I adding to the number of yes's till we came to five caps; and even now he came for them. I offered them to him, and he refuses to pay me for the making, and pretends I shall either return him his cloth, or pay him first—Is all this so, brother? demanded *Sancho*. Yes, answered the man, but pray my lord make him produce the five caps he has made me—With all my heart, answered the taylor, and pulling his hand from under his cloke, he shewed the five caps, on the ends of his finger and thumb, saying: here are the five caps this honest man would have me make, and on my conscience not a shred of the cloth is left, and I submit the work to be viewed by any inspector of the trade. *Sancho* set himself to consider a little, and said, I am of opinion there needs no great delay in this suit, and it may be decided very equitably off hand: and therefore I pronounce that the taylor lose the making, and the countryman the stuff, and that the caps be confiscated to the use of the poor; and there is an end. This sentence excited the laughter of those that were present, and what the governor commanded was executed. This transaction being
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noted down by his historiographer, was transmitted to the duke, who waited for it: and they conducted *Sancho* from the court of judicature to a sumptuous palace, where in a great hall was spread an elegant table, and as soon as *Sancho* entered, four pages came in with water to wash his hands, which he received with great gravity. *Sancho* sat down at the upper end of the table, for there was but one chair, and no other napkin or plate. A personage, who afterwards proved to be a physician, placed himself standing on one side of him, with a whalebone rod in his hand.

One, who looked like a student, said grace, and a page put a laced bib under *Sancho's* chin: another set a plate of fruit before him, but scarce had he eaten a bit, when he of the Wand, touching the dish with it, the waiter snatched it away with great haste, but the sewer set a dish of meat in its place: *Sancho* was going to try it, but before he could reach it, the Wand had been already at it, and a page whipped that away also. *Sancho*, asked if this repast was to be eaten like a shew of slight of hand? to which he of the Wand, replied, my lord governor, here must be no other kind of eating, but such as is customary in other islands where there are governors. I, Sir, am a physician, and have an appointed salary from this island, for serving the governors of it in that capacity: and I consult their healths much more than my own, and my principal business is to attend at the governor's meats, to let him eat of what I think is most proper for him, and therefore I ordered the fruit away as being too moist; and the meat as being too hot—Well then, quoth *Sancho*, yon plate of roasted partridges, will they do me any harm? To which, the doctor answered, my lord governor shall not eat a bit of them. Pray, why not, quoth *Sancho*? The physician answered, because our master *Hippocrates* says, *all repletion is bad, but that of partridges the worst of all*. If it be so, quoth *Sancho*, pray see signor doctor, of all the dishes upon the table, which will do me most good, for by the life of the governor,

I am dying with hunger. I am of opinion, answered the physician, that my lord governor should at present eat some thin slices of marmalade, that may fit easy upon the stomach, and help digestion. *Sancho*, surveying the doctor, asked him his name, and where he had studied? To which, he answered, I am called Doctor *Pedro Rexio de Aguero*, and have taken my degree in the university of *Ossuna*—To which *Sancho*, burning with rage, answered, Why then Doctor *Pedro Rexio de Aguero*, get out of my sight, or I will take a cudgel, and will so lay about me, that there shall not be left one physician in the whole island; and give me to eat, or take back your government; for an office that will not find a man in victuals, is not worth two beans.

The doctor was frightened at seeing the governor so choleric, and would have taken himself out of the hall, had not the sound of a post-horn been heard that instant in the street. The sewer going to the window, and looking out came back and said, a courier is arrived from my lord duke: the courier entered sweating, and pulling a packet out of his bosom, he delivered it into the governor's hands, and *Sancho* gave it to the steward, bidding him read the superscription, which was this: *To Don Sancho Pança, governor of the island of Baratania. To be delivered into his own hands, or into his secretary's*; which *Sancho* hearing said, which is my secretary here? One present answered, I am he, Sir; open the packet, said *Sancho*, and see what it contains—The new born secretary did so, and having cast his eye over the contents said, it was a business which required privacy. *Sancho* commanded the hall to be cleared, and that none should stay but the steward and the sewer; and the rest being withdrawn, the secretary read the following letter:

“ It is come to my knowledge, Signor Don *Sancho Pança*, that certain enemies of the island, intend one of these nights to assault it furiously; you must

“ be

"be watchful and diligent; be careful who is admitted to speak to you, and be sure eat nothing sent you as a present. I will take care to send you assistance, if you are in any want of it.

"Your Friend, the Duke."

Sancho was astonished, and turning to the steward, he said, the first thing to be done, is to clap Doctor *Rexio* into prison, for if any body has a design to kill me, it is he. Said the steward, it is my opinion your honour would do well to eat nothing of this meat upon the table; for it was presented by some nuns; and it is a saying, the devil lurks behind the cross. I grant it, quoth *Sancho*—Secretary, answer my lord duke, and tell him his commands shall be obeyed, and present my humble service to my lady duchess, and beg her not to forget sending my letter, and the bundle to my wife *Teresa*; and by the way, you may put in a service to my master *Don Quixote*, that he may see I am grateful: and pray take away the cloth, and give me something to eat, for I will deal well enough with all the spies, murderers, and enchanters, that shall attack me, or my island.

To night at supper, quoth the sewer, amends shall be made for the defects of dinner. God grant it, quoth *Sancho*. The governor expected with great impatience the hour of supper, at length it came, and they gave him some cow-beef, hashed with onions; he laid about him with more relish, than if they had given him *Roman* pheasants, or geese of *Lavajos*. *Sancho* having supped, they prepared for going the round, and he set out with the secretary, the steward, and other attendants; in the midst of them marched *Sancho*, with his white rod of office: and after having perambulated the different wards, and quelled all disturbances, they returned in the same order they went, and thus ended that night's round, and two days after the government too, which put an end to all *Sancho's* designs and expectations.

C H A P. XXXIV.

The success of the page, who carried the letter to SANCHO'S wife, with the progress and conclusion of SANCHO'S government.

THE duchess having received *Sancho's* message, in compliance with his request, dispatched a page to *Teresa Pança*, with her husband's letter, and with another from herself, and a large string of rich corals, by way of present. The page departed for *Sancho's* village, and being arrived near it, he saw some women washing in a brook, of whom he demanded, whether one *Teresa Pança*, wife of one *Sancho Pança*, squire to a Knight called *Don Quixote de la Mancha*, lived in that town? At which question a young wench started up and said, that *Teresa Pança* is my mother, and that *Sancho* my father, and that Knight our master. Come then damsel, quoth the page, and bring me to your mother; for I have a letter, and a present for her from that father of yours—That I will, Sir, answered the girl, and leaving her companions, she ran skipping before the page's horse, till she came to the village, and before she got into the house, she called aloud at the door—Come forth, mother *Teresa*, here is a gentleman, who brings letters from my good father—at which *Teresa* came out spinning a distaff full of wool—She seeing her daughter, and the page, said: What is the matter, girl? What gentleman is this? It is an humble servant of my lady *Donna Teresa Pança*, answered the page; and so saying, helping himself from his horse, and with great respect, kneeled before the lady *Teresa*, saying—Be pleased to give me your ladyship's hand to kiss, as being the wife of Signor Don

Don *Sancho Pança*, governor of the island *Barataria*. Be pleased madam, to receive this letter, and this present—then he pulled out of his pocket a string of corals, and putting it about her neck, he said, this letter is from my lord governor, and another that I have here, and these corals, are from my lady duchess, who sends me to your ladyship. *Teresa* was amazed, and the girl said, May I die if our master *Don Quixote* be not at the bottom of this business, and has given my father the government he so often promised him. It is even so, answered the page, and for Signor *Don Quixote*'s sake, my lord *Sancho* is governor of the island *Barataria*, as you will see by this letter—Pray young gentleman, quoth *Teresa*, be pleased to read it, for I cannot read a tittle—The page read it, as before inserted, then he pulled out that from the duchess, which was as follows:

“ FRIEND TERESA,

“ The good qualities of your husband, *Sancho*,
 “ induced the duke, my spouse, to give him the
 “ government of one of the many islands he has. I
 “ am informed he governs like any hawk, at which
 “ I, and my lord duke, are mightily pleased. I send
 “ you hereby my dear, a string of corals set in
 “ gold; the time will come when we shall be better
 “ acquainted; commend me to your daughter, and
 “ tell her from me to get herself ready, for I mean
 “ to marry her toppingly, when she least thinks of
 “ it. I am told the acorns of your town are very
 “ large, pray send me two dozen; and write to me
 “ immediately, advising me of your health, and
 “ welfare. So, God keep you.

“ Your loving Friend,

“ THE DUCHESS.”

From this Place.

K 4

Ah!

Ah! quoth *Teresa*, how good! how humble a lady! As to the acorns, I will send her ladyship a pocket full, and for the present *Sanchicba*, make much of this gentleman, for the good news he has brought deserves no less. The girl fried a rashér, and paved it with eggs, for the page's dinner, and after having regaled himself, he begged to be dispatched, for he intended to return home that night. *Teresa* prevailed on a young noviciate friar, to write two letters for her, one for her husband, and another for the duchess, with which the page departed, loaden with compliments, and blessings, from the mother and daughter, for the good tidings he had brought.

The morning appearing, signer governor got up, and by the direction of *Doctor Pedro Rexio*, they gave him a little conserve, and four draughts of cold water; which *Sancho* would gladly have exchanged for a piece of bread, and a bunch of grapes; however, he sat in judgment that day. Among other things that offered, was a question, proposed by a stranger, it was this—My lord, a main river divides the two parts of one lordship, upon this river stood a bridge, and at the head of it, a gallows, and a kind of courthouse, in which were commonly four judges, whose office it was to give sentence, according to a law enjoined by the owner of the lordship, which law was in this form: Whoever passes over this bridge, must first take an oath from whence he comes, and what business he is going about: and if he swears true, they shall let him pass; but if he tells a lye, he shall die for it, upon yonder gallows; this law being known, several persons passed over; now it fell out, that a certain man taking the oath, swore he was going to die upon the gallows, which stood there, and this was his business, and no other—the judges said, if we let this man pass freely, he swore a lye, and by the law, he ought to die; and if we hang him, he swore he went to die upon the gallows, and having swore the truth, by the same law, he ought to go free.

It is now demanded of my lord governor, how the judges shall proceed with this man, for they are still doubtful, and in suspense. In my opinion, said *Sancho*, this affair may be briefly resolved, and it is thus; that they let pass that part of the man, that swore the truth, and hang that part that swore a lye, and thus the condition of the passage will be literally fulfilled. If so, signor governor, replied the querist, it will be necessary to divide the man into two parts, and if he is cut asunder, he must necessarily die, and so there is not a tittle of the law fulfilled. Come hither, honest man, answered *Sancho*, I am of opinion that you tell those gentlemen, who sent you to me, that since the reasons for condemning, and acquitting him are equal, they let him pass freely; for it is always commendable to do good, rather than harm—For my part, answered the steward, I think *Lycurgus* himself could not have given a better judgment; let us have no more hearings this morning, and I will give order that signor governor shall dine to-day much to his satisfaction. That is what I desire, quoth *Sancho*, let me but dine, and bring me cases never so thick, I will dispatch them in the snuffing of a candle.

The steward was as good as his word, making it a matter of conscience not to starve so discerning a governor, especially since he intended to come to a conclusion with him that very night, and to play him the last trick he had in commission. Having dined that day against all the rules of *Doctor Pedro Rexio*, at taking away the cloth, the governor desired to be left alone, that he might spend the afternoon in making some ordinances for the good government of that which he took to be an island—where we will leave him, to relate the arrival of the page, at the castle, with *Teresa's* letters to the duchess and her husband. The superscription of one was, *For my Lady Duchess such a one, of I know not what place,* and the other to my husband *Sancho Pança*, governor

of the island *Barataria*. The duchess read her letter aloud as follows :

“ MY LADY,

“ The letter your grandeur wrote me, gave me
 “ much satisfaction ; the string of corals is very good,
 “ and my husband’s hunting suit comes not short of
 “ it. Our whole town is highly pleased that your lady-
 “ ship has made my husband, *Sancho*, a governor,
 “ though nobody believes it. I am sorry that there
 “ has been no gathering of acorns this year in our
 “ village, but for all that I send your highness about
 “ half a peck. Let not your pomposity forget to
 “ write to me. My daughter *Sancha*, and my son,
 “ kiss your ladyship’s hands.

“ She who has more mind to see your

“ Ladyship, than to write to you,

“ TERESA PANÇA.”

Great was the pleasure all received at hearing *Teresa’s* letter, and *Don Quixote* said, he would open the letter for the governor, which must needs be most excellent, which he did, and found the contents as follows :

“ I received your letter, dear *Sancho* of my soul,
 “ and I vow that I was within two fingers breadth,
 “ of running mad with satisfaction. The priest, the
 “ barber, and the batchelor, cannot believe you are
 “ a governor, and say, that it is all delusion, and
 “ *Sampson* says he will find you out, and take this
 “ government out of your head, and *Don Quixote’s*
 “ madness out of his scull. I sent my lady duchess a
 “ parcel of acorns, I wish they had been of gold.
 “ The pump in our market place is dried up. A
 “ *thunderbolt* fell on the pillory, and there may they
 “ all light. I expect an answer to this, and so God

“ keep

"keep you more years than myself, or as many; for
 "I would not willingly leave you in this world be-
 "hind me.

"Your Wife,

"TERESA PANÇA."

The letters caused much laughter—the duchess retired, to learn of the page what had befallen him in *Sancho's* village. He gave her the acorns, as also a cheese, which *Teresa* gave him for a very good one. The duchess received it with great satisfaction—and so we will leave them to return to the conclusion of *Sancho's* government, who being in bed not satiated with bread nor wine, but with sitting in judgment, and making statutes and proclamations; and sleep, in despite of hunger, beginning to close his eye-lids, he heard so great a noise of bells, and voices, that he verily thought the whole island had been sinking. He sat up in his bed, and listened attentively, but so far was he from guessing, that the din of an infinite number of trumpets and drums, joining the noise of the bells, and voices, he was in greater confusion, and more fear than at first; and getting upon his feet, he put on slippers, and without putting on his night gown, he went out at his chamber-door, and instantly perceived more than twenty persons come along a gallery, with lighted torches, and drawn swords, crying aloud; Arm, my lord governor arm, for an infinite number of enemies are entered the island, and we are undone if your valour do not succour us. What have I to do with arming; replied *Sancho*, who know nothing of arms or succours? It were better to leave these matters to my master *Don Quixote*, who will dispatch them, and secure us in a trice: for as I am a sinner, I understand nothing of these hurly burlies. Alack Signor Governor! said another, what faint-heartedness is this? Arm yourself, Sir, and come forth to the market-place, and be our leader and captain. Arm me then, in God's

name, replied *Sancho*; and instantly they brought him a couple of old targets, and clapped them over his shirt; they thrust his arms through certain holes they had made in them, and tied them well with some cord, insomuch that he remained boarded up straight like a spindle, without being able to bend his knees, or walk one single step: thus accoutered, they desired him to march, for he being their north-pole, their affairs would have a prosperous issue. How should I march, wretch that I am, answered *Sancho*, when I cannot stir my knee-pans? Fie! Signor Governor, quoth another, 'tis fear that hinders your marching, have done for shame, and better yourself, for the enemy increaseth, the cry grows louder, and the danger presses.

At which reproaches the poor governor tried to stir, and down he fell, with such violence that he thought he had dashed himself in pieces; he lay like a tortoise covered with his shell, and though they saw him fall, these jesting rogues had not the least compassion on him: on the contrary, putting out their torches, they reinforced the clamour with such hurry and bustle, trampling over poor *Sancho*, and giving him an hundred thwacks upon the targets, that if he had not gathered himself up, and shrunk in his head between the bucklers, it had gone hard with the poor Governor; who crumpled up in that narrow compass, sweated, and recommended himself to God, to deliver him from that danger--Some stumbled, others fell over him, and one getting a top of him stood there a good while, and from thence, as a watch tower, commanded the troops, and with a loud voice cried: This way, brave boys, here the enemy charges thickest; guard that postern, shut yon gate. The poor battered *Sancho*, who heard and bore all, said to himself, O! that this island were once lost, and I could see myself either dead, or out of this great strait! Heaven heard this petition, and when he least expected, he heard voices, crying Victory! Victory! the enemy is routed: Signor Governor enjoy

enjoy the conquest, and divide the spoils taken from the foe, by the valour of that invincible arm—Let me be lifted up, quoth the dolorous *Sancho*: they helped him to rise, and when he was got upon his legs, he said; May all the enemies I have vanquished, be nailed to my forehead. I will divide no spoils of enemies, but I beseech some friend, if I have any, to give me a draught of wine, for I am almost choked; and let me dry up this sweat, for I am melting away, and turning into water. They rubbed him down, they brought him wine, they untied his targets: he sat down upon his bed, and swooned away with the fatigue he had undergone. Those who had played him the trick, began to be sorry they had laid it on so heavily. *Sancho*, coming to himself, asked what o'clock it was, they told him it was day-break—without saying any thing more he began to dress himself.

Having put on his cloaths, he took the way to the stable, every body following him; and going to *Dapple*, he embraced him, and not without tears in his eyes, he said—Come hither my companion, my friend, and partner in my fatigues, and miseries; when I consorted with thee, happy were my hours; but since I forsook thee, and mounted upon the towers of ambition, and pride, a thousand miseries, and four thousand disquiets have entered my soul; and while he was talking, he went on pannelling his ass, without any body's saying a word to him. *Dapple* being pannelled he got upon him, and directing his speech to the by-standers, Give way, gentlemen, said he, and suffer me to return to my ancient liberty. I was not born to be a Governor, nor to defend islands, I better understand how to plow and dig: I had rather have my belly full of my own poor porridge, than be subject to the misery of an impertinent physician, who kills me with hunger: Gentlemen, God be with you, and tell my Lord Duke, that I neither win nor loose--I mean that without a penny came I to this government, and without a penny do I quit it. Give me way, and let me be gone
to

to plaister myself, for I verily believe all my ribs are broken ; thanks to the enemies who have been trampling upon me all night long.

It must not be so, Signor Governor, quoth *Doctor Pedro Rexio*, I will give your lordship a drink, that shall presently restore you to your former health and vigour ; and as to the eating part, I give you my word I will amend that, and let you eat abundantly of whatever you have a mind to. It comes too late, answered *Sancho*, I will as soon stay as turn Turk. These are not tricks to be played twice ; before God I will no more continue in this, nor accept of any other government, than I will fly to heaven without wings : and so let me be gone. To which the steward said, Signor Governor, we shall be very sorry to lose you, but your will must be obeyed, and my Lord Duke, will be infinitely glad to see you. They offered to bear him company, and to furnish every thing he desired for the convenience of his journey. *Sancho* said, he desired only a little barley for *Dapple*, and half a cheese, and half a loaf for himself—They all embraced him, and he weeping embraced them again : and left them in admiration, as well at his discourse, as at his so resolute and discreet determination.

C H A P. XXXV.

Of what befel SANCHE in the way; with the departure of DON QUIXOTE, and his squire, from the duke's castle, to prosecute their journey to Saragossa.

SANCHE had not time to reach the duke's castle that day, though he arrived within half a league of it when the night overtook him; but it being summer time, it gave him no great concern, and so he struck out of the road, proposing to wait for the morning; but his ill luck would have it, that seeking for a place where he might best accommodate himself, he and *Dapple*, fell into a very deep, and dark pit, and as he was falling, he recommended himself to God, not expecting to stop, till he came to the depth of the abyss. But it fell out otherwise, for a little beyond three fathom *Dapple* felt ground, and *Sancho* found himself on his back, without having received any hurt—He felt with his hands about the sides of the pit, to see if it was possible to get out of it without help; but he found them all smooth, at which he was much grieved, especially when he heard *Dapple* groan most dismally. Alas! said *Sancho*, what unexpected accidents befel those who live in this miserable world. Who could have thought, that he who yesterday saw himself enthroned a governor of an island, commanding his servants, should to day find himself buried in a pit, without any body to help him!

Having passed all that night in lamentations and complaining, the day came on, then he began to cry out aloud, to try if any body could hear him; but all in vain, and then he gave himself over for dead. *Dapple* lay with his mouth upwards, and *Sancho* contrived to get him upon his legs; and pulling

ling out of his wallet a piece of bread, he gave it his beast, who did not take it amiss: and *Sancho*, as if the ass understood him, said to him—Bread is relief, for all kinds of grief. At length he discovered a hole in one side of the pit, wide enough for a man to creep through stooping: *Sancho* crept through upon all four, and found it was spacious within, and he could see about him—he came back to his ass, and with a stone broke away the earth, and soon made room for his ass to pass through, which he did—then taking him by the halter, he advanced forward along the cavern, to see if he could find a way out on the other side. The Almighty be my aid! said he to himself—He fancied he had gone somewhat more than half a league, when he discovered a glimmering light breaking in, and opening an entrance, into what seemed to him the road to the other world. It happened that *Don Quixote* riding out this morning to exercise himself, *Roxinante* chanced to pitch his feet so near a pit, that had he not drawn the reins in very strongly, he must inevitably have fallen into it: at last he stopped him, and as he was looking at the chasm, he heard a loud voice within: and listening attentively, he could distinguish that he who spoke said: Ho! above there; is there any christian that hears me, to take pity of a sinner buried alive, an unfortunate disgoverned governor! *Don Quixote* thought he heard *Sancho's* voice, at which he was amazed; and raising his voice, he cried: Who is below there? Who is it complains? Who should complain, replied the voice, but the forlorn *Sancho Pança*, governor for his sins, and for his evil errantry, of the island of *Barataria*, and late squire of the famous Knight *Don Quixote de la Mancha*? Which *Don Quixote* hearing, his astonishment was doubled, for it came into his imagination, that *Sancho* was dead, and that his soul was there doing penance: and being carried away by this thought, he said: If you are my squire *Sancho Pança*, and chance to be dead; since the devils have not got you,

but

but you are in purgatory, I will solicit our holy mother the *Roman catholic* church, to deliver you from the pains you are in; therefore explain, and without more ado, tell me who you are? I vow to God, said the voice, that I am your squire, and that I never was dead in all the days of my life, but that having left my government, for certain causes and considerations, this night I fell into this cavern, and *Dapple* with me, who will not let me lye—By the same token he stands here by me; and would you have any more? One would think the ass understood what *Sancho* said, for at that instant he brayed lustily. A credible witness, quoth *Don Quixote*—I know that bray as well as if I had brought it forth, and I know your voice, my dear *Sancho*—stay a little, and I will fetch people to get you out of this pit, into which your sins have certainly cast you. Pray go, for the Lord's sake, quoth *Sancho*, and return speedily, for I cannot longer endure being buried alive, and am dying with fear.

Don Quixote went to the castle, to tell the duke and duchess what had befallen *Sancho*, at which they wondered not a little, and could not imagine how he had left the government, without their having advice of his coming. They sent ropes and pulleys, and *Dapple* and *Sancho*, were drawn out of those gloomy shades. They arrived at the castle, and *Sancho* would not go to the duke, till he had first taken care of *Dapple* in the stable, saying, the poor thing had had but an indifferent night's lodging; that done, he went to the duke and duchess, before whom kneeling he said—I, my lord and lady, because your grandeurs would have it so, went to govern your island of *Barataria*, into which naked I entered, and naked I have left it: Whether I have governed well or ill, there are witnesses, who may say what they please—I have resolved doubts, and pronounced sentences, and all the while ready to die with hunger, because Doctor *Pedro Rexio*, physician in ordinary to the island, would have it so. Enemies attacked us by night, and the people
of

of the island say, they got the victory, by the valour of my arm: and according as they say true, so help them God. In short, I have summed up the cares, that governing brings with it, and find by my account, that my shoulders cannot bear them; and therefore lest the government should forsake me, I resolved to forsake the government, and yesterday I left the island as I found it, accompanied by nobody but *Dapple*: I fell into a pit, and if Heaven had not sent my master *Don Quixote* there, I had staid till the end of the world. So that my lord and lady, behold here your governor, who in the short time that he held the government, has gained the experience to know that he would not give a farthing to be governor of the whole world. This then being the case, I give a leap out of the government, and again pass over to the service of my master *Don Quixote*: for though with him I eat my bread in bodily fear, at least I have my belly full: and so that be well filled, all is one to me, whether it be with carrots or partridges. The duke embraced *Sancho*, and assured him, it grieved him to the soul, that he had left the government so soon; but that he would take care he should have some other employment of less trouble, and more profit. The duchess also embraced him, and ordered he should be made much of, for he seemed to be sorely bruised.

Don Quixote now thought it high time to quit so idle a life as that he had led in the castle, and therefore he asked leave of the duke and duchess that he might depart, which they granted him, with tokens of being mightily troubled that he would leave them. The duchess, gave *Sancho* his wife's letters, which he wept over, and said: Who could have thought that hopes, so great as those conceived in the breast of my wife *Teresa*, should end in my returning to the toilsome adventures of my master *Don Quixote*? Nevertheless, I am pleased to find that my *Teresa* has behaved like herself, in sending the acorns to the duchess, for had she not sent them,
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she had shewn herself ungrateful. *Don Quixote* having taken leave of the duke and duchess, presented himself one morning, completely armed, in the court of the castle. All the folks of the castle beheld him from the galleries: the duke and duchess also came out to see him. *Sancho* was upon his *Dapple*, his wallets well furnished, and himself highly pleased; for the duke's steward had given him a little purse, with two hundred crowns in gold, to supply the occasions of the journey: and this *Don Quixote* as yet knew nothing of. Pray God, Signor *Don Quixote*, said the duchess, send you so good a journey, that we may continually hear good news of your exploits. *Don Quixote* bowed his head, and made his obeisance to the duke and duchess, and to all the spectators, and turning *Roxinante's* head, *Sancho* following upon *Dapple*, he sallied out at the castle gate, taking the road to *Saragossa*.



C H A P. XXXVI.

*Of what befel DON QUIXOTE in his way to
BARCELONA.*

DON QUIXOTE seeing himself in the open field, thought himself in his proper element, and turning to *Sancho*, he said, Liberty, *Sancho*, is one of the most valuable gifts heaven has bestowed upon men: life ought to be risked for liberty, as well as for honour: and on the contrary, slavery is the greatest evil that can befall us. I tell you this, *Sancho*, because you have observed the civil treatment and plenty we enjoyed in the castle we have left. In the midst of these seasoned banquets, I fancied myself starving, because I did not enjoy them with the same freedom I should have done had they been my own, for the obligations of returning benefits received, are ties that obstruct the full agency of the mind—Happy the man, to whom heaven has given a morsel of bread, without laying him under the obligation of thanking any other for it than heaven itself. Notwithstanding all your Worship has said, quoth *Sancho*, it is fit there should be some small acknowledgement on our part for the two hundred crowns which the duke's steward gave me, which is a cordial I carry next my heart against whatever may happen: for we shall not always find castles where we shall be made much off; now and then we must expect to meet with inns where we may be soundly thrashed; in those, and other discourses, they went jogging on; when having travelled little above a league, they arrived at a fountain in a cool grove, on the brink whereof master and man sat them down: *Sancho* had recourse to the wallet, and began to stuff his

hungry maw : Eat, Friend *Sancho*, said *Don Quixote*, and support life, which is of more importance to you than to me. I, *Sancho*, was born to live dying, and you to die eating—Let me tell you, Sir, said *Sancho*, there is no greater madness than to despair as you do, believe me ; and after you have eaten, try to sleep a little upon the green mattrass of this grass, and you will see when you awake, you will find yourself much eased. *Don Quixote* complied, thinking *Sancho* reasoned more like a philosopher than a fool : and he said ; If O ! *Sancho*, you would now do for me, what I am going to tell you, my comforts would be more certain, and my sorrows not so great, and it is this, that whilst I am sleeping, you will step a little aside, and with the reins of *Roxinante's* bridle, give yourself three or four hundred lashes, in part of the three thousand and odd you are bound to give yourself for the disenchantment of *Duicinea*. There is a great deal to be said, as to that, quoth *Sancho*, for the present, let us both sleep, and afterwards, God knows what may happen : let my lady *Dulcinea* have patience, for when she least thinks of it, she shall see me pinked like a sieve by dint of stripes, and until death all is life. *Don Quixote* thanked him, and both of them addressed themselves to sleep, leaving *Roxinante* and *Dapple*, to feed at their own discretion. They awoke somewhat of the latest and pursued their journey, hastening to reach an inn, which seemed to be about a league off. They arrived at it, and demanded of the host if he had any lodging ? He, answered he had. They alighted, and *Sancho* took the beasts to the stable, giving thanks to heaven, that this inn had not been taken by his master for a castle. Supper time being come, they betook them to their chamber ; *Sancho* asked the host what he had to give them for supper ? I have, quoth the host, a pair of cow-heels, stewed with pease, onions, and bacon. I mark them for my own, from this moment, quoth *Sancho*, and let nobody touch them. *Don Quixote* withdrew to his chamber, the host brought the flesh-pot just as

it

it was, and fairly set himself down to supper. Among other discourse, for *Don Quixote* had informed the innkeeper of his being a knight errant, and had related some of his magnanimous exploits, to his wonder and astonishment. The host asked him which way he now intended to bend his course? He answered, to *Saragossa*, to be present at the jousts held every year in that city. The host told him he was too late, that annual festival having been celebrated some weeks past; but you will do well, said he, to repair to *Barcelona*, where there are to be other jousts, and where many knights and cavaliers are daily resorting, to display their valour. I will do so, quoth *Don Quixote*, and give me leave for (it is time) to go to bed. *Don Quixote* retiring, *Sancho* having stuffed his paunch, and hugged his bottle, with many transports of joy, leaving the innkeeper fuddled, went to his repose. *Don Quixote* got up very early; *Sancho* paid the innkeeper most magnificently, who wished *Don Quixote*, with a profusion of compliments, the honour of the prize, at the tournament: they sallied forth, with an intention of reaching *Barcelona*, as soon as possible.

The morning was cool, and the day promised to be so too—Now it happened that in above six days nothing remarkable occurred to our knight, at the end of which going out of the road night overtook them; among some shady trees, master and man alighted from their beasts, and seating themselves at the foot of the trees, *Sancho*, who had had his afternoon's collation that day entered abruptly the gates of sleep; but *Don Quixote*, whose imagination kept him waking, could not close his eyes: now he fancied that he saw *Dulcinea*, transformed into a country wench; mount upon her ass at a spring; the next moment that he was hearing the words of the sage *Merlin*, declaring to him the conditions to be observed, and the dispatch necessary for the disenchantment of *Dulcinea*; he was ready to run mad to see the little charity of his squire *Sancho*, who as he be-

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lieved had given himself five lashes only, and hence he conceived so much indignation, that he spoke thus to himself. If I should whip *Sancho*, whether he will or no, the condition of this remedy consisting in his receiving upwards of three thousand lashes, what is it to me whether he gives them himself, or somebody else for him, since the essence lies in his receiving them, come they from what hand they will.

With this conceit he approached *Sancho*, and began to untruss his points; but no sooner had he begun, when *Sancho* awoke, and said, What is the matter? I am come, answered *Don Quixote*, to remedy my own troubles: I come to whip you, *Sancho*, and to discharge at least in part the debt you stand engaged, for while *Dulcinea* is perishing, you live unconcerned—I am dying with desire; and therefore, I mean to give you in this solitude at least two thousand lashes—Not so, quoth *Sancho*: pray be quiet, or by heaven, the deaf shall hear us; the lashes must be voluntary, and not upon compulsion, and at present I have no inclination to whip myself—let it suffice that I give your Worship my word, to flog myself when I have a disposition to it. There is no leaving of it to your courtesy, *Sancho*, said *Don Quixote*, for you are hard hearted: then he struggled with *Sancho*, and endeavoured to untruss him: which *Sancho* perceiving, he tripped up his heels, and laid him flat upon his back, and setting his knee upon his breast, he held him so fast that he could not stir. How, traitor, said *Don Quixote*, do you rebel against your master? I neither make nor unmake kings, answered *Sancho*, I only assist myself, who am my own lord. If your Worship will promise to be quiet, I will let you go free; if not here thou diest, traitor, enemy to *Donna Sancho*. *Don Quixote* promised him he would, and swore he would leave the whipping himself entirely to his own choice, whenever he was so disposed.

And

And now the day breaking, they were terrified by the approach of above forty *Banditti*, who surrounded them, bidding them be quiet and stand till their captain came. *Don Quixote* was on foot, and defenseless, and therefore he thought it best to submit. The robbers rifled *Dapple*, and it fell out luckily for *Sancho*, that he had secured his money in a belt about his middle; but these good folks would have searched him, had not their captain arrived just at the nick; he was well mounted, and armed with two cases of pistols: he saw that his squires were going to plunder *Sancho*; he commanded them to forbear and was instantly obeyed; he wondered to see a target on the ground, and *Don Quixote* in armour and pensive; he went up to him, and said, Be not so dejected, good Sir; for you are not fallen into the hands of a *Barbarian*, but into those of *Roque Guinart*, who is more compassionate than cruel. My dejection, answered *Don Quixote*, is not upon account of my having fallen into your hands, O valorous *Roque*, whose renown no bounds on earth can limit, but for being so careless, that your soldiers surprised me, my horse unbridled, whereas I am bound by the order of knight errantry which I profess, to be continually upon the watch; for let me tell you, had they found me on horseback, it had not been very easy for them to have made me surrender; for I am *Don Quixote de la Mancha*, he of whose exploits the whole globe is full. *Roque* presently perceived that *Don Quixote's* infirmity had in it more of madness than valour; and though he had heard him spoken of, he never could persuade himself, that such an humour should reign in the heart of man: so that he was glad he had met with him, to be convinced of the truth of what he had heard: and therefore he said to him—Be not concerned, valorous knight, nor look upon this accident as a piece of ill fortune; for it may chance that among these turnings and windings, your crooked lot may be set to rights.

Don

Don Quixote returned him thanks, and at this juncture, came two or three of the squires, and said to their captain, Not far from hence, Sir, in the road that leads to *Barcelona*, comes a great company of people—to which *Roque* replied, are they such as seek us, or such as we seek? Such as we seek, answered the squire; then sally forth, replied *Roque*, and bring them hither presently. They obeyed; and *Don Quixote*, *Sancho*, and *Roque*, remained by themselves, expecting what the squires would bring; and in this interval *Roque*, said to *Don Quixote*—This life of ours must needs seem very new to Signor *Don Quixote*, nor do I wonder it should appear so to you, for I confess truly, there is no kind of life more unquiet, nor more full of alarms, than ours. I was led into it, by I know not what desire of revenge, which has force enough to disturb the most sedate minds. I am naturally compassionate and good natured: but as I have said, the desire of revenging an injury done me, so bears down this good inclination in me, that I persevere in this state, in spite of knowing better, and as one mischief draws after it another, my revenges have been so linked together, that I not only take upon me my own, but those of other people; but though I see myself in the midst of this labyrinth of confusion, I do not lose the hope of getting out of it, and arriving at last in a safe harbour.

Don Quixote was in admiration to hear *Roque* talk such good sense, and he answered, Signor *Roque* the beginning of health consists in the knowledge of the distemper, and in the patients being willing to take the medicines prescribed him by the physician: you are sick, you know your disease, and heaven, who is our physician, will apply medicines to heal you: it remains only that you be of good cheer, and hope for a bettering of your conscience—come with me, and I will teach you to be a knight errant, in which profession there are so many troubles and disasters, that being placed to the account of penance, they will

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carry

carry you to heaven in two twinklings of an eye, *Roque* smiled at *Don Quixote's* counsel, and the squires returned, bringing with them two gentlemen on horseback, two pilgrims, and a coach full of women, with about six servants. *Roque* collected the booty from the travellers, which amounted to upwards of nine hundred crowns; his soldiers were sixty in number, among whom he distributed two thirds of the plunder, in equal shares, reserving the remainder for himself, which done, he addressed the travellers, saying—Now you may depart free and unmolested, with a pass I will give you, that if you meet with any more of my squadrons, they may not hurt you; and having returned each of them a sum necessary to defray their charges, till they should arrive where they might recount their loss, he gave them a pass directed to the chiefs of his band, and taking leave of them, he let them go in admiration of his liberality, for that they esteemed his leaving them part of their own money.



C H A P. XXXVII.

Of what befel DON QUIXOTE at Barcelona, with the adventure of the enchanted head.

DON QUIXOTE having informed Roque he was going to be present at the jousts of *Barcelona*, he privately wrote a letter to a friend of his there, acquainting him that the famous *Don Quixote de la Mancha*, would in four days time appear in that city, armed at all points, desiring him to give notice thereof to his friends, that they might make themselves merry with him. He dispatched this epistle by one of his squires, who disguising himself, entered into *Barcelona*, and delivered it into the hands of the person it was directed to. Three days *Don Quixote* staid with Roque, when the knight, squire, and the valorous captain, attended by six squires, set out for *Barcelona*; through unfrequented ways; they arrived upon the strand on the eve of St. John, in the night time, and Roque embracing *Don Quixote*, and Sancho, left them with a thousand offers of service made on both sides.

Don Quixote staid expecting the day on horse-back, just as he was, and it was not long before the face of the beautiful *Aurora* began to discover itself, rejoicing the grass, and the flowers—At the same instant the ears were rejoiced by the sound of kettle drums, with the trampling of horsemen, seemingly coming out of the city; they came up on a full gallop to the place where *Don Quixote* was standing, wrapped in wonder and surprise, and one of them said in a loud voice to *Don Quixote*, Welcome to our city, the beacon, and polar star of knight errantry—Welcome, I say, the valorous *Don Quixote de la Mancha*! *Don Quixote* answered not a word, nor did the cavaliers wait for any

answer: but wheeling about, they began to curvet it round *Don Quixote*, and the gentleman who first spoke to him, said again—Be pleased, Signor *Don Quixote*, to come along with us, for we are all very humble servants, and great friends of *Roque Guinart*—To which *Don Quixote* replied, conduct me wherever you please, for I have no other will but yours, especially if you please to employ it in your service. The gentleman answered in expressions no less civil, and they all marched with him towards the city, till they arrived at their conductor's house, who was called *Don Antonio Moreno*, a rich gentleman, and a lover of mirth in a decent way. *Sancho* was highly delighted, thinking he had found another house like *Don Diego de Miranda's*, and another castle like the duke's.

Several of *Don Antonio's* friends dined with him that day, all honouring and treating *Don Quixote* as a knight errant. *Sancho's* witty conceits were such, that all the servants of the house hung as it were upon his lips, and so did all that heard him. The cloth being taken away, *Don Antonio*, taking *Don Quixote* by the hand, led him into a distant apartment, in which there was no other furniture but a table, upon which there was placed a head, which seemed to be of brass. Signor *Don Quixote*, said *Antonio*, I will tell you one of the greatest novelties that can be imagined; this head was contrived by one of the greatest enchanters the world ever had; he was by birth a *Polander*, and for the reward of a thousand crowns made me this head, which has the virtue and property of answering to every question, asked at its ear; after drawing figures, and observing the stars, he brought it at length to the perfection we shall see to-morrow; for it is mute on *Fridays*, and this being *Friday*, we must wait till to-morrow. In the mean while you may bethink yourself what questions you will ask, for I know, by experience, it tells the truth in all its answers. *Don Quixote*, wondered, and was ready to disbelieve *Don Antonio*, but considering how

How short a time was set for making the experiment, he would say no more, but only thanked him for the discovery of so wonderful a curiosity. That evening they carried *Don Quixote* abroad to take the air, and at their return an elegant supper was provided, after which was a ball of ladies, for *Don Antonio's* wife had invited several of her friends to honour her guest, and to entertain them with his unheard of madness; the ball began about ten o'clock. The ladies were so eager to take *Don Quixote* out to dance, that they teized his very soul; finding himself hard pressed by their courtship, he exalted his voice, and said, Avaunt ladies, with your desires, for she who is queen of mine, the peerless *Dulcinea del Toboso*, will not consent that any other but her's should subdue me, and so saying, he sat down upon the floor quite fatigued by this dancing exercise. *Don Antonio* ordered the servants to carry him to bed: and the first who lent an helping hand was *Sancho*, who laid him in bed, covering him up closely, that he might sweat out the cold he might have got by his dancing.

The next day, *Don Antonio* thought fit to make experiment of the enchanted head; and so with *Don Quixote*, *Sancho*, and two other friends, with two ladies, he locked himself up in the room where the head stood; he told them the property it had, and that this was the first day of his trying its virtue; nobody but *Don Antonio's* friends knew the trick of the enchantment. The first who approached was *Don Antonio*, who said—Tell me head, what am I now thinking of? The head answered in a distinct voice, I am no judge of thought; at hearing of which they were all astonished. How many of us are here, demanded *Don Antonio* again? Answer was made, You and your wife, with two friends of yours, and two of her's, and a famous knight called *Don Quixote de la Mancha*, with a certain squire of his, *Sancho Panca* by name—here was wond'ring indeed! *Don Antonio*, going at some distance, said, this is enough

to assure me I was not deceived by him who sold you to me ! Let somebody else go and ask it what they please. *Don Quixote* approached and said, O ! answerer, will the whipping of *Sancho*, my squire, be certainly fulfilled ? Will the disenchantment of *Dulcinea* take effect ? It was answered, *Sancho's* whipping will go on but slowly ; the disenchantment of *Dulcinea*, will be brought about in due time. I desire to know no more, quoth *Don Quixote*. *Sancho* demanded—Head, shall I peradventure get another government ? Shall I quit the penurious life of a squire ? Shall I return to see my wife and children ? To which, it was answered, You shall govern in your own house ; and if you return to it, you shall see your wife and children, and quitting service you shall cease to be a squire—Very good, in faith, quoth *Sancho*, I could have told myself as much. Beast, quoth *Don Quixote*, What answer would you have ? Is it not enough that the answers this head returns, corresponds with the questions put to it ? Yes, it is enough, answered *Sancho*, but I wish it had told me a little more. The ladies and two gentlemen asked each a question, and were answered in the same manner, after which the company retired.

The head was hollow, and so was the table itself ; the foot also was hollow, and answered the neck and breast of the head ; and all this corresponding with another chamber, just under that where the head stood, the answerer was placed in the chamber underneath, with his mouth close to a pipe of tin, which run through the table, neck and breast of the figure : a nephew of *Don Antonio's* was the respondent, who being informed before hand who were to be in the chamber, could easily answer to the first question ; to the rest he answered by conjectures.

C H A P. XXXVIII.

The adventure which gave DON QUIXOTE more sorrow, than any which had hitherto befallen him.

NEXT morning *Don Quixote* being sallied forth to take the air, armed at all points, he perceived advancing towards him a knight armed also at all points; on his shield was painted a resplendent moon: and when he was come near enough to be heard, he raised his voice, and directing it to *Don Quixote*, he said—*Illustrious, and never enough renowned Don Quixote de la Mancha, I am the Knight of the White Moon, I come to enter into combat with you, in order to make you confess that my mistress, be she who she will, is more beautiful than your Dulcinea del Toboso!* which, if you do immediately confess, you will save your own life, and if you fight, and are vanquished by me, all the satisfaction I expect is, that you lay aside arms, and retire home to your house for the space of one year, where you shall live in profound peace; and if you shall vanquish me, my head shall lie at your mercy; and the fame of my exploits shall be transferred from me to you.

Don Quixote answered, *Knight of the White Moon*, I accept your challenge with the forementioned conditions, and that upon the spot: take then what part of the field you please, and I will do the like. The *Knight of the White Moon* was discovered from the city, and the viceroy was informed that he was in conference with *Don Quixote*. The viceroy believing it was some adventure contrived by *Don Antonio Moreno*, immediately rode out, accompanied by *Don Antonio*, and many other gentlemen, and arrived just as *Don Quixote* had wheeled *Roxinante* about, to take the necessary ground for his career. The viceroy inter-

posed, asking what induced them to so sudden a fight? *The Knight of the White Moon* answered, it was the precedency of beauty, and told him the conditions of the combat were agreed to on both sides. The viceroy asked *Don Antonio* in his ear, whether it was some jest intended to be put upon *Don Quixote*? *Don Antonio* answered that he neither knew the knight, nor whether it was jest or earnest—This answer perplexed the viceroy, putting him in doubt whether he should suffer them to proceed to the combat, but inclining to believe it could be nothing but a jest, he went aside, saying—If there is no other remedy, Knights, at it in God's name—They both thanked the viceroy for the leave he gave them; and *Don Quixote*, recommending himself to heaven, and to his *Dulcinea*, wheeled about again, and his adversary did the like, and without sound of trumpet they both turned their horses about at the same instant, and he of the *White Moon*, being the nimblest, met *Don Quixote* at two thirds of the career, and encountered him with such impetuous force that he gave *Roxinante* and *Don Quixote* a perilous fall on the ground.

Presently he was upon him, and clapping his lance to his vizor he said, Knight, you are a dead man, if you do not confess the conditions of our challenge. *Don Quixote* replied, that he would perform the conditions, like a punctual and true knight. This confession being made, he of the *White Moon* turned about his horse, and making a bow to the viceroy, at a half gallop entered into the city. The viceroy ordered *Don Antonio* to follow him, and to learn who he was—They raised *Don Quixote* from the ground, who was carried into the city in a chair the viceroy had ordered to be brought. *Sancho* saw his master vanquished, and the hopes of his late promises dissipated as smoke by the wind.

Don Antonio followed the *Knight of the White Moon*, till he had lodged him in an inn within the city: *Don Antonio* went in after him, being desirous to know who he was; he shut himself up in a room,
and

and with him *Don Antonio*. He perceiving that this gentleman would not leave him, said ; I know, Sir, the design of your coming is to learn who I am, and because there is no occasion for concealing it I will inform you. I am called the Batchelor *Sampson Carrasco*, I am of the same town with *Don Quixote*, whose madness and folly move all that know him to compassion : about three months ago I sallied forth, like a knight errant, designing to fight with him, and vanquish him, without doing him harm ; the condition of our combat being that the vanquished should remain at the discretion of the vanquisher : and what I intended to enjoin him was that he should return to his village, and not stir out of it in a whole year ; in which time he might be cured, but fortune ordained it otherwise, for he vanquished me, and so my design did not take effect.

Nevertheless I lost not the desire of finding him, and vanquishing him, as you have seen this day, and as he is so exact in observing the laws of knight errantry, he will doubtless keep that I have laid upon him : this, Sir, is the business, and I hope my good intention will take effect, and his understanding be restored to a man, who has a very good one, if the follies of chivalry do but leave him. *Don Antonio* thanked him for his politeness, and took his leave, and the same day the batchelor returned to his native place. Six days *Don Quixote* lay in bed melancholy and peevish, his imagination still dwelling upon the unhappy business of his defeat. *Sancho* strove to comfort him, and among other things said : Dear Sir, hold up your head, and be chearful if you can : and give heaven thanks that though you have got a swinging fall, you did not come off with a rib broken : and since you know that they who will give must take, cry, a fig for the physician, since you have no need of his help in the distemper ; let us return home, and leave this rambling in quest of adventures : and if it be well considered I am the greatest loser, though your Worship be the greatest sufferer.

I who with the government quitted the desire of ever governing more, did not quit the desire of being an earl, which will never come to pass if your Worship refuses to be a king, by quitting the exercise of chivalry : and so my hopes vanish into smoke. Peace, *Sancho*, quoth *Don Quixote*, since you see my confinement is not to last above a year, and then I will resume my honourable profession, and shall not want a kingdom to win for myself, nor an earldom to bestow on you. God hear it, quoth *Sancho*, and let sin be deaf ; for I have always been told, that a good expectation is better than a bad possession.

They were thus discoursing when *Don Antonio* entered, and with tokens of great sorrow enquired after *Don Quixote's* health, and condoled with him on the uneasiness he seemed to suffer on account of his being vanquished : he advised him to raise his spirits, and to rouse himself, and overcome his chagrin. Wretch that I am, cried *Don Quixote*, Am I not he, who is overthrown ? Am I not he, who has it not in his power to take arms in a twelvemonth ? I am fitter to handle a distaff than a sword. No more, Sir, quoth *Sancho*, to-day for you, and to-morrow for me : and as for these matters of encounters and bangs, never trouble your head about them—He that falls to-day, may rise to-morrow—I mean by giving way to despondency, you prejudice your health, and prevent the recovery of fresh spirits, for fresh encounters : rise, and take some refreshment, and make preparations for your return to the harbour of peace.

Two days after, *Don Quixote* being in condition to travel, took leave of his kind host, many expressions of civility and offers of service, passed between them, *Don Quixote* was unarmed, and in a travelling dress, and *Sancho* on foot, because *Dapple* was loaded with the armour.

C H A P. XXXIX.

Of the resolution DON QUIXOTE took to turn shepherd, and lead a rural life, till the year of his promise should be expired; with other accidents truly pleasant and good.

A T going out of *Barcelona*, *Don Quixote* turned about to see the spot where he was overthrown, and said: Here my misfortune, not my cowardice, despoiled me of my acquired glory: here fell my happiness, never to rise again; which *Sancho* hearing, said: It as much the part of valiant minds, dear Sir, to be patient under misfortunes, as to rejoice in prosperity: and this I judge by myself, for as when a governor, I was merry, now that I am a squire on foot, I am not sad; for she they commonly called *Fortune*, is a drunken, capricious dame, and above all very blind; so that she does not see what she is about, nor knows whom she casts down, or whom she exalts. You are much of a philosopher, *Sancho*, said *Don Quixote*, and talk very discretely: March on, Friend, and let us pass at home the year of our noviciate, by which retreat we shall acquire fresh vigour to return to the exercise of arms. Sir, answered *Sancho*, trudging on foot is no such pleasant thing; let us leave this armour hanging upon some tree, and when I am mounted upon *Dapple*, we will travel, as your Worship shall lead the way; for to think that I am to foot it, and make large stages, is to expect what cannot be. You have said well, *Sancho*, answered *Don Quixote*: hang up my armour for a trophy; and under them we will carve on the tree, that which was written on the trophy, of *Orlando's* arms.

*Let none presume these arms to move,
Who Roldan's fury dares not prove.*

All this is extremely right, answered *Sancho*, and were it not for the want we should have of *Rozinante*, it would not be amiss to leave him hanging too: Neither him, nor the armour, replied *Don Quixote*, will I suffer to be hanged, that it may not be said—for good service bad recompence. Your Worship says well, answered *Sancho*, for according to the opinion of the wise, the ass's fault should not be laid upon the pack-saddle; and since your Worship is in fault for this business, punish yourself, and let not your fury spend itself upon the shattered armour, nor upon the gentleness of *Rozinante*, nor upon the tenderness of my feet, making them travel more than they can bear.

With these discourses they went on their way, when they arrived at a spacious beautiful green meadow: *Don Quixote* said to *Sancho*, this meadow resembles the pastoral *Arcadia*: in imitation of which, if you approve it, O *Sancho*, we might turn shepherds, at least for the time I must live retired. I will buy sheep, and all other materials necessary for the pastoral employment; and I calling myself the shepherd *Quixotix*, and you the shepherd *Pancino*, we will range the woods, singing here, and complaining there, drinking the liquid chrystal of the fountain. Before God, quoth *Sancho*, this kind of life squares with me exactly; besides no sooner will the Batchelor *Carraasco*, and master *Nicholas* the barber, have well seen it, but they will turn shepherds with us, and God grant that the priest have not an inclination to make one in the fold, he is of so gay a temper, and such a lover of mirth. You have said very well, quoth *Don Quixote*, and they may suit themselves with names applicable to their new profession; as for the shepherdesses whose lovers we are to be, we may pick and chuse their name as we do pears: and since that of my lady quadrates alike with a shepherdess and

and a princess, I need not trouble myself about seeking another that may suit her better. I intend to call mine *Terefona*, said *Sancho*, which will fit her fat sides well, and is near her own too, since her name is *Teresa*. What a life shall we lead *Sancho*? quoth *Don Quixote*—one main help towards perfecting this profession is, that I, as you know am something of a poet, and the Batchelor *Carraasco*, an extreme good one. I will complain of absence; you shall extol yourself for a constant lover; the Batchelor shall lament his being disdained, and the priest may say or sing whatever will do him most service: and so the business will go on as well as heart can wish.

My daughter, said *Sancho*, shall bring us our dinner to the sheep-fold—but have a care of that—she is a slightly wench, and shepherds there are; who are more of the knave than fool: and I would not have my girl come for wool, and return back shorn: and your loves and wanton desires are as frequent in fields as in cities; and to be found in shepherd's cottages, as well as in king's palaces: and take away the occasion, and you take away the sin. No more proverbs, good *Sancho*, quoth *Don Quixote*, I have often advised you not to be so prodigal of your proverbs; but it seems it is preaching in the desert, and the more my mother whips me, the more I rend and tear. Methinks, answered *Sancho*, your Worship makes good the saying,—The kettle calls the pot black-arse—you are reproving me for speaking proverbs, and you string them yourself by couples. Look you, *Sancho*, answered *Don Quixote*, I use mine to the purpose, and when I speak them, they are as fit as a ring to the finger—but enough of this—and since night approaches, let us retire out of the high road, and God knows what will be to-morrow.

They retired, they supped late and ill, much against *Sancho's* inclination, who now began to reflect upon the difficulties attending knight errantry, among woods and mountains; though now and then plenty shewed itself in castles and houses, as at *Don*
Diego

Diego de Miranda's, and at *Don Antonio Moreno's*; but he considered it was not possible it should be always day, nor always night; and so he spent the remainder of that sleeping, and his master waking.

Don Quixote's cares kept him so awake, that he awakened *Sancho*, and said, I am amazed, *Sancho*, at the insensibility of your temper—you seem to me, to be made of marble or brass; behold the serenity of the night, and the solitude we are in: go a little apart from hence, and with a willing mind give yourself three or four hundred lashes upon account, for the disenchantment of *Dulcinea*; after you have laid them on, we will pass the remainder of the night in singing, beginning from this moment our pastoral employment. Sir, answered *Sancho*, I am of no religious order to rise out of the midst of my sleep; and discipline myself, neither do I think I can pass from the pain of whipping to music. Suffer me to sleep, and use not this whipping myself, lest you force me to swear never to touch a hair of my coat, much less of my flesh. O! hardened soul, cried *Don Quixote*, O! remorseless squire, O! bread ill employed, and favours ill considered! those I have already bestowed upon you, and these I still intend to bestow upon you—To me you owe that you have been a governor, and to me you owe that you are in a fair way of being an earl; and the accomplishment of these things will be delayed no longer than the expiration of this year; or if you have a mind to be paid for disenchanting *Dulcinea*, consider what you would demand, and set about the whipping strait, and pay yourself in ready money, since you have cash of mine in your hands.

At these offers, *Sancho* opened his eyes and ears, and in his heart consented to whip himself heartily, and he said to his master—Well then, Sir, I will now dispose myself to give your Worship satisfaction, since I shall get something by it; for I confess the love I have for my wife and children, makes me seem a little self-interested: the lashes are three thousand,
three

three hundred and odd: of these I have already given myself five; let the five pass for the odd ones, and let us come to the three thousand three hundred, which at a quarter of a real a piece (for I will not take less) amount to eight hundred and twenty five reals; these I will deduct from what I have of your Worship's in my hands, and shall return to my house rich and contented, though well whipped. O! blessed *Sancho*, replied *Don Quixote*, how much shall *Dulcinea* and I be bound to serve you all the days of life heaven shall be pleased to grant us! And when do you propose to begin the discipline? I will add an hundred reals over and above for dispatch. Even this very instant, replied *Sancho*—They got among some pleasant trees, where they laid themselves along upon the green grass; when making a flexible whip of *Dapple's* head stall, and halter, *Sancho* withdrew about twenty paces from his master, among some beech trees. *Don Quixote* seeing him go with such resolution, said, Take care, friend, you do not lash yourself to pieces: I will stand aloof and keep reckoning the lashes you shall give yourself: and heaven favour you as your worthy intention deserves. *Sancho* then stripped himself from the waste upwards, and then snatching and cracking the whip, he began to lay himself on, and *Don Quixote* to count the strokes. *Sancho* had given himself about six or eight, when he thought the jest a little too heavy, and the price much too easy; and stopping his hand, he said to his master, that he appealed, on being deceived, every lash of those being richly worth half a real, instead of a quarter: Proceed, friend, and be not faint-hearted, quoth *Don Quixote*; I double the pay. If so, quoth *Sancho*, away with it, and let it rain lashes; but the sly knave, instead of laying them on his back, laid them on the trees, fetching ever and anon such groans, that one would have thought each would have torn up his soul by the roots—He had already disbarked many a tree, and once lifting up his voice, and giving an unmeasurable stroke to a beech, he
cried

cried, Down with thee, *Sampson*, and all that are with thee. *Don Quixote* presently ran to the sound, and laying hold of the halter, he said; Heaven forbid, friend *Sancho*, that for my pleasure you should lose that life, upon which depends the maintenance of your wife and children! Let *Dulcinea* wait a better opportunity, and stay till you recover fresh strength, that this business may be concluded to the satisfaction of all parties. Since your Worship will have it so, answered *Sancho*, so be it; and pray fling your cloke over my shoulders, for I am all in a sweat. *Don Quixote* did so, and leaving himself in his doublet, he covered up *Sancho*, who slept till the sun waked him, and then they prosecuted their journey.



C H A P. XL.

How DON QUIXOTE and SANCHE, arrived at their village.

THEY travelled all next day and night, without any occurrence worth relating, unless it be that *Sancho* finished his task: at which *Don Quixote* was above measure pleased, and waited for the day to see if he could light on his lady, the disenchanting *Dulcinea*: and continuing his journey he looked narrowly at every woman he met, to see if she were *Dulcinea del Toboso*, holding it for infallible, that *Merlin's* prophecies could not lye. With these thoughts they ascended a little hill, from whence they discovered their village, which as soon as *Sancho* beheld, he kneeled down and said: Open thine eyes, O desired country, and behold thy son, *Sancho Panca*, returning to thee again, if not very rich, at least very well whipped: receive likewise thy son, *Don Quixote*, who if he comes conquered by another's hand, yet he comes a conqueror of himself, which, as I have heard him say, is the greatest victory that can be desired. Leave these fooleries, *Sancho*, quoth *Don Quixote*, and let us go directly home to our village, where we will settle the plan we intend to govern ourselves by in our pastoral life—This said, they descended the hill, and went directly to the village, at the entrance of which, in a little meadow, they found the priest, and the Batchelor *Carraasco*, repeating their breviary; the priest and the batchelor presently knew them both, and came running to them with open arms. *Don Quixote* alighted and embraced them closely; they entered the village, and took the way to *Don Quixote's* house, where they found at the door

door the house-keeper, and the niece. *Sancho's* wife half naked, dragging her daughter after her, ran to see her husband, and seeing him not so well equipped, as she imagined a governor ought to be, she said, what makes you come thus, dear husband? Methinks you look more like a misgoverned person, than a governor. Peace, *Teresa*, answered *Sancho*, and let us go to our house where you shall hear wonders. Money I bring with me, got by my own industry, and without damage to any body. *Sancho's* wife embraced her father, and taking hold of his belt on one side, and his wife taking him by the hand on the other, pulling *Dapple* after them, they went home to their house, leaving *Don Quixote* in his, in the power of his niece, and the house-keeper, and in the company of the priest and the batchelor.

Don Quixote in that very instant went apart with the batchelor and the priest, and related to them in few words how he was vanquished, and the obligation he lay under not to stir from his village in a year, which he intended punctually to observe--He also told them he had resolved to turn shepherd for that year, beseeching them, if they had leisure, to bear him company; telling them he would purchase sheep and stock sufficient--They were astonished at this new madness of *Don Quixote*, but to prevent his rambling, and in hopes he might be cured in that year, they fell in with his new project, offering to be his companions in that exercise; they then took their leave of him, intreating him to take care of his health.

The niece and house-keeper overheard their conversation, and as soon as the two were gone, they both came in to *Don Quixote*, and the niece said: What is the meaning of this, uncle? Now that we thought you was returned with a resolution to stay at home, and live a quiet life, you have a mind to involve yourself in new labyrinths by turning shepherd:—To which the house-keeper added, Look you, Sir, take my advice, stay at home, look after your estate,
and

and relieve the poor. Peace, daughters, answered *Don Quixote*, for I know perfectly what I have to do; lead me to my bed, for methinks I am not very well, and assure yourselves, that whether I am a knight errant, or a wandering shepherd, I will not fail to provide for you. The two good women carried him to bed, where they gave him to eat, and made as much of him as possible.



C H A P. XLI.

How DON QUIXOTE fell sick, made his will, and died.

AS all human things, especially the lives of men, are transitory, incessantly declining from their beginning, till they arrive at their final period; and as that of *Don Quixote*, had no peculiar privilege from heaven to exempt it from the common fate, his end and dissolution came when he least thought of it; he was seized with a fever, which confined him six days to his bed, in which time he was frequently visited by the priest, the bachelor, and the barber, his friends; his trusty squire *Sancho* never stirring from his bedside. They endeavoured by all imaginable ways to revive his spirits, but for all this his melancholy continued: his friends sent for a physician who felt his pulse, and did not much like it, and said, come what would, it would not be amiss for him to look to his soul's health, that of his body being in danger. *Don Quixote* heard it with composure of mind, but not so did his friends, who all wept most bitterly, as if he were already dead; it was the doctor's opinion that melancholy and disappointment had brought him to his end. *Don Quixote* desired they would leave him, for he was inclined to sleep a little.

They did so, and he slept above six hours, inasmuch that the house-keeper and niece thought he would never awake more, but awake he did, and with a loud voice said: Blessed be Almighty God, who has vouchsafed me so great a good: in short his mercies have no bounds, and the sins of men can neither lessen nor obstruct them. The niece listened attentively to her uncle's words, and thought there was
more

more sense in them than usual, at least since his sickness; and she said to him, What is it you say, Sir? What mercies, and what sins do you speak of? Niece, answered *Don Quixote*, the mercies I mean are those God has been pleased to vouchsafe me at this instant. My judgment is now undisturbed, and free from those dark clouds of ignorance, with which my continual reading of those detestable books of chivalry had obscured it. Now I perceive the absurdity and delusion of them, and am only sorry I am undeceived so late, that I have no time left to make some amends, by reading others that might help to enlighten my soul. I feel myself at the point of death, and I would fain so order it, as not to leave the imputation of madness upon my memory; for though I must confess I have been a madman, I would not confirm the truth of it at my death. Dear child, call hither my good friends, the priest, the batchelor *Carraasco*, and master *Nicholas* the barber, for I would make my confession, and my will; but this trouble was saved by the coming of all three.

Scarce had *Don Quixote* set his eyes on them, when he cried out—Give me joy, gentlemen, that I am now no longer *Don Quixote de la Mancha*, but *Alonso Quixada*, for his virtues surnamed *The Good*. I am now an utter enemy to *Amadis de Gaul*, and the innumerable rabble of his descendants: I am now sensible of my folly and the histories of knights errant are to me odious and profane; and through the mercy of God, and my own dear bought experience, I detest and abhor them. I feel the quick approach of death, bring me a confessor, and a notary to draw my will. They stared at one another, wondering at *Don Quixote's* expressions, and though still in some doubt, they resolved to believe him: and one of the signs by which they conjectured he was dying, was his passing by so sudden a transition from mad to sober. The priest made every body leave the room, and staid with him alone and confessed him. The batchelor went for the notary, and presently returned with him, and

and with *Sancho Panca*, who having learned in what condition his master was, began to pucker up his face and fall a blubbering. The confession ended, the priest came out of the room saying, Good *Alonso Quixada* is just expiring, and certainly in his right mind—let us all go in, that he may make his will.

The notary now entered the room with the others, and the preamble of the will being made, coming to the legacies, he said—*Item*, it is my will, that in respect to certain monies which *Sancho Panca* has in his hands, he shall not be charged with them, nor called to any account; but after he has paid himself, if there be any overplus, it shall be his own, and much good may it do him: and if, as during my madness I was the occasion of procuring for him the government of an island, I could now that I am in my senses procure him that of a kingdom, I would readily do it, for the sincerity of his heart, and the fidelity of his dealings deserve it; and turning to *Sancho*, he said—Forgive me, friend, for making you a madman, by persuading you to believe, as I did myself, that there have been formerly, and are now knights errant in the world. Alas! answered *Sancho*, sobbing, Dear Sir, do not die, but take my counsel, and live many years; for the greatest madness a man can commit in this life, is to suffer himself to die without any body's killing him, or being brought to his end by any other hand than that of melancholy. Be not lazy, Sir, but get out of bed, and let us be going to the field dressed like shepherds, as we agreed to do. Honest *Sancho* is very much in the right, said the batchelor *Carraasco*. Gentlemen, quoth *Don Quixote*, look not for this year's birds in last year's nests. I was mad; I am now sober: I was *Don Quixote de la Mancha*, I am now the good *Alonso Quixada*; and may my unfeigned repentance restore me to the esteem you once had for me, and let the notary proceed.

Item, I bequeath to *Antonia Quixada*, my niece, all my estate real and personal, after the payment of all my

my debts and legacies : and the first to be discharged shall be the wages due to my house-keeper, and twenty ducats besides for mourning. I appoint for my executors Signor the priest, and Signor Batchelor *Sampson Carrasco* here present. With this the will was closed, and a fainting fit seizing him, he stretched himself out at full length in the bed ; they were all alarmed and ran to his assistance, and in three days that he survived the making his will he fainted away very often. In short, after receiving all the sacraments, and expressing the abhorrence of all the books of chivalry, *Don Quixote's* last hour came. The priest desired the notary to draw up a certificate, that *Alonso Quixada*, commonly called *Don Quixote de la Mancha*, was departed this life, and died a natural death.

This was the end of the ingenious gentleman of *La Mancha*—we omit the lamentations of *Sancho*, the niece, and the house-keeper, with the new epitaphs upon his tomb, excepting this by the batchelor *Sampson Carrasco*.

*Here lies the valiant cavalier,
Who never had a sense of fear ;
So high his matchless courage rose,
He reckon'd death, among his vanquished foes.*

*Wrongs to redress, his sword he drew,
And many a caitiff giant slew ;
His days of life tho' madness stain'd,
In death his sober senses he retain'd.*

F I N I S.

